



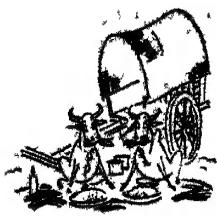
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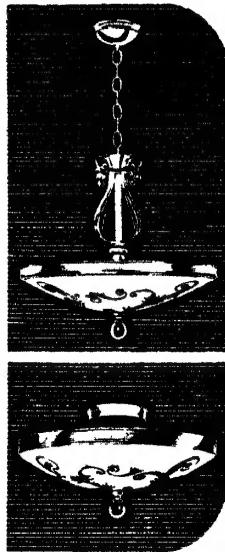


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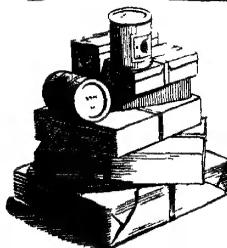
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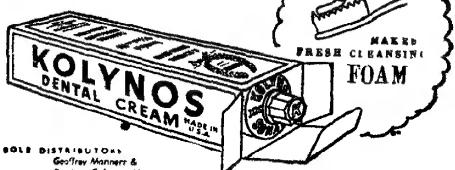
Children

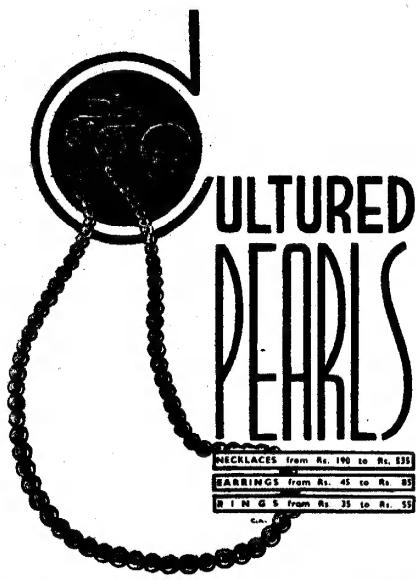
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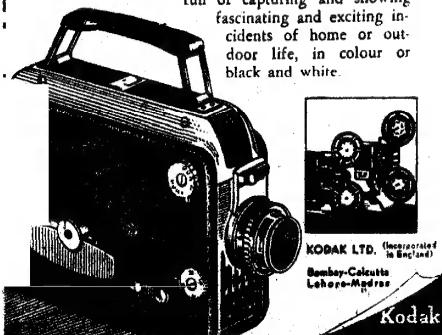


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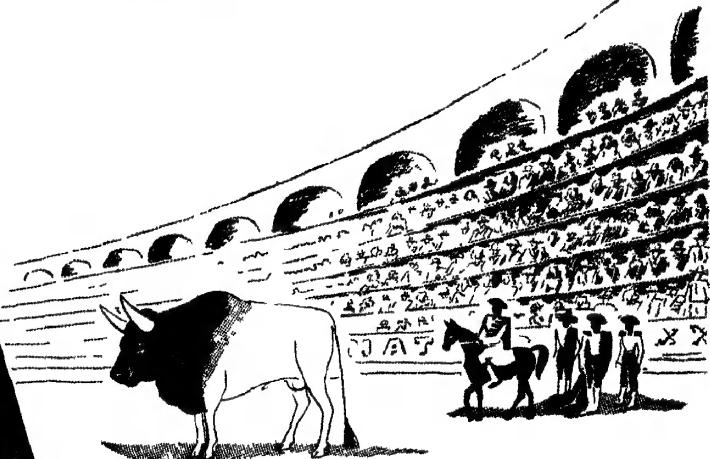


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NOT many months ago I was on the back of a four-in-hand looking down on to the backs of four beautiful black Australian horses. It was a lovely team, and as they trotted along the Mall, I wondered how long it would be before such pleasing links with the past would be replaced entirely by the motor car. About 100 yards short of the cross-road to the major town of Lucknow, "Clear the Road" on the post-horn, and the policeman on point duty just glanced over his shoulder. A few seconds later, when the leaders were within ten yards of him, the "officer of the law" put up his hand for the four-in-hand to stop, to allow a light car travelling along the side road to cross over. Not many years ago, the call "Clear the Road" would have given the four-in-hand the right of way, but now the horse no longer holds such an honoured position on the road.

For Beauty's Sake

Although a certain young subaltern had been brought up from birth to sit any animal with four legs, his experience of driving, before he came to India, had been limited to the occasional driving of a small pony in a governess cart. However, it was now in a country where everyone drove a pony, and many as for a horse, and he felt he would like to do the same. The regiment to which he had been posted owned a four-in-hand and a pair horse tonga, and he decided that the latter would be the best conveyance to start with. He had been informed by the Adjutant that he must call on all married officers in the station, and find a very beautiful pony at the Club as to which senior officers had the most beautiful daughters, he filled his pockets with visiting cards and set out, driving a pair of 15 hand bays. The syce pointed out that he was holding the reins wrongly, but this was a minor consideration. He felt that he looked the part, and he was every bit of finding one of the many beautiful daughters at home, who would be delighted to drive with him behind these two lovely horses.

A Matter Of Habit

Unfortunately this pair of horses had been extensively driven by a married major who often took his two small sons for an evening's drive, and they had naturally become accustomed to turning into this officer's gate. The young subaltern, of course, did not know this, and at a time when he was sailing along at a gallop, the horses, who were not used to turning, the pair swerved off the road into the gate. Having one rein in each hand, instead of both in the left, he was unable to shorten them, and before he could do anything about it, the pole of the tonga struck the gate post with considerable force, and he was shot over the dash-board on to the very frightened horses.

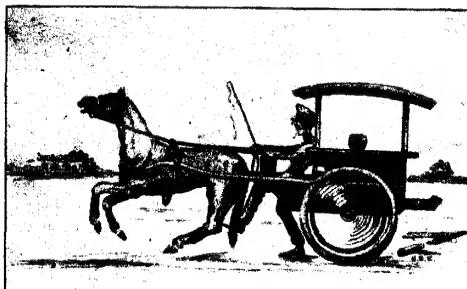
The major inside the bungalow heard the crash and came out to investigate. After the bits and pieces had been collected and the horses pacified, the senior officer asked the subaltern what he thought he was doing, to which he received the reply, "I've come to drop my cards on you, Sir." The remainder of the calling was carried out the next day on a bicycle, and it was not until after several lessons that the young officer was allowed to drive the tonga again.

In the old days many sportsmen drove a trooper to the polo ground, where harness was replaced by saddle, and the same pony gave its owner two good chukkers of polo. Alas! we shall never see such things again and I fear that the coming generation will make their bicycles perform both drives. This, however, may have its advantages because a bicycle is capable of giving its owner six chukkers as against two of the pony. However, let us dwell on the past.

Mad Adventure

As I was an accomplished post-horn blower, having started life as a trumpeter in the Yeomanry, I was invited to take over the horn one evening in Lucknow by a friend who claimed to be an expert

The "Joys" Of Driving Horses In India



"And he had to run for his life over 15 yards or so."

coachman with a team of four, for had not his grandfather written a very fine book on the art of four-in-hand driving? Off we went, the post-horn sounding such well-known coaching calls as "Off to Charlestown" and "Buy a Broom."

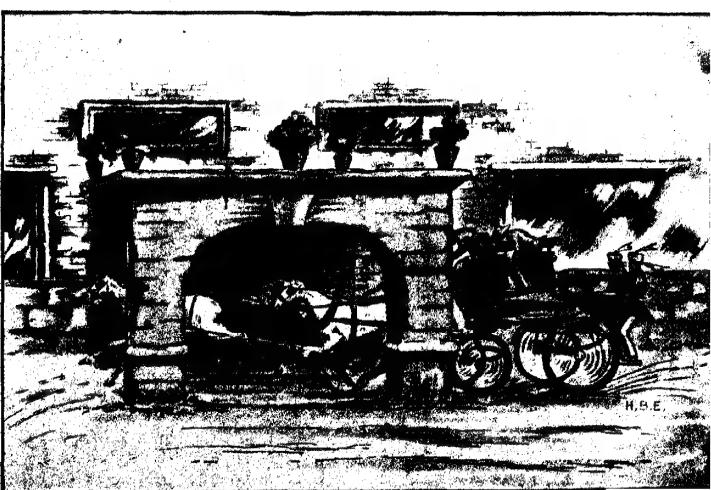
Opposite Government House gate, near Christ Church, the coachman decided to take his team at the gallop through the porch of a shop standing back off the right side of the road. By a clever trick, he got his team to set both forefeet and leaders off at an angle pace, and requested me to sound "Clear the Road," which I did, wishing that the porch could obey the call, for I had visions of a wheel being knocked off. The team swung off the road into the porch. Fortunately there were no bicycles or ayahs with prams underneath it, and on the second floor, the cavalier ascended the last ladder to make certain that it was safe to alight. He then took his coat and ascended. She never made it, because her friend suddenly let out an oath, and retraced his steps as fast as he could make it; he had encountered hundreds of wasps, and was wearing only shorts and short-sleeves. By the time they reached the tonga he was feeling very sorry for himself, and his face and arms

Another Disappointment

It was also in Lucknow that the subaltern mentioned in a previous story managed to find a "beautiful" donkey which had taken to driving. By this time he had become proficient in driving, and he decided to take her to Dilkusha Palace. On reaching the Palace, he suggested that they should go inside, and this led to climbing to the top of the tower. Leaving his ward on the

By "Goneaway"

second floor, the cavalier ascended the last ladder to make certain that it was safe to alight. He then took his coat and ascended. She never made it, because her friend suddenly let out an oath, and retraced his steps as fast as he could make it; he had encountered hundreds of wasps, and was wearing only shorts and short-sleeves. By the time they reached the tonga he was feeling very sorry for himself, and his face and arms



"The horses clattered through with only a foot or so on either side."

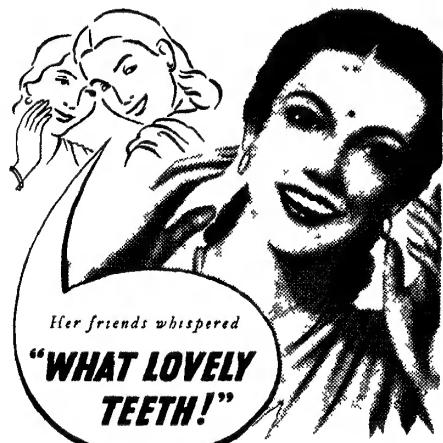
were rapidly commencing to swell. That drive-to-hospital was made in record time, and he reached the doctor just as his second eye closed completely. In all, 32 stings were counted, the reward for taking a girl friend for a drive.

Of recent years a new type of "carriage" has found its way on to the roads. In cases where husband and wife have a handcart, they join them together, they remove the four bicycle wheels, and surround them with a wicker sofa from the verandah and call it a tunnun. These contraptions are very fragile and are normally drawn by very docile ponies.

Explicit Orders

The wife of a senior officer drove one of these small vehicles, and one day a careless military lorry driver came round the corner on the wrong side of the road, ramming the poor lady to damage her tunnun. She reported the matter to her husband, who promptly wrote the following complaint to military headquarters: "On Friday, lorry No. 124 took a corner on the wrong side of the road, causing my wife who was driving on the main road to damage her tunnun. Now her tunnun is twisted and in a bad state, and she cannot use it. I request that a Compt of Engineers be held, and until the members of the Compt inspect my wife's tunnun, I will do nothing to it."

A certain commanding officer had spent the whole of his 20 years' service either in a saddle, or driving anything from single harness to four-in-hands. When he was to be transferred to an office job in a station which was almost devoid of horses, this was more than he could bear, so he engaged a bazaar tonga in which he drove himself daily to and from work. This was not a success, and during the bazaar pony made up for a lot of things. One day, however, the pony stumbled, causing the gallant equestrian to take a strong pull on the reins. This necessitated pressing his feet with considerable force into the bottom of the tonga, with the unfortunate result that he was pinned to the seat. Together with his steaming blakie he slipped off the seat through the bottom of the tonga on to the narrow road below, and had to run for his life for about 15 yards, before he could stop the frightened pony, much to the amusement of his second-in-command who at that time was cycling by.



Her friends whispered

**"WHAT LOVELY
TEETH!"**

but her dentist said

"YOU MUST LOSE THE LOT!"

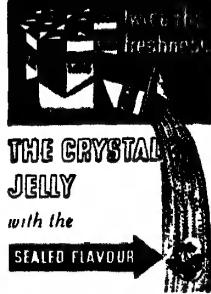
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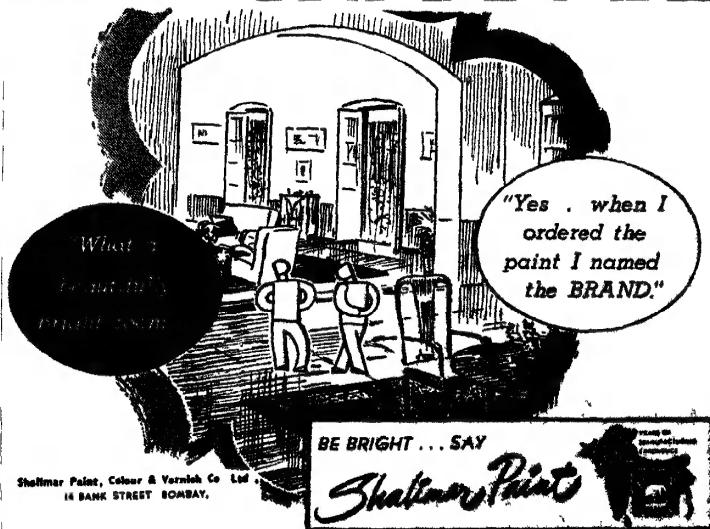


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Balloo

By Major F. M. Bellotti

WE met Balloo on the Mall in a torrential downpour of rain.

A small black Himalayan bear cub at the end of a piece of string, she stood up on her hind legs attempting to get into every doorway and panel, anywhere out of the sun. The man who held the end of the string marched steadily on. This was too much for "A." "Do something!" she said and I do not argue now when "A" says "Do something." So I enticed the man from the hotel porch on the pretext of sheltering from the rain.

He was from the hills, and my Urdu didn't get me very far.

"Where did you get the cub?" I asked.

"Far away," he replied with a wave of the hand that suggested limitless distances. "Is it for sale?"

A nod and a grunt.

"I will give ten rupees for it, will that do?" I offered.

A shake of the head.

"How much?"

"One hundred rupees."

This was said in more ways than one, and I said so. An aphorism had turned up said so much more fluently. A bear was underdog to say that he concurred. It was like a Batman picture without the Batman shrinkage of the principal. He was unmoved and Balloo had turned himself into a small black bundle and gone to sleep. Statement.

"A," however, is not easily baited.

She telephoned the Secretary of the

drinking a *jar* of milk by way of washing them down properly. Also the sweeper had refused to clean her kennel out, having no desire, he said, to be mauled by a bear. She laughed jovially at this point, but it did not offend the Secretary. The Secretary, she pointed out, was strictly speaking, not for the benefit of wild animals and could not, in fairness, be expected to bear the cost, the pun is hers, of 16 *chappatis* and one *jar* of milk per day indefinitely. She understood that he had originally offered ten rupees for Balloo, and asked him, "What do you think about it? I offered to clean out the kennel. For the rest, like a debtor who has very little intention of paying, I asked for time a week.

I bitterly regretted having offered the ten rupees for Balloo in the first place. With the best will in the world, one could not keep a small bear in the hotel. That evening we went to see this dangerous wild animal, and found her in a dog kennel walking up and down, as is the custom of bears when caged. In one corner were the skeletons of several corn cobs that she had not digested. The bear was very clean.

I put my hand in and Balloo immediately crooked a paw round it, carried it to her mouth and commenced licking it all over, making a contented bubbling noise like water boiling in a flask. "Wah!" said the sweeper, who had come along to see us being torn limb from limb. The kennel was cleaned there and then.

There remained the question of a home



Look for a bear whose left ear has been cut off almost level with her skull

known to herself, had bitten "A" through the thumb. It was a small bite, but "A" is far from anemic, and bled freely. It is unfortunate that

the sight of blood makes her sick. Darling," she said to me, "I am to her, and tethered to a bench, looking green. I caught Balloo by the scruff of the neck with one hand and cuffed her with the other. She kept covering her head with her paws.

During lunch, which we had picnic fashion on the grass, Balloo was tethered to a tree close by, but she made such a noise that the other guests left. She walked all over the sun, everything that is scattered here and a great deal that was not, and finally went to sleep stretched full length on her back, her round little tummy exposed, rarely to the sun. Balloo had come in me.

Since then she has lived with me, as completely free as the dachshunds and the pugs. She walks about under all the trees in the garden. She associates with anyone who comes to do so. I though her claws are at least one and a half inches long, one is less likely to be scratched than when playing with a cat. Her tummy is rounder than ever and there is a sheath-like action on her long coat. The problem of her future has been happily solved. The London Zoological Society is anxious to have her, and she is flying to England so you will be able to see her at Whipsnade. Look for a bear whose left ear has been cut off almost level with her skull—that will be Balloo.

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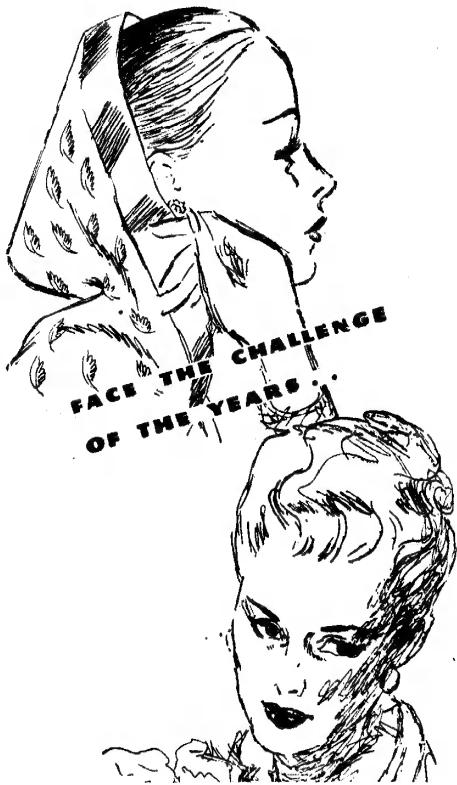
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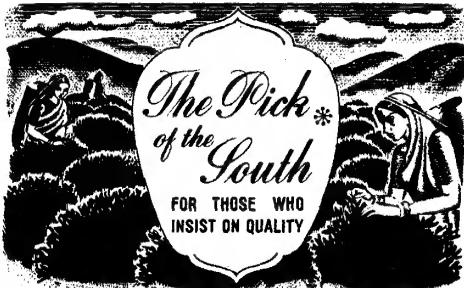
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A Tall Story

By "Claudius"

YES, I'm afraid, that may be your verdict when I come to the end of what I have to tell you, but all I can say is that I'm only describing what actually happened to me—you can believe it or not depending on how well you know me. I think I must have been unusually green when I first arrived in India six years before the war. At least, now that I can look back at those first months, I realise how much I had to learn.

About six weeks after I'd got to Bombay, I found myself one of a group, all a bit older than myself, chattering round the bar of one of the Clubs. The drinks were going round fast as they did in those days, the prices were low and there was no rationing. Gradually the talk turned to shooting, and I listened patiently to long-winded accounts of elephant shooting in Burma, killing tiger in the C. P., black buck and panther and so on, until it seemed that my companions had had a bet between them to account for enough specimens to stock the London Zoo.

There was a moment's pause after someone had struck the bell to order another round, so I ventured to tell my little tale. A very simple one, but a memorable day for me, when a royal cousin had let me sit stumps and shoo a stag on an estate he had leased in Scotland. I thought it was a great personal impression as I described my feelings of triumph when almost dead with fatigue, I fired and saw the great beast drop.

"... and so I managed to get quite a nice head," I ended. There was silence for a moment. Then, one Ernest Britton gave a sarcastic laugh.

"Stalking stags in Scotland is a game for children," he said, rather unpleasantly. "If you want a good day's exercise with nothing to show at the end of it, try to shoot an ibex. I've always considered that anyone who can show his friends an ibex head can call himself a shot!"

Others in the party threw in their views and the general opinion certainly agreed that it was a test of skill as well as endurance to get near enough to an ibex to have a shot, let alone get the head.

I suppose it was sensitiveness at having the triumph of which I was so proud treated as something so negligible that I never mentioned those remarks. Whatever it was I know that from that day the only animal I really wanted to shoot was an ibex.

I hadn't been many months in India before I found that the reference to a month's local leave a year in my contract wasn't worth a week-old. In Poona in actual fact, and my shooting was limited to a few rounds of pure irritation.

During the years until the outbreak of war, I never managed to get more than two days out of Bombay and then, just when I was arguing with myself whether I would take the leave I'd earned in England, or spend part of it at least on a real shooting expedition, the war came.

I managed to get myself called up as the next few years were too busily occupied in shooting human beings for me to think of my game book. 1944 found me with the 14th Army and, for the first time since I'd left England, I fell sick. Yes, it was malaria, in spite of mepacrine, tuff-neck, quinine, and mosquito cream! In a way I wasn't sorry for I'd had a strenuous time and I felt I'd earned a rest. I got a long leave to recover my strength and some planters near the Teesta Valley offered to put me up for my convalescence. I jumped at the chance and they gave me a wonderful time.

Suddenly, I can't quite think how, I found myself with a fortnight before I had to get back to my unit, feeling fitter than I'd ever done before, and with a burning determination to shoot an ibex. Enquiries showed that there was a chance of one in the Himalayan foothills not very far away. I started off

with my little party with the sole idea of showing Ernest Britton that getting an ibex was simple to a man who'd stalked a stag. It was partly because Ernest was on the staff of my Divisional Headquarters, I suppose, that so much weight was attached to getting the stub which had enabled all these years.

Finally the journey was accomplished and the locals reported that ibex were within about 3,000 feet and a couple of miles of my camp. At dawn I set out with the old shikari.

Some four hours after we had started the shikari told me that we were nearing the area where we might have caught an ibex. As I bounded a sharp shoulder of rock, I caught a glimpse of a brown shape about half a mile and two ridges away—it was an ibex. It took me almost an hour to work my way round and upwards, until I crawled over the lip of a ridge and saw him standing, side-on, looking down at me with a faint smile.

I'll admit I was trembling with excitement as I slipped my rifle up and aligned the sights behind his shoulder. I pressed the trigger with a sigh of relief. It was a sitting shot and I could never have lifted my head again if I'd missed.

The shot stood without moving for a second. Then he leapt elegantly over the ridge and bounded out of sight. I knew Thad killed him and the shikari and I ran madly over the rough, broken rock. We had to go down a couple of hundred feet and up nearly as much before we got to the ridge where he had been, and there he saw him lying quite still 30 yards from us.

The relief was so great that I just sat down and panted while the shikari started work. By tea-time I was back in camp with my ibex head. How I gloated over it! I got out my measure and 52½ inches wasn't a bad trophy for a beginner!

At the estate they advised me to send the head to Calcutta to be properly cleaned and mounted. A few days later I got back to duty. I got an acknowledgement from the firm saying that they'd carry out the work and then send the mounted head to my address in Bombay for safe custody until the war was over.

Although I was itching to see Ernest Britton it was a couple of months before I was finally entitled to leave. He'd pay him a call. I must say the took it very well, although I rubbed it in pretty hard. However, he refused to stand the drink I said he owed me until he'd seen the head for himself.

I got "demolished" towards the end of 1944 and went back to office life a little reluctantly, collected my kit and apes from some officials and had one last meal where the wily bears had had a feast, it wasn't in bad condition; but of the ibex head there was no trace.

Then followed a year's correspondence with the taxidermists, who produced evidence that the head had been sent off by rail, and with Railway authorities, who at first refused to release it, then admitted all knew where it was. "What's this?" I was growing more desperate. For Ernest Britton had been demobilised soon after me, and every time we met he offered me that drink if I'd show him 52½ inches of ridged and knobbed ibex horn. Gradually I began to dread meeting him with his mounted work, always light-headedness after making it. Finally I accepted a winter's leave in England, largely in order to escape what was rapidly becoming nothing less than persecution.

I landed in England on a misty, cold, December day and arrived home the next afternoon. My father was waiting and asked his first question when I asked him what the large case contained which had just arrived, addressed to him and marked: "Box found damaged. Forwarded to next of kin by M.R.O."

Yes, it was my ibex head, and even if I come out to India by air next month my head goes with me. It will be worth a pound an ounce for excess baggage to see Ernest's face.



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The Care Of Your Dog

By M. F. Walsh

CERTAIN breeds of dogs, of course, stand the heat much better than others. Nature provides them with the special equipment best designed for the climate in which they live but the dog is expected to adapt himself to whatever country his master chooses for him. The least we can do is to take all the trouble we can to mitigate the effects of unsuitable surroundings on our pets.

Dachshunds are deservedly popular in India as their fine loose skin and smooth coat are ideal for hot weather. Smooth fox terriers and bull terriers are usually quite happy, too, in the heat but most of the gun dog breeds not

thrive. Labradors are the best choice in this class, spaniels and setters being particularly unsuited to a very hot climate.

Some Advice

Luckily, even if we own a dog of the latter type, we can do a great deal to help him through the really hot months, and the following hints should be useful. First, the dog's natural economy and blood-stream must be kept in perfect working order. A good hair and condition powder will help to achieve this as will a daily pinch of Epsom salt or of flowers of sulphur in the food. (The lump of rock sulphur so commonly seen in a dog's drinking bowl is quite useless, as dogs do not eat it.) It is also advisable worming a dog, unless absolutely necessary, in the hot weather, the poor thing has enough to suffer from the heat, without the addition of starvation and violent purges!

Grooming

External parasites, such as fleas and ticks, must be kept at bay by regular and careful grooming and baths in some good brand of insect-destroying shampoo or "dip". If the dog has a heavy coat (as in the case of Airedale, wire-haired

terriers and so on) it will obviously be relieved if some of the hair is removed. Plucking, unless the animal is a sick specimen whose coat must on no account be spoilt, is not a good thing. It irritates the skin, and may even set up eczema if the dog is at all prone to it. Shaving is too drastic and the dog's coat needs to be animal-proof coarser, as it loses the protection from the sun afforded by its normal coat. The best thing is to remove the dead hair by gentle plucking, and then cut the coat as smoothly and evenly as possible, leaving it thicker on the head and spine.

Proper Feeding

Dogs do not, left to themselves, lie under a fan. They prefer to have their backs up against a cool wall, in a corner of the room, so remember to make this possible if the dog is to be tied up. A bed of clean sand in a spare bathroom, kept moist with cool water, is always appreciated during the hottest hours of the day.

Feeding is most important during the hot weather. Biscuits and farinaceous food should be avoided to the maximum. A dog's natural food is meat, and provided that mutton rather than beef is given, it can do no harm in the hottest weather. (The theory about meat being conducive to eczema is not now held to be true.) Farinaceous food and starch should be avoided as far as possible. A dog should be encouraged to drink as much as possible.

It seems scarcely necessary to mention that a bowl of drinking water, freshly changed several times a day and kept in a cool place, should always be available, but it is amazing how few dog owners take much trouble over this.

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Let's Have Another!

By "Senator"

"WHAT about a drink!" said Jo. "We had finished our nightly attack on the flies, using the wasp-jaws method. For nearby we had a coolie camp, and a coolie camp engenders flies. We had been on the trail of somehow or other they penetrated our jungle walls and wire gauze doors, and every evening there they were, lining the tent mat in their thousands. Undismayed, Sapper had invented a new form of attack upon them. A little whisky or gin for them was plenty of both an antiseptic, in a swig or two, it passed slowly under the sleeping pests, brought them tumbling down in hundreds. They fell into the glass, where they passed their last alcoholic moments more happily, no doubt, than they deserved.

Harris, a Political Agent on tribal territory on the North-West Frontier, was with us on a secret mission sent over to inspect the hand of Mahabud and Wairi *badges* whom he employed for our greater safety. In Peshawar, the word *badges* means escort or guide, and these *badges* were representatives of the Pathan tribes into whose territory the long arm of the *gat* reached. They were well paid, and for this reason the provided a kind of insurance against attack on their benefactors, as long, that is to say, as they fancied doing so. For our real protection there were 12 platoons of Frontier Scouts, commanded by Jollie Khan Jo Jorher. It was the third month since the meet with Sapper and myself, and he had an anxious time thinking out how his few wily Pathans could defend the camp perimeter, cover the coolies working on the road, and provide *gat*s for Sapper's whirlwind excursions, all at the same time. This was one of the days when we had been out with a *gat*, a sort of minor expedition.

Planning The Campaign

"Would like to do another bit of alignment tomorrow," Sapper had said the evening before. "He had brought out his mosaic of alt photos, and Jo and he had pored over it together. "You see, I want to go along here and here. If that's not good enough, I'd like to go along there and there."

Then Jo had worked it out. How many platoons could he spare for the *gat* without dangerously uncovering the camp and the work on the road? Then, while they were out, Jo had to watch the engineers, and have for when the coolies had his platoons alignment in action, and was thinking of the slopes, curves and culverts of his precious road, he forgot all else. His dash across a nullah to look at the lie of the strata on the other side meant, for Jo, a minor tactical operation. Could the Scouts cover him from where they were now? Where the blazes had the fella go now?" Subadar Kalander Khan Sahib, signal that pictures to move on to the next hill!" Occasionally when Sapper wandered too far a khaki-clad figure would rise from the hillside near him. "No further, Sahib! I would my lord be killed by a dog of Nainital!"

At the moment which I'm recalling "my lord" was gazing dreamily through the one window in the tent wall when the last light of the sun on the hills showed up that part of the road which they had finished and left behind. How straight and clean was the way they had cut! Here, as any rate, he thought, if he died tonight, was his mark on earth.

I was telling Harris about my Pathan Sahib, and Abdurrah Khan of Sopore, to the Frontier Provinces. He had gone through the lower standard commission when I was in Rawalpindi, and had then requested a "sabut" leave. I had asked why he wanted to go and he had replied, "My only son has been

killed in a blood feud, Sahib, I go to take revenge." Reluctantly I had given him the leave, for there was a reward of Rs. 1000 for the passing of a standard Pathan *gat*, and 800 rupees meant for me a "Ch. Ind. Gold" 15 hands, 6 yrs. trained to stick and ball and suitable for a lightweight rider."

The Blood Feud

True to his word, Abdurrah Khan had returned when his month was up. "Well, then, Sahib," I had asked him, "did all go well?" "The master has been satisfactorily settled, Sahib."

"But, *Munshi* Sahib, you are an old man, and this was a young man's work." "It is true, Sahib, I am an old man, and my sight is not what it used to be. It was a day when I taught your father, Thakur Khan, the art of the *gat*, and for a sum of money, kill one's enemy."

"Did you then, *Munshi* Sahib, make use of such a man?"

"That I did, Sahib. My enemy had flown into independent territory; I hired a man to go after him. Two hundred rupees. I paid him a hundred and twenty when the master was finished."

"But, *Munshi* Sahib, does not the feud now devolve on this man?"

"No, Sahib, for he was but an instrument. Now I alone am left. Here in Rawalpindi I am safe, for here there is the Big Government and the small far-flung independent territories. If I, Sahib, you will but give me a recommendation for permanent employment under your kind control, I will ever pray for your long life and prosperity."

I asked Harris whether he thought the old man had been pulling my leg and he answered that the story was most likely true. "As a matter of fact, you know, 'there are many blood feuds among the people in this area at the present moment. Only this morning I attended a *fire* in the Shakti Valley, which decided the case of one of your *badges*, by name Dad Khan."

Sapper, who was still gazing out of the window, came out of his reverie with a start and joined us round the fire. "What happened to him?" he asked.

A Sly Trick

"Oh, he shot a man a few days ago and shied himself up in his tower. The elders decided that he had killed his enemy, but without a blood feud, and now he's back at work again. Why, do you know the fellow?"

"You remember that tough-looking Mahabud who used to follow me round as *badges* when I went into his tribe's territory?" Sapper asked. "The chap with the fierce-looking dagger stuck in his belt. He came out that day in his *gat*, and organized a chicken shoot for us. He was very shocked at the waste of cartridges involved in shooting at birds flying through the air, and told me he also owned a shot-gun, but had no *gat* for it. If, I would give him but two, he would most certainly bring me back a dozen chickens."

"He could get the wary chick as easily as I gave him two 12-bore cartridges. Then he disappeared completely for several days and a substitute did escort for me. Well, he came back this morning. His name is Dad Khan." "Did he bring the four chick?" I asked.

"No, he only brought two."

"That was the fellow," said Harris. "He needed your cartridge." He filled his pipe and lit it. "There's another coolie fellow here, a Wairi, and a chief of all your Wairi *badges*. His name is Yakub Jan, and he has only one leg. Do you know him?"

"Rahber," said Sapper, "great hulking chap who looks like a bear. He's amazingly fast on the hills when his wooden leg is on the uphill side."

"He lost his leg in exchange for his wife. Her *confidante* said, 'You see, normally the killing of a member of one sub-tribe by a member of another is sufficient to start a blood feud between the two families concerned. Sometimes I can mediate and arrange for the matter to be settled by the payment of a sum of money. Sometimes nothing will prevent the feud from continuing, but that is another story for another day. If the wronged party's young man feels on a blood feud against the others successfully, their honour may be satisfied as follows. They waylay the man who has wronged them, and while he is in their power, they cut off one of his hands or either of his legs. They then kick off the foot or hand chosen and free him. No revenge need be taken for this, and there the matter rests. Yakub Jan chose a foot."

"Did he kill his woman?" I asked.

"Oh yes!"

"How romantic!" said Jo putting down his glass. "Let's have another!"

Solitude

Give me the scented solitude
Of the wood.

When the shrouding shades of eve

Wind and wave

Their sinuous, subtle mysteries

Around the trees,

The twilight's cool and trembling

touch

Moans so much

To my hurt and hungry heart!

Alone, apart,

As the day goes down in death,

'Neath the breath

Of the wayward, wond'ring wind,

Let me find,

In silent prayer, the solitude

Of the wood . . .

Nurgesh Kothawala

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So often in India we have to start life in new surroundings, either husbands are transferred, or we ourselves have to take the Young Entry to the hills. Each time household goods have to be packed, transported, and set out again, including the precious radio set, which, in case of transhipments and wives separated because of the scale of the climate, or for the children, forms the chief relaxation and entertainment for many a long solitary evening.

For monsoon conditions you should take special care to get as good results as possible from your set. Unfortunately, you cannot get the best results if you put your receiver in the place

Your Radio Set

By Sidney Balli

best suited to your personal comfort. People naturally tend to place the set where it is easy reach of their set arm-chair which probably means upon a low table.

These Help

But you may find that this distorts the voices, making them sound so woolly that, when coupled with monsoon

atmospheres, they are scarcely clear enough to understand.

The ideal spot for your radio is upon a high-backed chair in a room in which you have to raise, rather than lower, your arm to work the controls, when sitting in that favourite chair. The tone of voices and music is sweeter if the set is as far above the ground as possible, and not jammed against the wall. Too many curtains and ultra-thick carpet

dull the sound. Polished furniture crisps it up. If the set is near a hollow panel, such as a cupboard door, yet may bring it to echo.

Some sets, especially small ones, get hot when they have been running for some time. As a general rule, this does not matter, as long as all-round ventilation is possible.

I have just seen a beautiful little British portable radio, not yet in general production. About 6" long, 4" high, and 4" deep, it begins to play the moment the lid springs open. It works with two batteries, one of which is an ordinary round torch battery, that lasts about three weeks. The other needs renewing three or four times a year.



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Bird Baths

By E. M. J. P.

GARDEN birds are admittedly not as pampered in India as they are in England. They do not sit on the window if their table is bare of nuts and bread and meaty titbits, and to date, the bulbous-exotic cousin of the English sparrow has not been approached during the tops of milk boxes. But Indian birds do appreciate plentiful bowls of water. They naturally like to drink and most like to bathe, and the easy, small kindness of providing bowls and baths becomes a self-indulgence with the pleasure of participation that follows. All the baths are within sight of the house and I can enjoy them when it is too hot to go outside. The birds may be shy at first but during summer in the gushing Plains and on the desert rim, after a few tentative "secco" parties have flown over, taken soundings and finally slipped, you will find queues at the water's edge.

Types Of Baths

I have had three main baths made. One is simple and obvious—it is a large pottery bowl sunk into a lawn. It has been much more popular since the lip has been removed and the water level is about three feet high in the scooped-out top of an old tree stump. A two-inch deep cement basin catches the eye of the passing bird and attendance has always been most gratifying. A landing strip of four-eight inches of tree trunk was left around the rim of the basin and gives confidence to smaller birds and the gull gives confidence to larger birds on a trial flight.

But my pride and delight is the Rockery Pool. A former tenant built a high elaborate rockery of stone crags and sheltered earth pockets, which looks well when flowers cascade and burgeon but which is an eyesore for months in the year. One large pocket has been converted into a Lido among bird baths. It is roughly one foot nine inches wide and follows the irregular contours of the original bed. The earth was dug out and the hollow lined with bricks which were cemented over. The top of the rockery was then lightly cemented, making a wide, natural ledge for squatting, preening and feather-drying and the latest avian gossip.

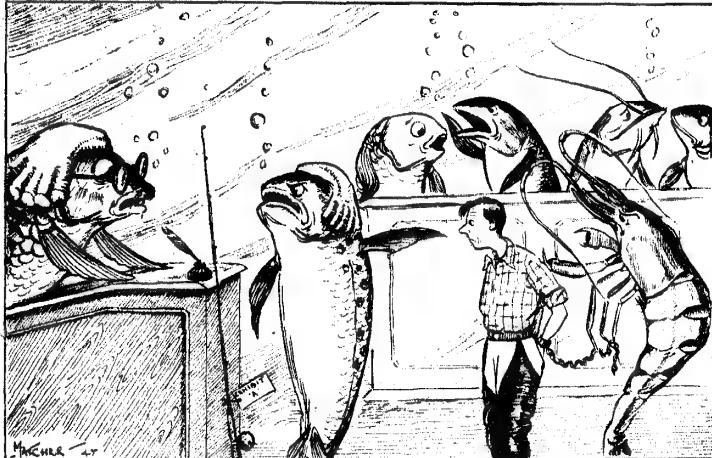
Gradually Customers

Gradually each pool attracted its own *habitats*. The humblest bowl is patronised by mannikin, crests, wading pigeons, the little parakeet, doves. They always bathe in their drinking water and their habits are far from hygienic. The tree stump is, flutter with the smallest birds and is at its prettiest when a posse of bulbuls all nod down to drink together—orange and red upon purple and the crimson of the garish. I had hoped to book the most *recherché* *clients* for the Rock Lido but common misfit were seen to sneak in, and, as the weather got hotter, the social barriers disappeared and all the garden birds crowded into the tree-shaded haven, and jostled and squabbled on the brick ledge before plunging into the tepid two to three inches of over-populated water.

There are certainly abstainers from these garden niceties. Rare birds and even familiar migrants seldom overcome their suspicion of these new-fangled amenities and they prefer to drink from one of the many shallow pools the impudent sparrows will share the dog's drinking bowl by the front door. Hill allows them and he winks an eye at the soubhids, but fortunately he has pigeons and crows.

It is essential that the baths are kept clean and full. Dirty water attracts mosquitoes and repels visitors, a empty bath does not attract the birds who will be less friendly or more inclined to paddle in the dog's bowl. Reciprocally, nothing will stop the dog from drinking out of bird baths and he might as well have water that is sweet and fresh.

The Angler's Nightmare



I sat in my armchair, my port by my side. My thoughts far away by the stream, Where many a fish had so gallantly died ; Then I nodded . . . and started to dream.

Imagines my horror to find myself chained By the wrists to a grim visaged prawn ! Who beheaded me not as I struggled and strained, Till my arms were bleeding and torn.

Before me a stern looking mahseer sat, And glared with a cold fathy eye ; Till I felt like a mouse in the clutch of a cat Before it is destined to die.

A trout, with a barrister's wig on his head, And a baleful sneer on his face, Bowed to His Lordship ; and then to my dread, Proceeded to open the case.

The charge of 'murder and grievous hurt' Were read with dispassionate grace ; His Lordship in manner was formal and stern, And of pity he showed not a trace.

Now a 'butchwa' came forward, and, examined on oath, Told a tale of murder and killin', That I took it all in, even then I was last in the list. To believe that I was the villain ;

Then followed a 'mulley,' a 'chilwa' or two, With evidence equally shattering ; And try as I might, it was all I could do To stop my poor dentals from chattering.

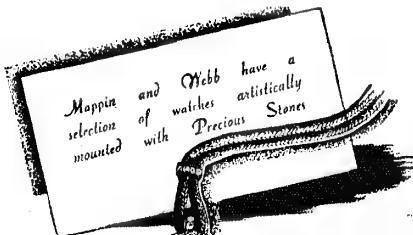
From the piscine assembly rose loud shouts of "shame ! " And His Lordship was shaking with fury ; Without further ado, he apportioned the blame, And nodded his head at the jury.

The jury conferred for a minute or two, Then the Foreman (of good malhaar blood) Agoneered in a voice that rang clear and true, "Tis guilty we find him, M'Lord."

His Lordship at once assumed the black cap, As I gasped in an effort for breath ; And calmly folding his fins in his lap, Pronounced the sentence as—"Death !"

In a last desperate effort I made my appeal, My voice a despairing croak, But the heart of His Lordship was colder than steel— And then, with a start—I awoke !

E. W. Matcher



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The Diary Of A Woman Of The Plains

By E. S. J. P.

JANUARY

THE cold weather brings an accumulation of visitors who marvel at a fire in their bedroom and chatter their teeth at our breakfast-time temperature of 39 on the grass. Their coming is a green encouragement to a hedge outside the guest wing which benefits mainly from their bath water. It is a hedge, though, it has no formality and the birds like it. They find nest lining from the red-leaved cotton plant after the small rosy flowers are replaced by white powder-puffs. The *jungli kela* trees grow taller, their featherly leaves are larger and the mimosa-like flowers, silhouetted against the sky, are distinctly showing all the branches. New strong *parkinsonia* shoots unfold like fern fronds.

Someone sends me a bunch of junculls from our fertile canal area—the Cockney

unc-operative, refusing even to grow tall enough to avoid daily drowning—when the hose is turned on and forgotten by the under-gardener. Maliciously, I dabbed the leptosyne and, thoroughly defeated, I agree with S. that the *nicotiana* looks like perpetual spinach and the nasturtiums will definitely fall leaf and flower, though I have climbed up the old tree trunk as instructed.

For a few days I sulk and ignore the garden. Instead, on strictly confidential advice from the Dog that the evening scent is good, we plod out after tea into the soft sand away from the houses and allow him to chase the leaping lightning-footed chinquapins and the tress and they are very good, though I am not much good at this. The *gardenia* and *lantana* are in flower and pick, look pink and span on tufts and prickly scrub, and we flush a small flock of stone-curlews who skip up in front of us. From the band of a still full tank we watch a pair of little cormorants and a couple of maledict call for the talent of the water and the roundabout sunsets afterglow of hunting sink and speedwell blue opposite an enormous grumpy-faced moon. The Dog's feet are full of burns as he licks and tugs, and I prod and pick them, he makes impossible puns about being *burned*.

Going A-Courting

But soon there is a more exciting call than elusive snuff hunts. The Dog is engaged to marry the girl of his master's choice. She is his equal in breed and fine feathered deportment and, a more useful attribute in the opinion of S. and myself, she lives near a white walled house by many lanes and her private garden is over so acres it is among the loveliest in India. S. has tactfully arranged his business programme so that work can be shelved or bypassed directly the urgent telegram arrives, and when wedding bells come on the air to drown out the chimes, we make this in a brief washing of comb and brush and the bed of the lucky Dog himself. A gratifying crowd of Dog fans gift us a good send-off and during the 24 hours' journey he is groomed until we both glow, and double Dog ratios are served. When we arrive, S. and I call out like stolid citizens the acres of privet hedges, the luminous blossoms of cassia trees and the dazzling of pink, purple, orange and crimson bougainvillas rampant up thick trunks and flung over old stone hollyhocks. There are sweet peas as tall as my hollyhocks and our trousseau is laid out. There is a triple dinner for the Bridgeons. After exhaustive sight-seeing the next day while the honeymoon proceeds, S. and I are taken for a picnic tea on an island on the lake. Water laps against marble steps and the sun slants through elegant colonnades to where kumquats ripen on golden boughs. Beside the lake a marble pavilion has been turned into a Dutch barn where fodder is stored and tethered to a richly carved old wall, the island cow, calf and bull are having their evening munch. It is utterly peaceful.

Refreshed and variously stimulated, the three of us come home, and I realize after the picnics we are getting a little overjoyed. Linaria wallacei and linum have been nuzzled in to block out remaining gaps, and many four-flowered sweet peas have started. I fill a small bowl with alyssum, pansies, sweet sultan, brachyscome, marguerites and candytuft. S. is well satisfied with the swelling of the green pea pods and the Dog parades all day with a more than usually obnoxious swagger.



E. S. J. P. with home-grown lettuces.

flower-sellers call them: poached eggs and they make up for the lack of English indoor bulbs : sitl Sir Warkyn and King Alfred daffodils, upright bearded hyacinths and, with luck and a warmish greenhouse, freesias in soft pastel shades. The English garden can be a joy, but the date suggests, with aconites, prim in their green neck-trills, as plentiful as the mudding snowdrops. Christmas roses shelter under their dark shiny leaves and a layer of carefully tucked-in straw protects their whiteness from mud and rain splash. Long sprays of *minimum nudiflora* will surely have yellow eyes opening between folded leaves.

Disheartened

The kitchen garden is catching up well on the early sowing for winter parties, and the cook is hard put to maintain his stock-out when all salads and vegetables are home produced. First cabbages—as sweet and flavoursome as asparagus—first cream lettuces twice a day and more to give away, young carrots which are too tender to cook, first carrots eaten raw, a glut of cauliflower and French beans, and a green peas forming. Once a week S. helps me to measure and stocktake the flowers in the borders. On New Year's Day I despair and am ready to turn the beds over to the Dog to roll on. The arctotis is too sparse, the eschscholtzia is carrot and irregular; clarkias and poppies have been re-sown three times and pansies are obstinately



"Better look while you can, Freddie—skirts are getting longer again!"

The Marriage Bore

By Pamela Grant

THE wise woman accepts marriage as it should be accepted—namely, as the natural fulfilment of the reason for her existence. She is naturally content in her husband, her children, and her home, and she admits to herself that they are all-in-all to her.

She does not, being a wise woman, allow marriage to obsess her, admitting no other topic for conversation, other than the most negligible of notice. The woman who faces marriage in this spirit is that sweet, well-meaning, conscientious person, the marriage bore.

So Dull!

As a rule it is the bride or the young wife who is guilty of boring her friends to distraction by absorption in her domestic life. She talks about it, writes about it, thinks about it and all seems to depend on the day of ceremony until all her victims dub her as a dull fish. They grow weary of her constant refusal of invitations on the grounds that "the dining-room, my dear, simply *must* be turned out, and, oh, talking of that, there's the most wonderful new furniture polish on the market."

Diana was a marriage bore. I say "was," because she has realised the error of her ways in good time. For the first two years of her marriage she underwent a metamorphosis. As a young girl she was bright, amusing and interesting.

Then she married, and suddenly it was—"No, dear, not today—for too busy." Indeed, one rarely saw Diana at all, and then only for a few minutes, packed with husband-baby-window-cleaning-casserole-carpet-and-curtains-talk. She lost her old interest in things, and everyone tired of her.

"I can't think," she confided to me, "why I seem to be losing so many of my friends. I haven't changed towards them, and yet . . ."

"You've changed desperately," I told her. "Half of your friends married and are bored to tears by all your domestic chatter, and the ones that are married have all their own little domestic problems—and like to try and forget them when they're out."

"But it's all so interesting to me," wailed Diana.

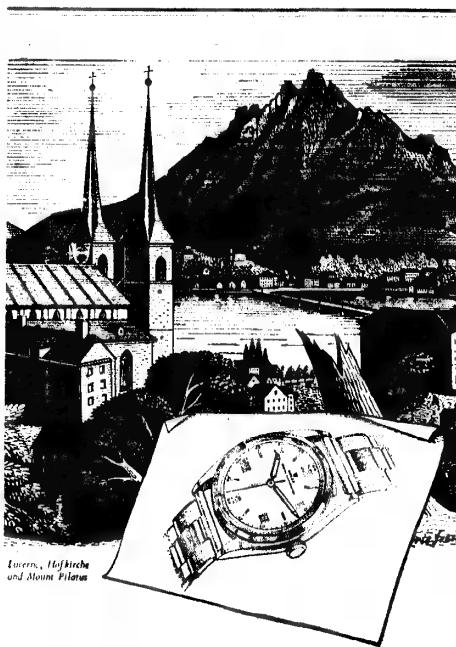
"Naturally," I told her, "at first, but there are other things in the world besides babies and husbands. You should try to take an interest in things like you used to—and don't be so obsessed with marriage. After all, there's nothing frighteningly original about it."

Other Broader Interests

Diana is now quite her old self again and has learned to accept the fact of marriage as a natural inevitability—not as a unique and, therefore, enthralling achievement.

The young wife should realise that, to the unmarried woman, married charter is so much larger—and dull jargon in that. She should realise that people become weary of asking her out when there is generally some domestic excuse given for her not going.

She should, in short, realise that marriage, admirable though it may be, should not fill a woman's entire horizon, and that it is her duty to herself and to her friends to keep up the old broader interests.



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Hound Saga

By Robbie Barcroft

No. 6. The Otter Hound

A GLANCE at the weekly list of hunting news in a number of the *Hunts and Hounds*, reveals that seven packs of otter hounds are advertising their meets, and to this number one can probably add another five packs that do not advertise, making a possible total of 12 packs hunting otters in the British Isles. You might infer that otter hunting is not a very popular sport; but remember that the country hunted by one pack of otter hounds covers an enormous area, in that the only part of it providing sport is necessarily restricted to the river's edge. That is that when you happen to be in the countryside, you may find that over a period of two months, your local pack of otter hounds may meet in your own county, in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, a part of Middlesex and possibly Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire to boot. The hunting of so wide an area means, of course, very expensive game for the Master and his hounds. Lorrys have to be hired to convey hounds and their kennel "tac," hotel bills have to be paid and there are all sorts of other considerations that have to be settled before hounds ever appear at the meet.

The English Countryside

Taking place as it does, between the months of April and October, otter hunting seems to have gained for itself the reputation of a glorified seven months' picnic-cum-pub-crawl, the principal event of the day being an unvarying diet for lunch, consisting of beer, red Canadian chowder and pickled onions.

To anyone keen on hound work, however, otter hunting provides amusement during a period of the year in which no other hounds are wont to meet (a possible exception being stag hounds in the West country), and to anyone keen on scenery, whether they care for hound work or not, otter hunting provides an unusual opportunity to see the English riverside at its best. Nothing could be pleasanter than to saunter along the river bank during the late spring, watching hounds trying to unravel an overnight drag through the reeds and meadows. The river bank, at this time of the year, affords marvellous colour, and an instant change of scene that is quite unparallelled. Although I once heard an old farmer say that in his opinion, "They otters lay the hay worse nor do the swathermen," otter hounds don't do much damage really and give sportmen a great deal of fun.

Not So Rare

The otter is one of the shyest of wild animals and very rarely allows himself to

be seen. For this reason he is considered a rare animal, but this is far from the truth. Although you may be convinced that in your particular part of the world there are no otters, you may be disillusioned when hounds hunting over your land, proclaim and prove otherwise. Except when breeding, the otter is for the most part itinerant and rarely stays in the same place for two weeks running. Once a hound, he is an animal of habit, and when covering familiar ground usually travels by the same route and lies up in the same "hole," as the dwelling place of an otter is called. These "holes" are to be found in river banks, oak beds and in the bottoms of old willow trees.

Anglers And Otters

Living as he does upon fish, the otter is cordially disliked by anglers, who for



A veteran otter hunter

some inexplicable reason, quite evidently exasperated, appear to dislike otter hunters equally. The angler complains a great deal about the amount of damage that otters do by reducing the fish, and about the similar amount of damage that the otter hunters do in disturbing the water; they also claim that if an otter is in the water, it will not be fishing with the fish to move. I care for nothing about disturbing the fish in respect of English streams, but after fishing an excellent mabisher pool in Gwaliah, several years ago, I have some lunch when, just above the pool where I had been fishing, we heard an otter which had, for the last two or three hours been tumbling down the falls and started playing in the pool. It was a fascinating sight and we watched these pretty creatures romping, diving and leaping over the rocks for several minutes. At last they allowed themselves to be carried downstream, the heavy water, and darkness vanished out of sight. Although both my wife and I agreed that we might as well take down our rods and go home, we tried our luck with a spoon once more and within a quarter of an hour the water was fishing beautifully. So much for that, but I have never heard of an otter that may not prevail in England. The fact is that otters do not do half the harm that people, especially anglers, claim; they rarely stay long in one place, and whatever their supposed "ravages" may amount to, they are spread out over a large area and are not concentrated in one place. Additionally, otters make the most marvellous pets, and become deeply attached to their owners.

In The Old Days

The sport of otter hunting is an ancient one and there is record that King John was a keen hunter, possibly having his

(Continued on page 17)

"The otter is an animal of habit."



A rough coated otter hound.

Hound Saga

(Continued from page 16)

bounds behind when he visited the banks of the Thames on that famous occasion at Runnymede. In 1307 Edward I had 12 "Otter dogges," and Henry VIII is said to have had a pack.

The old style of otter hunting seems to have been run on different lines to that of the present day. A couple or so of foxhounds would be sent out to hunt up to the river on its drag, then their services were dispensed with, and a sort of glorified rat hunt with terriers was the order of the day. Each member of the field carried a barbed spear-head on a long pole, and the aim of the "parish boys" seems to have been either to thrust or throw the spear at the otter. It sounds rather an unhandy type of sport to the ears of "1948," but we who enjoy picnicking are in no position to cast stones. It is stated that the spears referred to came in very handy as an aid to vaulting over narrow streams and runnels. Although I can find nothing to suggest this, it is quite possible that these spears were the forerunners of the present day pole carried by otter hunters, which are usually turned out of a straight length of ash or cherry and tipped with an iron ferrule. It is the practice for otter hunters to have a spear on the ready, whether they are present at a kill and I have seen some of them belonging to veterans, their whole six feet covered with notches on every side.

The Hound Himself

The history of the otter hound is somewhat obscure. Any old hound or dog seems to have been entered to otter in the old days. Johnson's "Sportsman's Cyclopaedia" (1850) says: "Otter hunting has, of late years, been little in fashion. Actually the experts claim that there was no true breed of otter hound before 1880. During the Franco-Prussian War, the Compte de Condeul de Canteleu sent his whole pack of Nivernais griffons to a Mr. Carnaby Forster in England. These griffons were a cross-breed of hound somewhat resembling the Welsh hound, and when a few years later they were crossed with a pure-bred bloodhound, it was found that the cross readily, or rather more readily, entered to otter than hounds normally do, for it is a well-known fact that hounds take to otter hunting in all the legitimate quarrels of the chase. The result of this cross was a celebrated sired hound called "Bouman," and it is claimed that the descent of most of our pure-bred otter hounds of today can be traced to his ancestry.

Provides Good Sport

In appearance the otter hound is a shaggy version of the bloodhound, with long folded ears, but with less abundance of loose skin about the head, dewlap and neck. Standing about 25 to 26 inches, he is most persevering on the line. There are very few tracks that he cannot easily follow, and otter hounds, the Dumfriesshire being one, and you will almost invariably find that a few foxhounds or even terriers are added. Masters of otter hounds say that the introduction of the latter provide a necessary drive that would otherwise be lacking. In his old heart, it is stated that otter hounds are unpopular as they are apt to catch cold, owing to the fact that the water remains in their long rough coats for hours after they have roughed hunting, whereas a smooth coated hound dries off fairly quickly.

Provided that hounds are allowed to do the work and that the huntsman does not rely too much upon the field to form "arrikles" across the streams (a system whereby the field stand in the stream making a chain or barrier with the poles, in order to head the otter back), and provided (and this is practice), otter hounds provide most interesting sport, not the least fascinating aspect of which is watching the terriers trying to bolt the otter from the most inaccessible crannies, "holts" and holes. If you are prepared for a long day, and possibly a night, of plain hard work and keeping a day's otter hunting as is good a way of spending a summer's day as any other, although I am sure that the fisher-folk will not agree!

Migrants

Back to the land of beauty,
Back to the land of gaiety,
Back where there's lots of muckers,
Back where you get some fun.

Away from dingy Blighty,
And queues, and strikes, and dearth
Of the little drop of something,
That eases our path on earth.

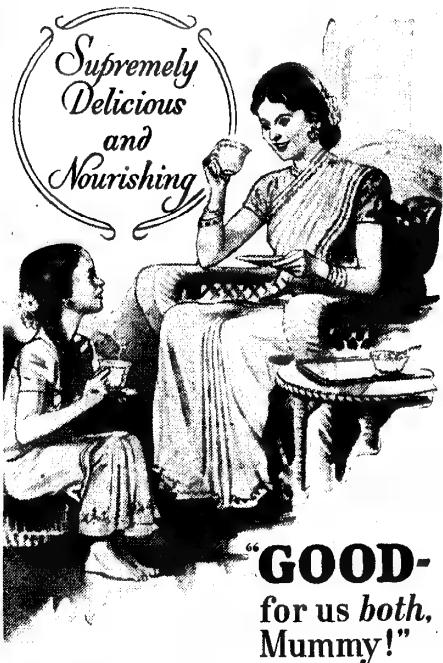
Back where the stars burn handsome,
In the deep arched Eastern skies.
And the ghost of Mughal Abbar,
The flooding moon deserves.

And then when we've tread our measure,
In long-locked Hindooostan,
We'll sadly return to our North land,
To finish our "totted span.

"A migrants"

STORIES AND VERSES

THE Editor requires immediately short stories, verses and illustrated articles with an Indian background for exclusive use in "The Unlooker." Payment on the 10th of each month following publication.



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A Husband, A Wife And A Ball

By Margery Herwood



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it's a
question
of
'filling up',
bear
in mind
that...

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THE morning was fine, with fluffy clouds and a light blue sky. We reached the course for my first round of golf feeling that life was grand—though secretly I felt a little apprehensive.

My husband handled his driving iron with loving hands and prepared to drive off. I watched with admiration as the

club swung down with grace and skill and the ball sailed away. Now it was my turn. My husband and the caddy stood watching. It is a frightening sight to see someone else drive off and send the ball 200 miles (I mean yards) away, but it seemed a very difficult feat for me to perform. I handled the iron and tried to remember all the things the coach and my husband had told me.

If I gripped the iron properly I forgot to grip my head down . . . if I remembered to grip my head down . . . if I forced to hold my left arm straight . . . if I held my left arm straight I forgot to grip the iron properly.

However, I addressed the ball with deliberation and determination, but it seemed one needed a great deal of skill to do this. I gripped my head down and straight, I forced to hold my left arm straight, I gripped the iron properly. I took a deep breath and took a phenomenal shot, down came the club and through, but there was no satisfying click at the end of my swipe, instead a white reached my ears as my club hurtled

(Continued on page 19)



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A Husband, A Wife And A Ball

(Continued from page 10)

into a terrific air shot and the little ball still lay still as damply almost as if it laughed at my very determined efforts.

Encouraging remarks came from the spectators, repetition of the advice already given. I swallowed hard and nodded in reply. This time I really would hit a shot that I hoped. Once again I addressed— and needlessly— that tantalizing little ball. Down came my club, this time with a thud and I found my immaculate dress covered in brown spots of earth. I became rather ruffled and even more determined as I noticed my husband's amused grin. For a moment I was daunted and occurred to me to make an admirable statement for quite a different purpose, but my mind came back to golf. I surprised myself and everyone present by making rather a good shot. I believe I violated all the rules of stance but I made the only decent shot I was to make that day, and if I had gone round the bogey I could not have been more pleased.

At last I reached the brown (in about 14) where my husband waited patiently for me as I arrived warm and by now very touchy. The smooth brown appealed to me and I brightened considerably. I addressed my husband and his ball in one neat little stroke and heard the plop as the ball went home. I felt sure I could send my ball into that hole in one shot but it seemed so near— however, I soon learned differently. The ball always avoided that hole in some manner. I avoided it. I found myself walking from one side of the green to the other in vain attempts to pot the ball. If I hit so hard on one shot I discovered I would be too gentle the next time.

At one point I achieved time I considered to be an excellent drive off, and without waiting to see the ultimate destination of my ball, I turned again to my husband to recount his arrival and saw to my horror the familiar set jaw and learned from his dry and withering comments that my ball was in the lake. I could not help thinking that if that shot had not sent my ball into the lake I would have been a remarkable effort. Of course I could not think if that lake had not been there my ball would not have sailed in, but then that was wishful thinking in golf that does not pay.

Over a drink in the Club which I swallowed as quickly as I could without appearing other than a very thirsty golfer my husband told me all the things I had done wrong. Afterwards I sought solace in the story of Bruce and the spider



Past And Present

(With Apologies)

I remember, I remember,
These days now dead and gone,
When ration cards and ration shops
Were evils yet unborn;
When butchers' calls were regular,
And meat was fresh and cheap;
But oh! the stuff we're getting now
Just makes one want to weep.

I remember, I remember,
How I drove up to the pump
And carelessly yelled, "Fill her up,"
And watched the pump man jump;
But now he seems to bend on me
A look as full of scorn,
As from my tattered coupon book
The last poor unit's torn.

I remember, I remember
When I went to buy stores,
The shop attendant's friendly grin
The well kept polished floors,
But now he takes my ration card,
And with a jaundiced eye,
Quite carelessly points out to me
The things I may not buy!

I remember, I remember,
All the carefree happy days,
Of easy going house-keeping,
And little carefree ways;
But now the spectre known as care,
Just fills my soul with dread,
And makes me sometimes wish that I
Were simply good and dead.

E. W. Matcher



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The Past Recedes, Maureen

The past recedes, Maureen, but I remember
How softly, tenderly, a gold September
Turned to October, dewy, opalescent;
How imperceptibly, a crystal crescent
Became a disc of silver flame above—
And how, e'en so, our friendship turned to love.

The joys that were, and all that might have been,
The pleasures, and the hopes, are gone, Maureen;
Only a gay and golden memory
Is left, in life's dim twilight, now, for me;
The past recedes, Maureen, but I remember
The vanished magic of that dead September.

Nagesh Kothawala



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The Musk Deer

By R. E. Tancer

THIS little animal would probably have been left undisturbed to live a life of peace and quietness in its native forests but for the celebrated perfume with which nature has provided it.

Musk is known in all the civilised countries of the world, yet little is known of the nature and habits of the animal that produces it.

All along the slopes of the Himalayas, at elevations above 8,000 feet, where the hills are covered with forest, the Musk Deer is to be found, but particularly in those regions near the snows. Nowadays it is rarely seen, and its retiring and solitary habits make it appear even rarer. Two are seldom seen in company, even in the season.

Extremely Retiring

Nocturnal in habit, the Musk Deer selects a secluded place where it will stay for years and, perhaps, a lifetime, if left undisturbed. These little creatures move about very hesitatingly, and will stop every now and then and hiss. Once disturbed, however, they will leap into the air, all four legs leaving the ground together, clearing bushes and obstacles

in their stride. It is a very sure-footed animal, and let no one imagine that it can be cornered if driven towards a precipitous hillside.

The Musk Deer rarely stands more than 20 inches at the shoulder. Its weight is slender, and it has a long sharp pair of canine teeth. The ears are long and are kept erect. In winter, the brownish-grey coat turns almost white, and in texture, is coarse and bristle-haired. The legs are slender and, in proportion to the size of the deer, they appear to be on the long side.

Only In Males

The musk is found only in adult males, the pod being situated near the tassel. It is composed of several layers of skin in between which the musk is stored. Musk is a dark reddish-brown, resembling the size of single grain pellets. When first taken from the pod, the musk is of a brownish-red colour, but on removal and exposure it turns black. Sometimes, the pod will be full to its two ounce capacity, at other times it will be void, so it is probable that musk is discharged at certain seasons and reproduced at others.



The Musk Deer

The stalking of Musk Deer is not necessary. When come upon, they will stand perfectly still and, occasionally, allow one to fire off as many as three or four rounds before dashing away. Musk Deer can be beaten very easily, but too much noise should be avoided. When wounded, it is easily tracked as it invariably bleeds profusely. In certain hill states it is protected

and may not be shot without the issue of a special permit. But panther, pine martins and even eagles take their toll, though one point to note is that no animal or insect or bird will ever touch the musk pod; it is left severely alone.

The real musk measures 2 inches, but I think that those who hunt this creature are more concerned about the quantity of musk the pod will yield.

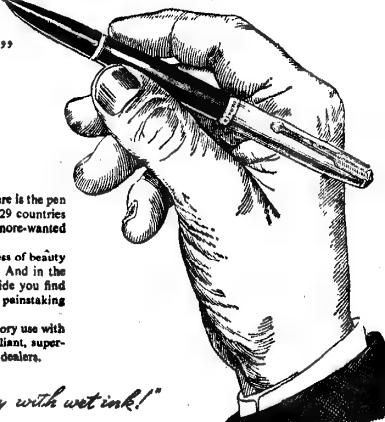
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I MUST admit to a faint feeling of dismay when I saw the plane in which I was to fly across India, from Bombay to Calcutta. It looked awfully small.

Well, I told myself, nobody's idea this but yours!

By sheer chance, I chose a seat by a window from which I looked out on to the wing edge, so that I could judge the distance from the ground going up and coming down.

We were along the sea-mac and became airborne—that was fine. It was eight o'clock in the morning.

I watched the plane getting higher and higher from the land—and then suddenly there wasn't land any more—the sea was below.

My heart leapt into my mouth. I hadn't expected that. I felt like Sindbad, caught up in the talons of the Roc. I wanted to yell, "Hey, put me down."

We began to circle in towards land again. Now we jerked and bumped. Then after a time we were going very smoothly and the ground seemed a long way below.

I asked the air hostess, as a matter of interest, what height we were at, and she said about 9,000 feet.

It was delightfully cool, and though the engines roared and my ears did funny things off and on, I didn't feel un-

comfortable. I think the scarf round my head helped. Others had put plugs in their ears.

On the floor of us were paper bags. I couldn't think what they were for at first. I didn't need to use mine, but very nearly did when we came down in Nagpur. It was horribly bumpy.

It was a lovely sight looking down on the aerodrome as we circled. From the control tower we had a fine view. "Fasten Seat Belts," they said at the door. I couldn't get mine buckled, so just hung on to it. And then, only from the wing, did I know we were taxiing along the runway.

One of the Company's officials told me the pilot had made a perfect three point landing. I asked what that was, and he explained that the pilot had come down on all three wheels together on the ground.

We had been there a full hour in the air. I felt the ground heaving up and down when I sat down, so I restricted myself to cream cracker biscuits for lunch. I had been advised to keep a

dry stomach and I wouldn't be air-sick. In less than an hour we took off again, and once we got up to 10,000 feet, we were smooth sailing.

The pilot left his second in command to it, and came in from the control room to speak to one of the passengers. Then he took a couple of newspaper men into the control room, and asked me if I would like to go in too.

I wanted to say anything, and when they came out, in I went. I sat at the dual control with the other pilot, while the chief pilot yelled explanations about things, which I didn't follow. There were dozens of gadgets on the board in front of me.

It was odd sitting there in the nose with a noise all round and a terrific roar of engines. It was a thrill, but a bit frightening. I was glad to get back to my seat, it felt so much safer there.

Then, about 200 miles from Calcutta, we got into not-so-nice weather. It had been cloudless so far, but now there were clouds in patches, with glimpses of the ground through them. And then, at

last, quite a stiffish wind, and complete envelopment in grey monsoonish mist. The plane seemed to flap, and there were little wiggly movements along the fabric of it. I hoped it always did this sort of thing.

I had been hanging on to my belt for quite a time in obedience to the notices. It was toughish. Then, peering through the window, came an awful moment.

It was dark, and I could hardly see anything but grey mist, and suddenly, to my horror, much too close for my peace of mind, and at a frightening angle, was a bit of land at the wing tip, just like a slice of toast at the end of a fork.

I never closed my eyes quicker or tighter.

When I opened them again we were right way up and coming gently out of the cloud and right under it, till it was like a big grey umbrella, and below us, at a few hundred feet I should imagine, were paddy fields, and little huts, fields and patches of trees. The wind and the wing told me we were on the runway.

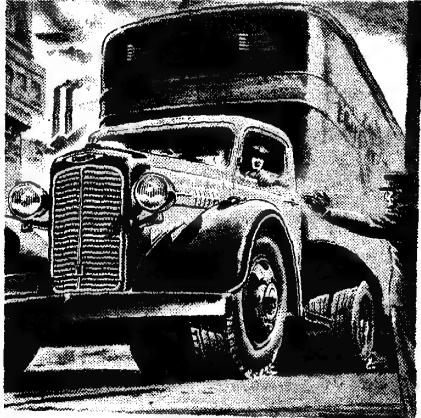
This was Dum Dum aerodrome. I had flown a thousand miles from Bombay to Calcutta, via Nagpur. It was now a quarter past three.

I stepped out. Here ended my first flight.

I am so glad I made it.

First Flight

By Celia Lucas



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Calcutta Cameos

By P. G.

Boomerang !

WILL dear had a good day? Everything all right? I am afraid not. George As I have so often remarked if you want a thing done well do it yourself.

Yes Gwen I frequently find that to be an excellent

No doubt about it. I only wish I had seen the whole thing through myself then I would have been saved such unpleasances

I say my dear I hope that nothing very serious has happened? What is the trouble?

Of your making George as is happening far too frequently lately I am sorry to say

George, dear Gwen what's all this about? Here I am just back from rice after a tiring day not a minute to call my own just

Oh I know all about that George

Five to five and a couple of hours I'm

off for tiffin. Oh yes, and more time off for tea, prepared by that odious typist with her air and graces I know all about it

You are very hard on the girl Gwen. She's a very decent sort, and has a mother to boot

Oh, dropping into verse about her, are you? Oh well, yours must be a peculiar taste if you

Look here, Gwen, if you feel like that about things I had better put my coat on again and go to the club

The best place for you with the other old crocks after the mess you've made of things? Really I don't understand

When you read the letters that have come today it may sink into some obscure brain cell of yours that after I had packed up the Christmas and New Year parcels and explained the contents clearly you addressed them all wrong

"All wrong?"
"Gosh! I've been worse. A frightful mix-up I go cold at the thought of it. I most distinctly told you that the package in light brown paper, with double string, contained a hot-water bottle for Aunt Bessie. Think I didn't

?" Now you mention it, I seem to have some glimmer, but what?

"Today she writes a short note saying that as she has not yet quite reached her dosage she is returning the cast-iron, water-pistol, toy engine and *Gulliver's Travels* and hopes that we will send them some oranges when they will be appreciated. I wonder she is deferring her visit to us indefinitely?"

"Well, that's some comfort, anyway. But that pistol and the other things were meant for young Tom, weren't they?"

"Of course they were. He writes to say thank you very much but the hot water bottle is not much use to him because if cold, he sleeps in his socks. So he is sending back a book about Sydney and the Barber and a share in young Alf's lottery ticket for a nickel watch."

Anyway, the boy seems satisfied."

That's not the point. What about the appliance for the deaf that we sent to Australia for?"

Why do rivers flow on to the end? Why do aspens in brooks bend? Why do blossoms flower—then die? Just why?

"Klummed"

"For cousin Betty, I know."

"Yes, but cousin Betty didn't get it. That went to Uncle Fred, and he has written a most sarcastic letter, saying that it is very kind of us and all that, but he has no use whatever for it, as he has heard quite a few little rattles in his pocket. It was never intended to hear. I have told you time and again to moderate your voice, knowing how touchy he is."

"Really I can't think how I could have made."

Such a perfectly foul mix-up. We shall never hear the last of it. Grandpa's handwriting is really execrable, and the letter was written just before you came in. He says that if we wish to make him a present of underwear at least, let him have something serviceable. At 79 he has no intention of strutting around in strips of gossamer with butterflies and rosebuds."



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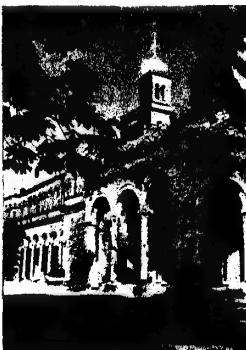


INDIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS

B.R.B.



His Excellency the Governor of Bombay and Lady Colville in the garden of Government House, Ganeshkhind. (Courtesy: G. C. Dorsett)

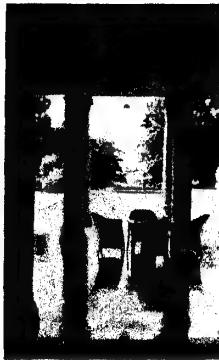


His Excellency the Governor's four-in-hand waiting outside the arch of the impressive main entrance. It is an open carriage driven by a coachman with a postilion beside him, and is used by the Governor for driving out round Poona.

A FINE old house, and the official residence of the Governors of Bombay, while in Poona is that grey stone mansion known as Government House, Ganeshkhind.

The house has always been the summer residence of Bombay's Governors, with the result that its furnishings and decorations have almost reached perfection through the care of the Governors and their wives. The house is situated in large, beautiful grounds with terraced lawns and flower beds containing almost every kind of flower and shrub. It is about a mile from Kirkee station and approximately two miles from Poona. On the Kirkee side, the approach is wooded, while on the Poona side there is a golf course and private grazing fields.

Outstanding features of the house are the extensive double entrance tier and the eastern front with its two main entrances, the second leading into the beautiful State Drawing-Room or Ballroom.



One of the verandas off the State Drawing-Room, leading out to the lawn beyond.

Government House, Ganeshkhind

By G. C. Dorsett



His Excellency Sir John Colville with his Private Secretary, Mr. Bradshaw, working in his study. The walls are hung with large portraits in oils, and there is a low cabinet for books, but the main feature of the room is the large desk.

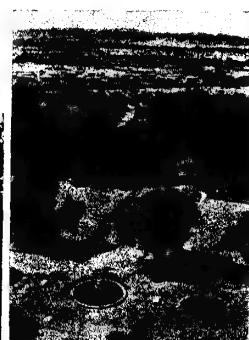
For Entertainment

The Ballroom is magnificently proportioned with French windows on three sides, and its main source of illumination is a splendid crystal chandelier suspended from the high ceiling of the room. The floor (usually completed) is covered by beautiful pile carpets and has stood the test of many a polka and Viennese waltz, as well as the modern fox-trot and tango. The chairs and settees are of heavy gilded wood with brocade covers, and a fine marble-topped

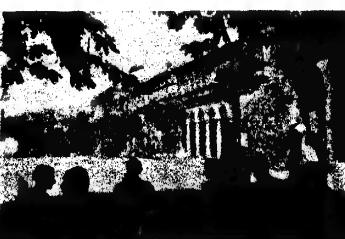
table in the same style in one corner of the room is balanced at the opposite end by a grand piano, around which the Governor's orchestra is grouped at night for the entertainment of guests.

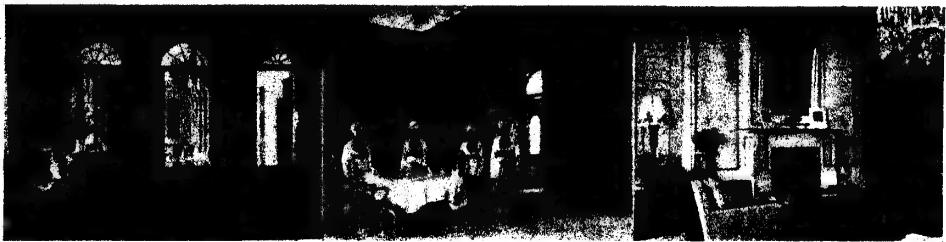
Leading off the Ballroom is a quiet room, which is the drawing-room where guests usually gather before dinner for a glass of sherry or a cocktail. This is a room that is lived in, and the large fireplace is the focal point for the arrangement of the room. The furniture is inviting and comfortable,

A view of the natural swimming-pool which was originally a quarry, showing the attractive rustic bridge.



Sir John and Lady Colville with some guests, having lunch on the lovely lawn under the trees.





The State Drawing-Room is a beautifully cool room with French windows on three sides opening on to the lawns and winter garden. All the furniture is heavy gilt, and is upholstered in rich brocade. The room is lighted by a chandelier of unique beauty.



Another view of the State Drawing-Room showing one of the verandas in the southern side, and the lovely chandelier.

Also on the ground floor is the main Entrance Hall, on the ends of which the Governor and Lady Colville have their respective studies. Sir John's study is a large office, the main feature of which is an enormous desk and a low book cabinet. Portraits in oils are hung round the room, but the general effect is that it is a room to work in. Lady Colville's study also has a business-like atmosphere, but the settee suites seem to suggest that ladies sometimes meet here and that during business discussions a cup of tea is served. This "office" opens on to the lawn, and from her desk Lady Colville can obtain a lovely view through the rosebushes and other flowers in the garden.

Not to be forgotten in the spacious, and very much used, A.D.C.'s Room

A corner of the finely panelled Banqueting Hall which is hung with portraits in oils by well-known artists of former Governors of Bombay and British Royalty. The table here is laid for a small number, but it can be adapted to hold many more for an official dinner party.

The small drawing-room, which adjoins the Banqueting Hall. It also has a chandelier and magnificent oil paintings. There are also standard lamps with hand painted shades. It is here that the guests gather for a drink before dinner.

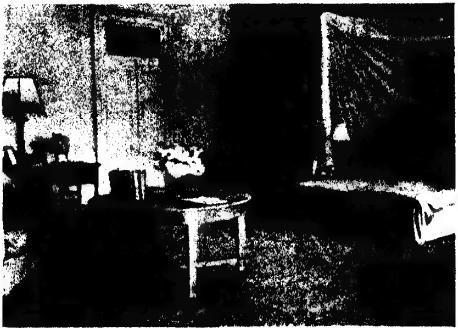
with several desks and telephones and a general atmosphere of friendliness—a room where neatness is not the first consideration.

The Estate

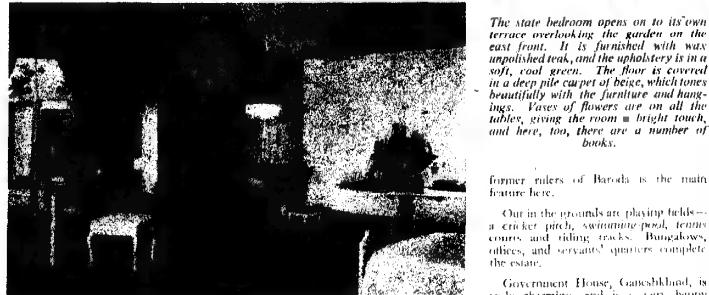
The house-keeper's rooms and kitchens complete the ground floor.

Upstairs are the numerous bedrooms. Lady Colville's dining room has been decorated in white with a floral motif. Her Colville's is done in a pale green scheme being pale green. At the other end of the building is the State Guest Room; though large it is well proportioned and very comfortably furnished. Off the State Room is a smaller bedroom, and could be used as a private terrace. Other bedrooms also have names and the Brionne Room and the Lanner Room are among those which are often used.

The staircase is wide, and the handrail and steps are in unpolished teak. An enormous oil painting of one of the



The state bedroom opens on to its own terrace overlooking the garden on the east front. It is furnished with a four-poster bed, and the upholstery is in a soft, cool green. The floor is covered in a deep pile carpet of beige, which tones beautifully with the furniture and hangings. Vases of flowers are on all the tables, giving the room a bright touch, and here, too, there are a number of books.



former rulers of Baroda is the main feature here.

Out in the grounds are playing fields—a net pitch, swimming pool, tennis courts and riding tracks. Bungalows, offices, and servants' quarters complete the estate.

Government House, Ganeshkhind, is truly charming, and is a very happy haunt for sight-seers. It seems a pity that this fine home may not continue as such for very much longer, as already it has been suggested to house the Poona University. It is certainly large enough, and the grounds seem to be adequate, but it has been built to be a home. It is unfortunate that it cannot remain what it is—a beautiful residence.

Lady Colville's bedroom, in which all the furniture is white. The walls are hung with exquisite hand painted murals, and the lamp shades have the same motifs hand painted on them. There are large vases of flowers, and the whole effect is of brightness, in direct contrast to the subdued tones of the colours in the guest room.

Lady Colville's study, which overlooks the garden on the west front. There is a business-like desk at one end, and a group of sofas and arm chairs near the fire-place for relaxation. It is lighted by wall brackets, and in front of the fire-place there is a low shelf containing magazines. The floor is carpeted with lovely Persian rugs, and here, as in all other parts of the house, the room is given added charm by the many vases of flowers.



The Entrance Hall photographed from the balcony on the first floor which surrounds the hall below. There is a writing desk for occasional messages, and a long bookshelf filled with magazines, with a convenient sofa in front in which to read them.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

Features and Photographs
Wanted.

THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short stories, articles of a "Hunting, Shooting and Fishing" nature, articles on women's subjects, and humorous articles and verse.

The editor will be glad to consider photographs of a social nature such as appear in *The Onlooker* month by month.

Payment will be made at the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for.

Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the backs name must be clear and distinct.

"THE ONLOOKER"

United India Building,
Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road,
BOMBAY.

The ONLOOKER

VOL. X January 1948

NO. 1

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Vol. X

JANUARY 1948

No. 1

*His Exalted Highness
Lt.-General Muzaffar-
ul-Mulk Wal-Mamalik
Nawab Mir Osman Ali
Khan Bahadur, G.C.S.I.,
G.B.E., Nizam of
Hyderabad and Berar.
He has recently signed
a Standstill Agreement
for one year with the
Government of the
Dominion of India.*



Looking On!

"...Ring In The New"

LIKE the red-berried holly, New Year resolutions are hardy annuals, and the fact that they are broken within a very short period is beside the point. New Year resolutions are made with good intentions and so long as the motive is good, no one can take exception to them.

With the advent of 1948, we enter our tenth year of publication. We do not intend to make any resolutions, but we do intend to effect several improvements in *The Onlooker*. Within the space of the next few months we hope to revert to the practice of printing the whole of *The Onlooker* on art paper. Owing to the exigencies of war and the difficulties of producing paper, we have, for some time past, been compelled to print a very large section of the magazine on printing paper; and while the reasons for this have been appreciated by our readers, it is undeniable that it does not lend itself to that high standard of reproduction for which both *The Onlooker* and its printers are now well known throughout this country.

It is our ambition, during the year 1948, to produce a bigger and better publication. We hope to introduce colour into its pages and we also hope to publish several "bumper" issues. The



Her Excellency the Countess Mountbatten of Burma talking to Mr. A. P. Sabavala, Mayor of Bombay, and Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing, sister of Pandit Nehru at the May's garden party given in honour of H. E. The Governor-General of India and Lady Mountbatten. Her Excellency was wearing a striking cobalt-blue dress with matching feathered hat.

first of these will be the *Easter Number*, to be published in March, which will be followed by a special *Anniversary Number* dedicated to the anniversary of the achievement of India's independence. This will be a *de luxe* issue and will contain articles by the foremost politicians of India, Pakistan and England. It will be liberally illustrated and, we hope, will be preserved by our readers for many years to come. We also have in view next year's *Annual*, which we would like to improve beyond recognition.

The success which has attended *The Onlooker* from its inception has been largely due to the faithful support given by our readers. Articles, verses, stories and photographs have all been submitted with unfailing regularity, and the number of our contributors continues to increase. We are ever ready to encourage the budding writer, poet and artist, and will always welcome articles, verses and photographs from our readers. In this way, we hope to place before our reading public the cream of India's talent, and to give many

New Year

The New Year claims a resolution
To seek and find a good solution
To problems posed and posing.

For deeds omitted retribution
For sins committed absolution
Past tyrannies deposing.

And now another substitution,
A promised twelve months' contribution
To try again reposing.

J. V. B.

writers an encouragement long overdue.

This past year has been a momentous one and we believe that at the close of 1948 *The Onlooker* will be able to look back and say with confidence that it has fulfilled its resolutions and come up to the expectations of its many friends.

• *Ring out the old, ring in the new ;
Ring happy bells across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.*

The "Onlooker"



His Excellency the Governor-General, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, with Mrs. Roshan Sabavala, daughter-in-law of the Mayor of Bombay, who was hostess at the garden party given by Mr. A. P. Sabavala, during their three-day visit to Bombay.



Lady Colville with the Hon'ble Mr. Morarji Desai, Home Minister, Government of Bombay. The garden party was held in the lovely Sir Piroozshah Mehta Gardens on Malabar Hill, which were a blaze of colour from the bougainvillea and a variety of flowers in bloom.



The Hon'ble Mr. B. G. Kher, Premier of Bombay, with His Excellency Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay. There were over 600 guests at the party including representatives of the Government and Diplomatic Corps and many prominent citizens of Bombay.



Fl Lt. the Hon'ble Wentworth Beaumont, R.A.F., Comptroller of the Household for H.E. Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay.

Tragedy In Technicolor

By M. A. Rowson

"TALKING about terrifying experiences, I could tell you a yarn that would make your hair stand on end."

There were about half a dozen of us standing in the bar swapping yarns when Burke, a newcomer to the station, made this remark.

From the very day of his arrival Burke had been something of an enigma. He was a tall, lean individual, with classic features, quiet and reserved, and there was some speculation as to what he was or had been. Selecting an easy chair, Burke gazed reflectively at the ceiling for a few moments, and then began his story.

"It all happened quite a few years ago, but the incident is still fresh in my mind. I have wandered around a little, through India, Africa, and so on, and have had some queer experiences; but the one I am about to tell you of was decidedly the worst."

"It was in a remote corner of Borneo, some hundreds of miles from civilization, where very few white men had ever been, and where the tribes were far from friendly.

"I was walking through the jungle in search of game for the pot as we had run out of meat and must have been a couple of miles from camp. It was



His Majesty King Gustav V of Sweden, who has just celebrated his fortieth year of reign. King Gustav is the world's oldest reigning monarch, and takes an active interest in sport. He is seen here watching for game on a shooting excursion.

fast becoming dark, and I decided to turn back. Those jungles are not the best places to wander around in at night. I had failed to bag anything, and visualised the disappointment of my boys when I returned empty-handed. Just then I heard the familiar bark of a stag close at hand. Sliding a round into my rifle, I proceeded cautiously into the direction from which the sound had come, and heard the unmistakable sounds of an animal moving about in the dense undergrowth.

"I waited patiently, I advanced a step at a time, halting every now and then to try and locate my quarry. At last I discerned the shadowy outlines of a

magnificent stag about 100 yards to my right. He was browsing on the fresh grass, and was unaware of my presence.

"Carefully I raised my rifle, took aim, and was on the point of pressing the trigger when something struck me in the head and I lost consciousness.

"I came to some hours later to find myself tightly bound, lying on the floor of a mud hut, and realised that I had fallen into the hands of a savage tribe known to inhabit that particular region.

"The realization naturally rather alarmed me, as I had heard of this particular tribe, and knew that my chances of enjoying an old age pension were pretty slender.



Maj-Gen. Rees at the Santa Cruz airport on his arrival in Bombay for a short visit from Delhi.

"I judged that I must have been in the hut for about two hours when the door was thrust open and two massive, fearsome looking savages entered.

"Without a word they pulled me to my feet, undid the ropes, and gripping me one on each side marched me out. It was still dark, with the pale moon just touching the trees, casting a silvery radiance over the surrounding forest; but I was in no frame of mind to admire the scenery.

"My guards led me towards a large, well made hut, outside which we stopped. Here there was a brief conversation with someone who was obviously a sentry, and we were allowed to enter.

"The hut was lit with a dozen flaming torches which cast fitful shadows around the room. On a raised platform at the far end was seated a tall, beautifully proportioned man, without doubt the chief, surrounded by six equally well proportioned savages.

"My guards flung themselves down, paid homage by touching the floor three times with their heads, and stood up.

"I could not understand a word of the conversation that ensued among the savages, and you can imagine my surprise when I in turn was addressed in perfect English.

"'What are you doing in this territory?' the chief asked. 'Don't you know that this is forbidden land and that strangers are not welcome here?'

"I replied that we had no idea of this and had not trespassed intentionally.

(Continued on page 75)



Sir Sobha Singh and Brigadier Sir Hissamuddin Khan photographed in New Delhi recently.



Mr. K. S. Malhotra, Financial Adviser for Delhi Province, with Mrs. Malhotra and their two sons in New Delhi.



Officers and staff of the 1st Armoured Brigade H.Q. photographed on the departure of Brigadier J. M. W. Martin to the U.K. From L. to R. (FRONT ROW) Lt. L. C. Joshi, Capt. P. S. Cama, Major C. W. Oakes, Brigadier J. M. W. Martin, C.B.E., Major S. S. Padda and Mrs. Pritam Singh. (MIDDLE ROW) Dfr. Bachitar Singh, Sub. Assa Singh, Jem. Kapur Singh, Jem. Gurdit Singh, Capt. Salim Celeb, Dfr. Balwant Singh and Dfr. G. S. Tiwari. (BACK ROW) Hav. B. M. Barua, Dfr. Mahesh Pd., Dfr. Rattan Lall, Dfr. Bhopal Singh, R/p/Swr. Bhag Mal, Hav. J. G. Pillai and Dfr. Kartar Singh.



Mrs. Mukerjee, wife of Air Vice-Marshal S. Mukerjee, O.B.E., Air Commander, R.I.A.F., giving away the prizes after the annual sports held during the Passing Out of the 41st Course at the R.I.A.F. Station, Ambala.



Col. Shahid Hamid, till recently G.S.O.I. at the Headquarters, Peshawar, who has been appointed Commander of the Pakistan National Guard. Prior to his appointment on the General Staff of the Pakistan Army H. Q., Col. Shahid Hamid was Private Secretary to Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck.



Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, till recently Supreme Commander in India and Pakistan, photographed at Maunipur airport, Karachi, with his sister, Mrs. Jackson, before leaving India for Italy. The group includes, from L. to R.: Air Commodore Jardan, Commanding Officer, Air Headquarters, Mauripur; Maj.-Gen. Mohammad Akbar Khan, G.O.C., Sind Area; Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck; Brigadier Wilkinson, and Mrs. Jackson.



Major-General Pali, who is the G.O.C. of the Jaipur State Forces. He had a very busy time during the celebrations in Jaipur for the silver jubilee of the Maharaja's accession in which a large number of the State forces paraded. His Excellency Lord Mountbatten, Governor-General of India and Lt. Gen. Mountbatten, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, were among the distinguished guests who came from all over India to take part in the celebrations.



Capt. S. S. Wesley, R.I.A.S.C., of the Movement Control, who is being released from the Army. His 5½ years' service included a period in Delhi.



Photographed at Clement Town, Dehra Dun, after the graduation of the T.A.C. and A.D.M. Course. From L. to R.: Capt. Sambari, Baroda Lancers; Capt. Parasnavis, Rajput Rifles; Major R. K. Kurane, 1/14 Punjab Regiment; Capt. Gokhale, J.A.M.C.; Lt. Mohite, 1/5 Mahratta Light Infantry; and Major Kothalkar, Cavalier Field Battery.



Major Surendra Singh, G.S.O. II (I), Southern Command Headquarters, Poona.



His Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur with his new Cabinet Ministers after the first session of the Jodhpur Legislative Assembly. From L. to R : Rai Bahadur Mehta Jaswant Raja, Dewan Bahadur Thakur Madhu Singhji, Lt-Gen. Maharajadhiraj Shri Sir Ajit Singhji, H. H. the Maharaja Sahib Bahadur of Jodhpur, Major Maharaj Shri Himmat Singhji Sahib, Lala Harish Chandraji and Thakur Bheron Singhji.



Taken at the Eastern States Union at Khairagarh, which was presided over by the Maharaja of Kurea. From L. to R : (FRONT ROW) The Maharaja of Bawali, the Maharaja of Kalahandi, the Maharaja of Korra, the Maharaja of Sakti and the Maharaja of Patna ; (BACK ROW) the Maharaja of Gangpur, the Maharajadhiraja of Kanker, the Maharaja of Khairagarh and the Maharaja of Daspalla.



Raja Deen Dayal.
Mir Lalik Ali, who is the new Premier of Hyderabad following the retirement of the late Mr. Chintamani. He is Managing Director of the Hyderabad Construction Company, and allied industrial concerns in Hyderabad.



Raja Deen Dayal.
Mr. Ziaheerudin of the Nizam's State Railway, son of the late Mr. Jamalluddin, Director, Government Gardens, Hyderabad, who married Zakya Begum, daughter of the Hon'ble Nawab and Begum Moin Nawaz Jung Bahadur of Hyderabad. Mr. Ziaheerudin's father-in-law was the leader of the Hyderabad delegation whose negotiations with the Dominion of India resulted in one year's Standstill Agreement between the two governments.



Sardar Surjeet Singh Maitiha, India's Ambassador to Nepal. He has taken up his appointment at Khatmandu.



The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Ghulam Hasan, Chief Judge of the Oudh Chief Court, Lucknow, who is Chairman of the U. P. branch of the Indian Red Cross Society and St. John Ambulance Association. Mr. Justice Hasan has recently received the Knighthood of the Order of St. John, or his work, with the Red Cross.



Gen. Sir Rob Lockhart, C.-in-C., Indian Army, with his As. D. C., Capt. H. S. Kapoor (LEFT) and Capt. Maya Das.



Sir Brijendra Lal Mitter and the Hon'ble Mr. Alhaj Khwaja Nazimuddin, Member of the Indian Parliament, at Government House, Calcutta, after a meeting of the Bengal Separation Council which was presided over by Sir B. L. Mitter. The Hon'ble Mr. Alhaj Nazimuddin represented East Bengal on the Council.



Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Mountbatten, with Lady Pamela Mountbatten, watching the finals of the Delhi lawn tennis championships at the Irwin Stadium. Mrs. Radhakishan is on the left and Sir Arthur Dean and Miss Kay Norton are on the right.



Capt. and Mrs. R. V. Brockman, Miss Cairns, Mrs. Connaughton and Capt. Maharlakumar Gaekwar, A.D.C., who are all members of the Governor-General's staff, watching the tennis finals.



Col. D. H. Currie, Military Secretary to the Governor-General, with Mrs. Currie and Mrs. Hadon having tea during an interval between matches at the finals of the Delhi lawn tennis championships.

Lambton

By John Abel

IT was with mixed feelings that I read Bill Richardson's note, which I found round my sports messenger on the Saturday preceding that important Sunday, when the opening meet of the Gonalpur Foxhounds was to be held.

"Dear John," it read, "of all the lousy things to happen, I have to go to Kohat, and am leaving on tonight's train. I have been to marten hunting, so you'll have to hunt hounds. Come round this evening and we'll run over things together."

With the possible exception of the Peshawar Vale, the Gonalpur Hunt is the oldest in India. I had been fortunate enough to have some seasons with this great old pack, and not having any wild ideas about my prowess as a fox-hunter, it was only with the utmost difficulty that I had at last adjusted my nervous system to the fact that I was to be Bill Richardson's first whipper-in for the ensuing season.

It was considered quite the thing to



Mr. Dunn, of Lloyds Bank, with Mrs. Dunn and Mr. Maine (CENTRE), Manager of Calex in Delhi, watching the tennis finals at the Irwin Stadium.

be on the hunt staff, but with plenty of others anxious for the job, it behaved the favoured few to be on their mettle. If the huntman is the riest and fittest with the sport he shows, the amateur tyro stood up to be shot at with every stile.

High step, therefore, as it obviously was, in the ladder of one's ambition; I had for a long time funk'd the honour. Bill, however, had been quite frank. "With your oldest follower now, I must say I liked hounds and everything to do with them, but what was more important, this exuberant, vigorous man and myself really did get on together."

Bill had heard my car coming and was there on the verandah to meet me. "I say, Bill—" I began.

"You say nothing, old boy. Come in. Let's have some drinks, hearer," and he

thrust me into a chair.

Dear drowsy old Lambton, sprawling on the hearth, switched and wavered his head through the sweet pain of yet another dream-like chase; and I reached down and stroked his velvet ears, his mil momentarily thumped approval before he was again asleep.

What a dog he was! Ten now if a day. For five seasons he'd led the Gonalpur pack; and for what a leader! Ugly, fat, Hadon, for instance, he would come back with his pads raw from our sun-baked country which was too heavy for those crooked and knuckled-over legs and feet; and somehow we'd get him right again for the next time, if only because we hadn't the heart to leave him behind.

He was worse as he grew older. Bill swore that the first day he was

headed he'd pension him off; and he did. We tried him for breeding for a while, but he never had a puppy worth a name, nor had any of the others he'd sired him on. Thus for years now he'd rotted about on turkey carpets, and fed on the slopes which were all his old, toothless jaws could manage, with the ineffable ease and dignity of a King Charles or the fluffiest poodle.

"What a cold boy's looking his year tonight," I said sadly, as I eyed his now almost white muzzle and sunken chops.

"Yes, and he's not in all well, as a matter of fact," Bill replied. "But about tomorrow, John," he said, pulling out the house-list, "now there's nothing to be scared about. I've got the best team in the country. The new entries are as steady as rocks. We know there's a brace lying up in Vicky's Folly and all you'll have to do is to keep with them. Never mind the 'boys' brigade.' Philip and Desmond will back you all the way. Curse on me being dragged away like this, and probably for weeks! We've never had such a bad lot, and I envy you the fun you'll have."

"Oh, hallo, Vera," I said, rising as Bill's lovely wife came in, "what do you think of all this?"

"It's bad luck on Bill, of course," he said, "but we know you can do the job right. Hallo, darling old boy!" He took Lambton as far as stirring a limb, he hopped out a tired wretchedness that once so gay tail. "I'm so worried about Lambton, John, and if I don't come out tomorrow, you'll know it's because of this," nodding towards the old dog. "I can't possibly leave him as he is."

"Not, of course not," I replied, though I had hoped for Vera's support on the morrow.

(Continued on page 76)



Mrs. Dyal, who will be remembered as Miss Leela Row, won the mixed doubles in the Delhi lawn tennis championship. Her partner was Mr. Rama Rao.



Capt. Freddie Burnaby-Atkins, A.D.C. to His Excellency Lord Mountbatten, and Lady Dean, watching the tennis finals at the Irwin Stadium, New Delhi.



Lt. Prakash, R.I.A.F., and Lt. Ghandy, R.I.N., who are both A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor-General, watching the finals of the mixed doubles tennis championship in Delhi.



H. E. Sir Archibald Nye (left), Governor of Madras, with Col. Wilcock, Military Secretary, at the Ootacamund Point-to-Point Races.

The Ooty Hunt

By R. Doral Rajan

THE celebrated Ootacamund Hunt, the future of which was causing great concern to all its supporters, is "to continue its activities for an indefinite period as long as there was co-operation from the public and the members." This decision was reached at an extraordinary meeting of the Hunt Club, which was presided over by Sir Archibald Nye, Governor of Madras, who is very interested in its continuance.

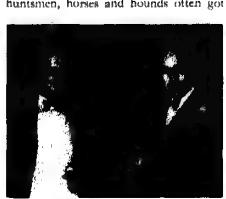
Like many other institutions created by the British, the existence of the Ooty Hunt was threatened by the departure of most of its supporters. The news that its activities will be continued and will be welcomed by hunting enthusiasts all over India.

This Hunt, which is 102 years old, celebrated its centenary in May 1945, and owes its present position to the enthusiasm and hard work of hunting celebrities like Sir George Meyrick, one-time Master of the New Forest, Captain Godfrey Heseltine (1906 to 1919) of the Carabiniers, Col. Dennistoun, the Lawley

brothers, who were Governors of Madras, Lord Willingdon, Mr. G. L. Gifford, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. S. E. Gifford.

Although the Hunt was in existence from 1845, ten years after Ootacamund was founded by John Sullivan, the Hunt Club, as also the Kennels, came into existence as late as 1907.

Ootacamund was at first considered absolutely unsuitable for hunting by the second Master, Lt. Mosyn Owen, due to the steep hills and the villages in which huntsmen, horses and hounds often got



Mr. C. D. Taylor, who takes an active interest in the Bombay Hunt, with Mr. Stewart Ferguson at the farewell party given by Mr. Corbett Wright before he left for the U.K.

bogged. In spite of these drawbacks, the Ootacamund Hunt eventually became famous throughout the world. Originally sambur, jungle sheep and tigers were the wild animals hunted by the military officers stationed at Ooty, who came to Ooty for the purpose, but by 1859, during the time of Captain the Hon. J. Colburne of the 3rd Battalion of the 60th Rifles, it was changed into a regular hunt.

Next, Col. Robert Jago, 1858-1887, with Mr. Schmidt, took a lead in building up the Hunt, while Sir Arthur Lawley, Governor of Madras, with the help of his brother and Military Secretary, Col. the Hon. M. T. Lawley, as Master, took a keen interest in the Hunt, which made great strides. In 1892, Col. Lawley, who had won it for the Dindigul Point Races, and won it twice himself, while Sir Arthur Lawley won the Hunt Cup in 1901, a memorable feat never repeated by a Governor of Madras.

Personalities

With Captain G. Meyrick, afterwards Sir George Meyrick, 1923-1933, Master, the most jack in any season up to date, were killed. By the end of 1930 seventy miles of rides and paved crossing were completed and the Hunt made perfect. During Lord Willingdon's Mastership, the pack was strengthened by a large party from England. Mr. M. C. Cheshire, as Master for 12 years, 1917-1928, the Hunt witnessed a long and continuous period of prosperity. His ideas on hunting were sound and were based on knowledge acquired in his youth on Exmoor. The first lady Master was Mrs. Currie (1928-1930), followed by Lady Ogilvy (1930-1932). In 1931 Mr. J. F. Smillie, who won the Hunt Cup five times, became Master and the Hunt consisted of about 300 officers on leave in a remarkable assortment of clothes!

There have been at least two fatal accidents in these 100 years of existence of the Ooty Hunt. Ned Lawley, the editor of the *Witwick*, and his son, in his hunting horse falling on him in the Venkatalak ditch, while another fatal accident in the hunting field was that of Mr. C. A. Mackenzie, who had for many years been a keen follower.

A comic incident occurred in October 1918 when the hunting jackals fired at a jackal in the British General out to see sport on foot! Happily neither jackals nor huntmen were the worse for this well meant effort for assistance.

The Wenlock Downs, the hunting country named after Lord Wenlock, a great supporter of the Hunt, consisting of 50 acres of rolling down interspersed with hills at an altitude of approximately 7,500 feet, cast a spell over many who see them, and delight those who ride over them. The experience of galloping for miles over a maize carpet of *tribolanthus* is a thrill only to be found in Ootacamund. The down has been declared a National Park and the present Government intends to preserve permanently its natural grandeur and beauty.



Mr. and Mrs. Govind Swaminathan in a party from Government House at the Ootacamund Point-to-Point Races.

The Bombay And Poona Hunt

By "A Member"

THE Bombay Hunt and the Poona and Kicker Hounds have opened the new hunting season, which began on December 1 under the master, Mr. S. S. S. Stewart, who has relinquished hunting. This was due mainly to the probable inability of the Poona and Kicker Hounds to carry on in the future owing to lack of support in Poona. Hunting is continuing in the Chola district during the winter months, Mr. S. S. S. Stewart, master in Poona during the monsoon. The new Committee of the Hunt will control its activities both in Poona and Chola.

The Jackal Club has opened again, and provides huted accommodation either permanently during the season, or for the winter months, and forage for horses. The Club is situated about four minutes' walk from Thakur station, which is the last station of the G.I.P. Railway before reaching Kalyan. The Hunt has two horses available for hire, and there are at the moment 18 couple of hounds, 10 kennels, and two and a half couple of pointers.

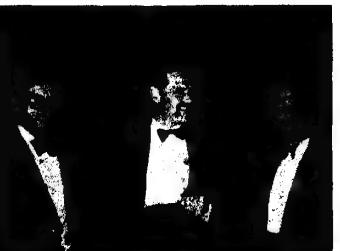
Meets will normally be arranged on Sundays and Wednesdays. Any information required about the Hunt may be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. G. Lloyd, c/o Parke Davis and Company, Faribury Road, Bumley, or from Mr. S. S. S. Stewart, 2380, or from the Honorary Secretary, Mr. S. R. Captain, M.R.C.V.S., Sea Face, Worli, telephone number 4069.



Mr. Corbett Wright with Mr. Spelman, Master of the Bombay Hunt, Mrs. Spelman, Mr. Hill, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Hill at the farewell party he gave before leaving for England.



Mrs. Stewart, Mr. W. Roberts, and Mrs. Albert Smith were among the guests. Mr. Corbett Wright is himself a keen horseman and member of the Bombay Hunt, where he will be much missed.



Mr. Glen Gardiner-Lewis, Mr. R. Cullen and Mr. W. G. Lloyd. Mr. Lloyd is Honorary Secretary of the Bombay Hunt, and has been busy organising the programme for this season, which opened recently.



Nanjiani—Mahomed

Major Y. S. Nanjiani, son of the late Dr. Nanjiani and Mrs. Nanjiani, and Hamida, daughter of the late Mr. G. S. Mahomed, Consular Agent to Czechoslovakia, and the late Mrs. Mahomed, were married in Bombay.



Bose—Das

Major N. Bose, son of the late Mr. S. Bose and Mrs. Bose, of Cawnpore, and Miss Tara Das, daughter of Mr. S. C. Das of the B. N. Railway, and Mrs. Das, were married in Calcutta.



Bombay Studios.

Basravi—Shushtry

Mr. Mirza Zahid Basravi, son of the late Haji Basravi of Calcutta, and Shah Begum, daughter of Mr. Syed Jafar Shushtry, and Mrs. Shushtry, were married in Calcutta.



Hodder—Keys

After the wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Karachi, of Capt. Ben H. Hodder and Miss Joan Keys, P.M.R.A.F.N.S., of Uckfield, England.



Bombay Studios.

Khorasani—Bushary

Mr. M. P. Khorasani, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Khorasani, and Zahra Khanum, daughter of the late Mr. S. M. Bushary, were married in Calcutta.



Dinshaw—Mehta

Mr. Eddie Misra Dinshaw of Karachi and Miss Mehroo Mani Mehta of Bombay were married in Bombay. Both the bride and the bridegroom are grandchildren of Sir Homi and Lady Mehta, at whose house the wedding took place. From L to R: the bride, Mrs. Erach Pandole, Lady Mody, and the bridegroom.



George—Gardiner

Mr. Dennis Allan George, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. George of Derby, England, married Miss Barbara Jessie Gardiner, only child of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. C. Gardiner of Bombay. The bridesmaid was Miss Muriel George, the bridegroom's sister, and the bestman Mr. E. B. Calvert, late of Bombay.



Bombay Studios.

At a reception given to Mr. B. Mitter, son of Sir B. L. Mitter, and Mrs. Mitter by their friends after their wedding at Alipore, Calcutta. The group includes: Mr. P. N. Roy Chowdhury, Capt. Singh, A.D.C. to the Governor of West Bengal, Mr. S. K. Mitra, Mr. S. Mullick, I.C.S., Mr. B. Mitter, Mr. J. K. Bose, Mr. D. Roy Chowdhury, Mrs. Mitter, Mr. B. L. Mitter, Mr. S. K. Mitra, Mr. K. K. Bhattacharya, the bridegroom's father, acted as Governor of West Bengal when His Excellency the Governor-General of India and Countess Mountbatten were in England with their daughter, Lady Pamela, for the wedding of Princess Elizabeth. Mr. Rajagopalachari, Governor of West Bengal, then acted as Governor-General of India.



Some of the guests at the cocktail party given by Capt. and Mrs. E. Thomas in honour of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Chimni at their house, Balihar Lodge, Ranchi. From L. to R.: (FRONT ROW) Capt. Khanna, Miss Sharma, Miss Chatterjee, Miss Laha and Capt. Thomas; (SECOND ROW) Lt.-Col. Luther, Mrs. Dev Dutt, Mrs. Menon, Mrs. Chowdhury, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Chimni, Mrs. Anna Singh, Mrs. Manohar Lal, Mrs. Man Singh and Mrs. Shukla; (THIRD ROW) Capt. and Col. Chaudhury, Lt.-Col. Ranjan Singh, Brigadier Madhav Bhagat, Major Maj.-Gen. Chandra Bhattacharya, Anna Singh, Capt. Mr. Chatterjee, Mrs. Stonestreet, Mrs. Pettigal, Mrs. Vibhava Nath and Mrs. Laha; (BACK ROW) Capt. Kulwant Singh, Lt.-Col. Dev Dutt, Lt.-Col. Stonestreet, Major Chowdhury, Lt.-Col. Menon and Major Pettigal.



Sir Sultan and Lady Chimni with their guests at the luncheon party they gave at their lovely home in Bombay on the occasion of their 40th wedding anniversary. From L. to R.: (SEATED) Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Arshacony, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Chew, Lady Chimni, Mr. Amir Chimni, Lady Duggan, Mrs. Shireen Chimni and Mrs. Hamida Chimni; (STANDING) Mr. H. A. Arshacony, Mr. H. Currimbhoy, Mr. J. S. Bharucha, Mr. Habib Chimni, Mr. N. M. Kante, Mrs. Lentini, Sir Sultan Chimni, Mr. Krishna Mohan, Mr. J. L. Dickie, Sir Jamshedji Duggan, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. William Jenkins, Mr. J. H. Chew, Mrs. Kante and Mr. Lentini.



His Excellency Dr. Kailas Nath Katju, Governor of Orissa, with some of his guests at the garden party he gave in honour of the members of the Inter-University Board of India, when the Board met in Cuttack. From L. to R.: Mr. Justice B. K. Roy and Mr. Justice Meredith of the Patna High Court, Mrs. B. K. Roy, H.E. Dr. Katju, Sir C. P. N. Sinha, Vice-Chancellor of the Patna University, Mrs. B. C. Mukharji, Sir C. P. Reddy, Mrs. G. N. Katju, wife of Capt. K. Katju, A. D. C. to the Governor, Prof. N. K. Sidhanta, of the Lucknow University and Chairman of the Inter-University Board, and Mr. B. C. Mukharji, Chief Secretary to the Government of Orissa.



Senior Police officers of Bombay Province and their wives photographed during the Police Week at Poona. From L. to R.: (FRONT ROW) Mrs. Pavri, Mr. Pravinsingji, Mrs. Mountain, Mr. Shirole, Mrs. Nanavati, Mr. Chudasama, Mrs. Kante, Mr. Rana, Mrs. Billimoria, Mr. Kamte (Inspector-General of Police), Mrs. Puddon-Raw, Mr. Billimoria, Mrs. Kanekar, Mr. Khot and Mrs. Wagh; (SECOND ROW) Mr. Malpathak, Mr. Karmik, Mr. Pandya, Mr. Chowdhury, Rao Saheb Nalavade, Mr. Mugwe, Mr. Nanavati, Mrs. Modak, Mr. Wagh, Mrs. Pradhan, Mr. Pani, Mr. Kanekar, Mr. Kheirkar, Mr. Pradhan, Mr. Bostie and Rao Saheb Thorat; (THIRD ROW) Mr. Pavri, Mr. Rajadyaksha, Mr. Rane, Mr. Kolekar, Mr. Kagal, Mr. Kureshi, Mr. Astekar, Mr. U. Shaikh, Mr. Aiyer, Mr. Mountain, Mr. Santook, Mr. Paddon-Raw, Mr. R. Shaikh, Mr. Hosali, Mr. Writer and Mr. Sethna.



The Hon'ble Mr. Fazlur Rahman who is Minister for the Interior, Information and Education in the Pakistan Government.

Karachi Chronicle

By "Clio"

THE Sind Club gave a cocktail party in honour of the Royal wedding. At 9 o'clock precisely Col. H. H. John Stevenson, the President, rose, and after a short speech for which he received enthusiastic applause, gave the toast, and all glasses were raised in honour of H. R. H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. It was nice to learn that a telegram of loyal greetings had been sent to the bride and bridegroom by the Sind Club, and that a gracious message had been received in reply.

Fete At Governor's House

A grand fete in aid of the Quaid-e-Azam's birthday, organized by Begum Hidayatullah, was held in the grounds of the Governor of Sind's House. A variety of stalls attracted many visitors, the cloth stall in particular, in charge of Mrs. Gowasi, doing very well. An entertainment was arranged by Begum Anwar Ali and Begum Hidayatullah, consisting of an Urdu play in which the principal parts were played by Begum Ghulam Ahmed, and an English play, *The Post of Ispahan*, in which Roshan and Marki Dhumiebrey, Katie Sukha, Zecrat Hanooz, Begum Usman Ali, Begum Chaudhari and Begum Nazir Ahmed took part. Begum Yusuf Haroon and Miss Ayaz Ahmed concluded



Mrs. Kowsiki Viswanathan, wife of the Deputy High Commissioner for India in Pakistan, who has arrived in Karachi from Mussoorie to join her husband. She is well known in Madras social circles.

the programme with a song, which was much applauded.

A charming wedding which took place with all the usual Peshawari ceremonial was that of Nurjehan, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Iskandar Mirza, Secretary of the Defence Department, and Mahmood Mirza, nephew of Lady Mirza Ismail. The bride wore a beautiful green sari and all the guests were invited to a wonderful Persian banquet at Seabrook's the residence of H. R. H. after the ceremony. The following day Lady Mirza Ismail, who had arrived from Bangalore with her daughter, Mrs. Kableli, gave a dinner for the bride and bridegroom, and Begum Hidayatullah also entertained the wedding party to luncheon at Governor's House.

Farewell Party At Malir

Two British regiments, the Royal Scots and the Black Watch, are still in Malir, and as a swan song before their departure, the Royal Scots gave a programme of pipe music and a Scotch jamboree. As evening faded into night, searchlights lit up the white coats and swinging kilts of the band until, with the last refrains of the Regimental March, they disappeared into the darkness. This was followed by a very cheerful party in the Mess, given by Col. Walker and the officers, and one was able to admire some of the lovely regimental silver, though much of this had already been packed prior to departure. Brigadier and Mrs. Walker, Col. and Mrs. Blair (he commands the Black Watch) and their two small daughters, who were thoroughly



Quald-e-Azam Mahomed Ali Jinnah talking to Sardar Najibullah Khan, Afghanistan's Envoy Extraordinary and Special Representative to Pakistan, at the Governor-General's House, Karachi, after the presentation of credentials.



Begum Hidayatullah, wife of the Governor of Sind, in her study at Old Government House, Karachi.



Mr. M. A. Khuhro, Premier of Sind.

enjoying themselves, were amongst those present, as well as many officers from Black Watch.

Cocktail Parties

U. Bowring was hostess at a cheerful gathering at her attractive flat which, incidentally, she was very clever to find, as small flats are very rare, and much sought after. Her husband, Capt. John Wright, gave a very nice party at the Sind Club, which was also the venue for the farewell party given by Capt. and Mrs. Stevenson, he is N.O.I.C. Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by the American colony in a befitting way with plenty of turkey, and that evening

(Continued on page 65)



Miss Assudi T. Butani who is a member of the Karachi Aero Club. She is the first Sindhi lady pilot.

Seawatra.



Mr. El Hussein El Khattib, Charge d'Affaires for Egypt to Pakistan (LEFT), and H.E. the Egyptian Minister to Afghanistan (CENTRE), photographed on their arrival in Karachi, where they were met by Mr. M. Y. Butt (RIGHT) of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Government of Pakistan.



Sardar Abdur Rab Nishar, Communications Minister, Government of Pakistan (LEFT), in conversation at his residence in Karachi with Sardar Najibullah Khan, Afghan Envoy to Pakistan.



Sir P. M. Kharegat, Secretary in the Ministry of Education, Health and Land, Government of India, at the Karachi airport before leaving for New York to take up the United Nations A.F.O. appointment of Special Regional Food Adviser for India.



Distinguished visitors to the first All-Pakistan Educational Conference, which was inaugurated in Karachi by the Honble Mr. Fazlur Rahman, Minister for the Interior, Information and Education, Pakistan, were, from L. to R. : Begum Fazlur Rahman, Begum Safia Ahmad, and Begum Tassaduq Hussain, who represented Pakistan at the last session of the U.N.O.



Col. Abdur Rahim Khan, of the Pakistan Foreign Affairs Ministry, is the Government of Pakistan's representative in the U.N.O. Committee of Greece. Here he is at the Karachi airport just before his departure for New York.



After the Consecration at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Lahore, of the Rt. Rev. Marcel Roger Buysse, D.D., as Bishop of Lahore. From L. to R. : Fr. Myers of Rawalpindi, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cialeo, Bishop of Multan, the Lord Bishop of Lahore, the Most Rev. Dr. S. P. Mulligan, Archbishop of Delhi and Simla, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. DeVito, Bishop of Lucknow.



Sir Mohammad Zafrullah Khan, leader of the Pakistan delegation to the United Nations Organisation, photographed on his arrival at the Karachi airport. Accompanied by Mr. Ayub, Secretary of the delegation, from New York. From L. to R. : Mr. Shahban, Mr. S. A. Jawaad, Principal Information Officer in Pakistan, Mr. A. Hilary, of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Pakistan, Sir Mohammad Zafrullah Khan, and Mr. Ayub.

Bombay On And



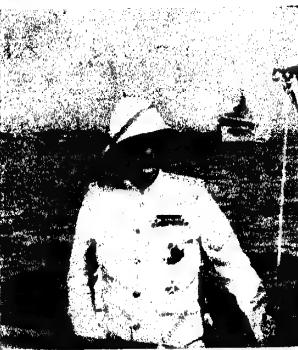
H.E. Lord Mountbatten and Mr. Morarji Desai taking the salute at the Home Guards Parade.



H.E. Sir John Colville and Rear-Admiral J. T. S. Hall on board the "Kistna."



Lt. R. Ghandy, R.I.N., A.D.C., Capt. Stewart, A.D.C., Lt.-Cmdr. Peter Howes, R.N., A.D.C., and Capt. R. Brockman, R.N.



His Excellency Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay, arriving alongside the "Kistna."



His Excellency Lord Mountbatten with His Excellency Sir John Colville and Commodore Inigo-Jones.



Admiral Sir Arthur Palliser with Mrs. Mithan Lam at the Mayor's garden party.



Lt.-Cmdr. Sawnhey, Command and Lt. Nanda, awaiting the arrival of India. The "Cauvery" has selected R.I.N. officers and men.



Lt. Sen, Lt. Bhandari, Lt. Bar Souza and Lt. Lalikaka, officers officers have gone to the U.K. in gunnery, signals, radar

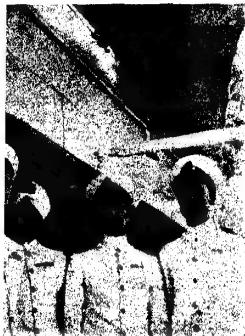


Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Hall given by

f Parade



"navy" with Lt. Prakash, Surgeon-Lt. Balb
excellency Lord Mountbatten, Governor-General
r the United Kingdom with a complement of
ll undergo training in Royal Navy ships and
tablishments.



Lt. Mahinder Singh, Warrant Schoolmaster De
ina. Since this photograph was taken, these
na where some of them will undergo courses in
tical branches of service seamanship.



ore and Mrs. Inigo-Jones at the garden party
avela, Mayor of Bombay.



H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur who was
decorated on the occasion of his Silver
Jubilee with the G.C.S.I. by H.E. Lord
Mountbatten.



H.H. the Maharaja of Sirmur was
one of the distinguished guests.



H.H. the Maharaja of Jodhpur photo-
graphed in the Palace Stateroom.



H.H. the Maharaja of Kapurthala. The
Jubilee celebrations lasted ten days,
for the first part of which Lord and
Lady Mountbatten were present.



His Excellency Lord Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, Lady
Mountbatten, and H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur.

Jaipur Silver Jubilee



H.H. the Maharaja of Bikaner, Her Highness the Maharani of Jaipur,
and H.E. Lord Mountbatten at the State Banquet.



H. H. the Jam Sahib of Navanagar and the Dowager Maharani of
Baroda deep in conversation.



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart of Bombay with their children, Rosemary and David.



Mrs. P. Mathur with her two-year-old son, Shekhar. Mrs. Mathur is the wife of Mr. J. C. Mathur, I.C.S., District Magistrate of Gaya, and a daughter of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice R. Dyal, I.C.S., of the Allahabad High Court.



Mrs. A. J. Ogilvie, wife of W/Cmdr. A. J. Ogilvie, with their infant daughter, Adrienne Lloyd, after her christening at Karachi.



Mrs. Gladys Gale, wife of Mr. Arthur C. Gale, Manager for Bombay of the American Foreign Insurance Association, with their two children, Ann and Alan.



Rupendra Kumar, son of Mr. B. C. Mukharji, I.C.S., and Mrs. Mukharji, of Cuttack.



Marjona, wife of Mr. D. P. Basu of Ibcn Limited, Bombay, with their five-month-old child, Rahul.



Mabel Christine, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Patterson of Subong Teu Estate, Cachar, Assam.



Rani Madhab Devi of Jasdan, who has been an energetic worker in the Mussoorie Refugee Camp, with her daughters, Raj Kumari Gita and Raj Kumari Indoo.



Mr. and Mrs. Roy Whomsley of Bombay, with their children, Paul and Marylyn. Mr. Whomsley is with the Ford Motor Company.



Malcolm and Pamela Van Haesten enjoying the cold weather in Simla. They are the children of Mr. Stanley Van Haesten, of the Central Board of Revenue, Simla, and Mrs. Van Haesten.



Naresh, the young son of Lt. T. N. Kochhar, R.I.N., of Bombay. He is a nephew of Mr. T. D. Kochhar of Kanpur.



Muiton, eleven-month-old son of Lt. B. K. Lall, Indian Signals, and Mrs. Lall of Mhow.



Salman, 13-year-old son of Mr. Sultan Moloochoy and Mrs. Moloochoy of Bombay.



Daphne, four-year-old daughter of Major L. T. C. Shakespeare, 16th Punjab Regiment, and Mrs. Shakespeare. Daphne has recently arrived in Bombay with her mother from Bihar, to stay with her grandparents, Mr. Justice E. Weston and Mrs. Weston.

Into Slumber Lull'd

By "Simon"

THINNYSON added the adjective "fearful," and John was inclined to agree with him when his wife suddenly told him that her headache was so vile that he would have to put their daughter to bed that night.

"Why on earth do you let the ayah have her night off if you aren't going to be up to do your share?" John asked, peevishly. "Is it fair that I should slave in the office and come back to this?"

Perhaps he would not have taken the situation so badly if he had not, over the past few months, that sleep did not always come easily to their two-year-old child. True, it hardly affected him when the ayah was struggling with a small but very obstinate person, but at least he heard the echo of the violent protests and knew something of the endurance test which was sometimes the only way.

However, Dorothy firmly retired to bed, leaving him to his husband's task with the multitude of instructions from cleaning teeth to the other even more intimate details of the routine. John was reasonably at home playing the before-bed games, but his enjoyment was spoilt by the speed with which time moved out to zero hour.

With entirely false confidence he pointed out to the child that bed-time had arrived, he was met by a firm refusal to admit that there was any truth in such a statement. It took John five minutes of his finest salesmanship to win the first round, but from that point he had a fairly easy passage as far as getting her into bed. He remembered an instruction that he was to go out of the room firmly, but that he might be

called back. Only too true! Half way to the door, vibrant disapproval of his behaviour brought him back to the bedside, where he was shown quite unmistakably that there was to be no easy escape.

Reluctantly he sat down and was greeted by a serpentine smile full of innocence as a small hand came questingly through the bars of the cot to seek his. His hand was grasped firmly and the child turned over in a happy sigh.

John felt slightly reassured, and settled himself to think over one or two problems from the day's work, until he could safely disengage himself and slip away to the whisky and soda he felt he had handsomely earned.

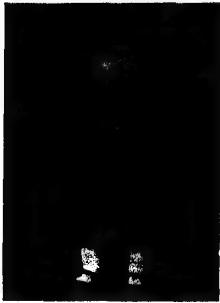
The minutes passed peacefully and the child's restless movements had lessened, when John became conscious of a faint tickling at the back of his throat. He realized that he had had to cough, which would obviously be fatal at this stage of the ordeal. His thoughts went back to gruesome stories of night patrols during the war, when several lives had hung upon a cough or a sneeze. He swallowed desperately, but the tickling increased, and his throat seemed to swell so that breathing became difficult.

He told himself that it was imagination and that a little will power would enable him to struggle through the next vital few minutes. He tried to fix his mind on various exciting incidents in his past, and managed to conjure up from some deep recess of memory a tolerable picture of the first girl he had kissed, but her name was too elusive.

(Continued on page 74)



Gillion and Beverley, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Brown of Quetta.



Amina, one-year-old daughter of Mr. Ibrahim Sait of Bangalore.



Christopher Robin, 14-month-old son of Capt. and Mrs. Lovel Smeathen, until recently of Dehra Dun, at their home in Hemel Hempstead, England.



Timothy, son of Brigadier and Mrs. M. S. Bendale, photographed in New Delhi before he left with his parents for the U.K.



Rani Ramkumar Sahiba of Newalkishore, Lucknow.

The Die Is Cast

By "Annette"

TO lengthen or not to lengthen your skirts is the question in every woman's mind. Paris has set the fashion, so every smart woman must naturally follow.

It was Jacques Fath in Paris, I believe, who first called attention to the need of the lengthened skirt; and I have heard that the Duchess of Windsor, known as one of the best dressed women in the world, went to see the collection in which he first introduced the new length. I took special notice of her hemline, therefore, when I last saw her in Paris, and it appeared to me that while her skirts were slightly longer than they have been,

she definitely had not dropped them to the full length.

In England it is a matter of—*—*the brokers used to say—"half calf." Princess Elizabeth's skirts in her trousseau were at the 14 to 15 inch level. At the Savoy Olympia in December, I saw two long skirts, obviously models from Paris or New York. The difficulty in the U. K. is, of course, coupons. If you have a new length skirt, you need a whole new wardrobe, coat as well, which simply can't be done.

No Extremes

British designers have adopted the



Mrs. Whipp, wife of the Superintending Engineer, Bihar Government, Mrs. McGing, who recently arrived in Bihar from Ireland, and Mrs. Morrison-Godfrey, who has just flown to the U.K. with her husband, who is also with the Bihar Government.

longer skirt for export, to compete with the Paris models. There has been a very interesting effort by the Guild of British Creative Designers, who staged a big midnight ball at the Albert Hall to demonstrate the new "slim spiral line." Every model for day wear had a hemline not more than 14 inches from the ground, and few export designs had a 12-inch line. Most fashion houses favoured full evening gowns, with tight-fitting bodices, strapless bodies and billowing skirts. Even tailored coats were richly flared.

There have been one or two really interesting dress shows besides the collections of the ultra-exclusive houses here in England. Jacqueline Vienne, perhaps the London stage's cleverest costume designer, has a collection of a small collection of clothes designed for all occasions, and not specially for the stage. Her skirts were almost to the ankle, her coats wrapped over, had no buttons, and were very narrow at the knees, and there were some wide "east to west" hats. There was a particularly effective doe-skin skirted coat with a marten-coloured jacket trimmed with bands of the black doe-skin, and a slim black skirt.

New Colour

Michael Sterred showed shorter skirts, 14 inches off the ground. Many of his suits and coats were double-breasted, fastening with rows of small buttons, which were frequently and very originally used on the backs of jackets and skirts.

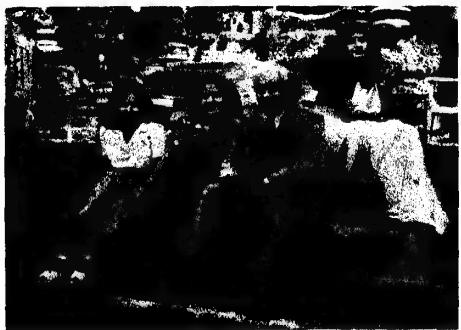
Another Michael, Michael Sterred—while his first collection in tweed made him known, and whose second collection definitely gives him a place of his own, made a feature of tailored coats. His skirts were gored, with the seams pressed inward, which gave a petal effect. He, too, accentuated the hips, but relied more on a tapered skirt than on hip padding for his effects. He produced a most attractive new colour shade, "audacious pink," a bright rose tinged with purple. He had a number of subtle variations on pink, with dark browns and greens, and pewter-grey for day suits.

The Deville collection definitely favoured the top. Biarritz, who "designs for the stars," had one very effective colour combination in tweed. It was an attractive, full skirted, wide-sleeved coat in grey and tobacco-brown, worn over a tobacco-brown dress of the same material. This was designed for Anna Gouvello. For Margaret Lockwood, Gouvello had a tunic in navy and red Guards tweed, with the skirt box-pleated, and a short-sleeved tunic with turn-pointed cuffs and pockets. It was worn with a navy coat with a fully pleated back, and cunningly inserted narrow insets of the check in front. I hardly saw the word "smashing," but it really was it.

So be in the fashion, and down with those hemlines!



The new length and silhouette illustrated in this creation from Paris by Martial and Armand has an attractive motif of astrakhan forming a cutaway muff to the short jacket.



Mr. N. Sen, the new General Manager for the B. B. and C. I. Railway, with Mrs. Sen and their daughters, Indira and Anjali, in their home at Cumballa Hill, Bombay.

Sira Says

Does He Really Love Me?

Of course, because

He dates me well ahead.

He includes me in his family life.

He talks to me about literature, politics, what-you-will, not only about ourselves or topicalities.

He seeks my advice upon personal matters.

He doesn't always make it a petting party when we are alone together.

At parties, I can always catch his eye across the most crowded ballroom.

He likes to take me out alone, unglamorously, not always displaying his possession.

He appreciates my practical side; understands that my whole day does not consist of dolling myself up to attend parties.

—Well, for no reason at all. I just *know* he does!

Food For Thought

By "Myrtle"

WATERCRESS is at its best. In soup or salad or to garnish a meat dish it can't be beaten. Keep it fresh on ice, wrapped in a wet clean cloth for six days—maximum. Why not dress up your scrambled eggs? Add chopped semi-fried onions and parsley, young green peppers, diced tomatoes; in fact, anything you fancy. Something tasty for a Sunday night supper served with small baby sausages.



Madame Simone Lian, Personal Representative in India, Burma and Ceylon for Lancome, Paris. She is at present touring India for her firm.



Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Atma Singh, Miss Chatterjee, Mrs. Man Singh, and Mrs. Manohar Lal at a cocktail party given at Ranchi in honour of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Chirn.

Of course, you go for Welsh rarebit. Who doesn't! Spread the toast with chutney and serve in a shallow casserole to top of a dinner.

Something for tomorrow. Grated cheese and a little nutmeg make French bread sandwiches more appetizing.

From an old cookbook. "Beefsteak is at its best when fried with tomatoes, letting all stew. Add hot water and sugar. Cook slowly for one hour." Someone must have known about our water buffalo steaks!

For the "I'm not a cook" brigade. Bake potatoes, cut lengthwise, scoop out, mash, season with salt and pepper and a dash of cream (ambition is in these days). Heat well and add a few tablespoonsfuls of peanut butter. Retell the skins and bake in a hot oven for five or ten minutes . . . why don't you all try it?

For the "I'm not a cook" people as A.B.C.: Mayonnaise, chopped sweet pickles, an onion or two and anything piquant you care to add. Dresses up the old friend, fried pomfret, in a party dress!

Sweetbreads are not a universal favourite but if they are, here's something to make them more palatable. Wash cold and firm, dice them. Season with salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. Add about a third the quantity of cooked rice. Roll into small croquettes, dip in egg, fine cracker or bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. You'll come back for more.

Tinned soups, especially the creamed variety, need not always be soups, you know. Try a tin of cream of mushroom in your next meat casserole or serve it with spaghetti and tiny green peppers. This will give you ideas on how to dress up other dishes, and the experiment will be worthwhile.

The lady egg plant is like a plain woman. A little chance here and a dash of this there, and you have a raving beauty. Try glamourising with the



Sheila Noel Vera, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. H. P. Waud of Bombay and Camberley, England, who has recently announced her engagement to Major John Desmond Goddard, M.C., R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Goddard of Bombay and Cross, England.



Freya, wife of Mr. F. H. Nullseth who has been recently appointed Director of Supplies, Government of India, Bombay.

following treatment: Take a large egg plant, scrub well and pop it in a hot oven for roasting. When pliable and wrinkled, scrape out flesh, mash it and season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of sugar. Mix in one tablespoonful of olive oil flavoured with a tiny dash of garlic. Place the paste in a wet mould and freeze. Serve as a salad at your next dinner party and wait for the compliments.

Talking of oil—real, honest-truth goodness olive oil—here's a dish I learned about in Turkey. When leaf artichokes come in, buy half a dozen. Strip off leaves and "whiskers" from the heart. Rub the hearts with lemon juice. Then take two tablespoonsfuls of olive oil

(no substitutes!), two teaspoonsfuls of sugar and two tablespoonsfuls of water. Pop the hearts into a deep, tightly covered pan with the oil and water, together with one whole onion and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, cover and let it stand. When the hearts are tender, and yours will be, too, when you eat this delectable dish cold, served on crisp lettuce.

Take a lesson from the clever Chinese. Never, and I repeat never, boil vegetables in a whole pot of water. Steam-boil them instead and add on top of them until the raw flavour has vanished. All the goodness and vitamins remain—not to mention the colour and taste.



Miss Priscilla Scott Phillips, who is the real, honest-truth goodness olive oil—here's a dish I learned about in Turkey. She is the wife of His Excellency Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay. Priscilla recently came out to Bombay to stay with Sir John and Lady Colville until they leave for the U.K.



Bombay Studios
Mr. G. L. Mehta who has been elected President of the Tariff Board, New Delhi.

The Voice Of Delhi

By "Mrs. Hawksbee"

WHERE in the world will you find such perfect weather as that of December? The crisp sun-drenched days with their touch of stimulating chill and the star-spangled nights so conducive to cosy fires and furs are without parallel.

The Governor-General's Bodyguard held a Gymkhana on a Sunday morning. The Lancers looked magnificent in their colourful uniforms and gave a wonderful display of horsemanship. There were also one or two most amusing competitions, including one in which the ladies were called upon to drive chickens to their male partners. It was a highly successful show which everyone enjoyed enormously.

At The Iranian Embassy

The following evening that charming couple, Mr. and Mrs. Maudet, gave a most enjoyable cocktail party at the Iranian Embassy. A large *hamman* had been erected to keep out the cold, and was gaily decorated with clumps of palms and flowers, while the floor was covered with exquisite Persian rugs. Madame Maudet looked lovely in a daintily striped Persian dress. Mrs. Nehru was present in gonal mood, as were several members of the Cabinet. Most of the Diplomatic Corps were there with their wives, and the party was an unequalled success. I saw several very lovely ensembles that evening. Mrs. Grady wore a most unusual and attractive two-piece in "dusty" pink, the coat



Dr. Henry Grady, American Ambassador to India, and Mrs. Grady held a cocktail party in their house in New Delhi at which the chief guests were His Excellency Lord Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, and Her Excellency Lady Mountbatten, and the Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru. From left to right: Dr. Grady, Lord Mountbatten, Lady Mountbatten and Mrs. Grady.



M. Daniel Levi (left) photographed on his arrival in New Delhi with M. Roux, French Charge d'Affaires, and Mme. Roux. M. Roux will be going to Kabul to take charge of the French Legation there.

of which was striped with vivid flame sequins. Mrs. Walter King wore a pencil-slim dress of black crepe which was trimmed with tiers of black fringe. We were all delighted to see her husband

back, completely recovered from his recent illness in the U.K.

Mr. and Mrs. Harishwar Dayal were surrounded by friends—she in blue and silver and wearing a fascinating emerald



Mr. S. B. Narindra Singh, who has been appointed Deputy Commissioner of Amritsar.



Miss Tara Pandit, daughter of Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, Indian Ambassador to Russia, talking to Princess de Ligne, daughter of the Belgian Ambassador to India, at a reception in New Delhi.



Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, Minister for Health in the Government of India, and the Most Rev. Dr. S. P. Mulligan, Archbishop of Delhi and Simla, at the cocktail party given by Dr. Henry Grady and Mrs. Grady in New Delhi.

necklace. M. and Mme. Roux were as charming as ever. She was in black and her bell-shaped sleeves were beautifully embroidered in silver sequins, while Mrs. P. A. Menon, accompanying her good-looking husband, looked prettier than ever in a white sari. Lady Shone, too, wore white, as did Lady Maudet, who had a large red rose as a corsage. Mr. Maudet assisted in entertaining the guests with his usual gentle charm.

To celebrate the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip of Edinburgh Sir Terence and Lady Shone gave a children's party in their grounds at their home. The young guests enjoyed their afternoon immensely and finally left triumphantly bearing their trophies from the treasure hunt and bran tubs.

M. and Mme. Roux gave a highly successful informal party at the Embassy, for which I am told Mme. Roux prepared a delicious dinner with her own lovely hands.

Col. and Mrs. "Andy" Taylor entertained a large party to cocktails at their beautiful home on the Government House Estate. Col. Taylor is Surgeon to the Governor-General. Lord Jamesy, accompanied by his very attractive younger daughter, was in very good form. His charm of manner and sincerity have endeared him to all.

Dr. and Mrs. Grady's "At Home"

The very popular American Ambassador and his vivacious wife, Dr. and Mrs. Grady, gave a vast party to which over

(Continued on page 47)



Dr. Syed Hossain, who has been appointed Ambassador for India in Cairo.



Piggott—Corwin

Major L. Geoffrey Piggott, who was formerly in charge of the branch, G.H.Q., and is now acting Resident Engineer of the Imperial War Graves Commission, India Area, married Miss Janet Dunlop Corwin of New York in Delhi. Before her marriage, Miss Corwin was on the staff of the Rockefeller Foundation as Nursing Consultant in the Far East.

The Voice Of Delhi

(Continued from page 46)

400 guests were invited before Dr. Grady left for his flight to the United States. The inner courtyard of the Ambassador's house which had been cleverly covered for warmth, and a *shamiana* in the garden (which was illuminated) gave the guests plenty of room to circulate. One saw celebrities on every side. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Burma, having returned from London, were the guests of honour and graciously received the guests with their wives. Her Excellency looked charming in rose-pink satin and Mrs. Grady, sparkingly vivacious, wore white.

Among others I noticed Pandit Nehru, Sir Iyen and Lady Mackay (she in blue crepe), Sir Terence Sherrington (who was on tour of the Calcutta-Darjeeling area), and Mrs. Hannah Sen, the uniring welfare worker, wearing a beautiful sari of crushed strawberry chiffon, accompanied her famous doctor husband, Brigadier Thapar and Mrs. Thapar, Lt.-Gen. Cariappa and Maj.-Gen.



Major Loh, the Chinese Military Attaché, and Mrs. Loh, being received by the bridegroom at the Piggott—Corwin wedding reception.

Sri Jayalakshmi Elaya Rani of Kollengode, sister of the Raja of Kollengode, who recently celebrated her "shashibhuporuly" at the Palace, Kollengode. With her are her youngest daughter, Mrs. Gouri Bhadrani, who flew from Delhi to attend the celebrations of her mother's 60th birthday, and her son, Sri B. Padmanabha Varma Raja, Elaya Raja of Kollengode.



Marjorie, Diana, and Barbara, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Bond of New Delhi, at Woodstock School, Mussoorie. Mr. Bond is with Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, and Mrs. Bond is President of the newly formed American Women's Club in Delhi. Mrs. Bond and her daughters will be shortly returning to the United States.



Lt.-Col. N. R. Haskett, Assistant U.S. Military Attaché, and his wife, Peg, with their son, "Nicky," and daughter Anne, taken in their home in New Delhi.



Lt.-Gen. Cariappa, who has been appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Eastern Command (left), with His Highness the Maharaja Bahadur of Bundi, M.C., and Maj.-Gen. Rajendra Singh, D.S.O., Delhi Area Commander, snapped in New Delhi recently.



Mr. and Mrs. Dinshaw Dastur photographed at a recent meeting of the Bombay races.

Mrs. Karl Palmer and Mrs. Dorothy Mann (RIGHT) who look as though they have had a successful day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Haji having tea during an interval between races.

Gateway Gossip

By "The Gleaner"

THE visit of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess Mountbatten of Burma, which coincided with the arrival of Sir Arthur Palliser, Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Station, and his flag ship, H.M.S. "Norfolk," made Bombay a whirl of receptions and parties. Lord and Lady Mountbatten were unflagging in their activities, and everyone was charmed by the great personal interest they showed in everything throughout their short visit.

Their Excellencies arrived from Jaipur by plate, where they had been guests of H.E. the Maharaja of Jaipur, and after a busy afternoon they attended a cocktail party on board the "Norfolk". The craft had been beautifully decorated with flags and streamers. The ladies and the guests who arrived by tender were greeted by the strains of the ship's band. Lord and Lady Mountbatten seemed to enjoy the opportunity of greeting many of their old friends. Lady Pamela Mountbatten was talking enthusiastically to Lady Palissé about her nephew, the Duke of Kent, and Lord and Lady Brabourne, and was saying how much she was looking forward to see her sister again when they returned to Delhi.

I saw among the many guests Mrs. G. V. Kitson, wife of the U.K. Deputy High Commissioner; Mrs. N. M. Kamte in a beautiful purple sari; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Marshall who came with their three lovely daughters, and M. Hubert de Limatrac, the new French Consul in Bombay, who was telling me that M. Kolb-Bernard, the French Consul-General, and his wife, Alice Delysia, were arriving shortly on a visit from Calcutta.

The same evening Sir John and Lady Colville held a large reception at Government House. Lady Mountbatten looked very regal in a white slipper satin frock as she mingled with the guests with a word of greeting for everyone. Lady Colville's ivory satin dress was most becoming, and Lady Pamela Mountbatten's blue dress was attractively offset by the miniature Jubilee and

Mr. J. A. Ritchie, a leading architect, at the races with his mother and father, who have come on a short visit to India.



Captain Paul Methuen, Scots Guards, A.D.C, to His Excellency Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay, who will be leaving for England sometime in January.



Sir Harilal Kania, Chief Justice of India (LEFT), with Mrs. Chagla, and the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Chagla, Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court, at the Bombay races.

Brigadier Brar, Bombay Sub-Area Commander, having tea with his wife and friends in the first enclosure during a race meeting in Bombay.

Madan, Lady Chunilal Mehta, who is expecting her daughter, Lady Kania, from Ochli shortly, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Sir Harsiddhbhai and Lady Divtava, Sir Purshotamdas Thakurdas, Mrs. Kanga, wife of the Director of Industries, Dr. and Mrs. K. A. Hamied, Mr. Choubhary Patel, M.L.A., Brigadier and Mrs. Hrav and Sir Bhraman Karanji.

The last function attended by Lord and Mrs. Brasier, and Sir Behram Karanji. The last function attended by Lord and Lady Mountbatten was a dance held at Government House in honour of the officers of the "Norfolk." Amongst the guests were Admiral and Lady Palliser, with their daughter, Bridget, who was a most efficient performer in the eighteenth reel held later on in the evening, and Capt. French, R.N., who is in command of the "Norfolk." Princesse Yolande de Ligne-

Norfolk. Princesse Yolande de Ligne, daughter of the Belgian Ambassador, was another visitor from Delhi, and looked charming in a lavender flowered frock, and Ronnie Rees, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Rees, who had come down from Poona specially for the dance, looked attractive in a black and white off the shoulder dance frock.

I also saw Commodore and Mrs. Ingram-Jones, who had dined at Government House earlier that evening, Commander Ramsay and his wife, Dhanam, Premila Wagle, Ronna Dutt who was seen dancing with Lord Mountbatten, Mr. and Tony Shulzelewitz, and Mr. Cooper of Turner Morrison, who said how he had been asked to get a film in Belmonte, and Mrs. and Desmond Moore who were both celebrating birthdays that evening, Glenary Stewart Brown in an unusual shade of blue-green and Lydia Strudwick whose black suede gloves made a most becoming contrast to her pale green satin frock.

Lord Ismay has been staying at Government House and he mentioned, when I met him, the vast changes he had seen in Bombay under five successive Governors, from Sir George Lloyd onwards. The Hon. Sarah Ismay, who spent five days in Bombay before sailing for the U.K. on the "Stratheden" with her father, shopped quite a bit here for her forthcoming marriage to the Hon. "Wenit" Beaumont. "Wenit" who is an A.D.C. to H.E. Sir John Colville and used to be in Delhi before coming to Bombay, hopes to leave for England in

(Continued on page 51)

Gay Party At "Silver Beach," Juhu



Capt. Warrender, A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras, Miss Molly O'Sullivan, and F/Lt. the Hon'ble "Went" Beaumont, who is engaged to the Hon'ble Sarah Ismay.



Mr. Phil Sykes and Mr. David Geddis were two of the hosts at the party. David has recently returned from leave in the U.K.



Miss Pat Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Geddis, enjoying the coolness of the breeze off the sea, only twenty yards away, between dances.



Capt. Warrender, A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras, Miss Molly O'Sullivan, and F/Lt. the Hon'ble "Went" Beaumont, who is engaged to the Hon'ble Sarah Ismay.

Two more of the hosts, Mr. Ronnie Lane and Mr. Harold Rigg, watching Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Clarke's amusing efforts to pay a forfeit.

Miss Jean Rogers, Mr. Bunny Rust, Mrs. Paddy Rust, and Mrs. Westray. There were five hosts and two hostesses at this most successful party.



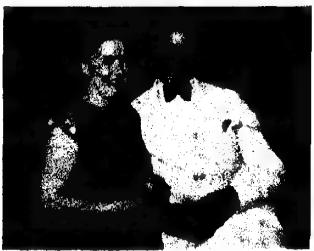
Mr. and Mrs. Fazli Mehta and Mr. Albert Smith were among the many guests. "Silver Beach" is one of the rare stone-built bungalows at Juhu.



Miss Gene Richards and Mr. Ken Goodwin share a joke, probably at the expense of one of the guests paying a forfeit!



Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Mr. Lalvani, standing against a background of palms, which formed a romantic setting for this open-air party.



Mrs. Nan Goodwin, who has just returned from leave in the U.K., with Mr. V. Corbett Wright, who has since left to join his family in England.



Mrs. Nora Simpson, Miss Anne Goodpasture, and Mr. and Mrs. Dixon. Peggy Dixon has recently rejoined her husband from England.



Miss Margaret Baldwin and Mr. Harold Rigg share a joke with the cameraman during a dance. Margaret is another returnee to Bombay from the U.K.



Mr. C. R. B. Woolford, Chairman of the newly formed Paint Federation. Previously known as the Association of Paint, Colour and Varnish Manufacturers in India, the Paint Federation aims at promoting the standards of production, scientific research and technical training in the indigenous paint industry.

Calcutta Causerie

By "Kim"

AS usual during the Puja holidays, Calcutta was very empty, everyone escaping into the coolness of the surrounding hill stations. Darjeeling was the choice of the Excellency Sri Rajendra Singh and his entourage, accompanied by his staff, spent a brief four days there on return from a trip to Madras. It was the Governor's first visit to Darjeeling and I understand that he was most favourably impressed, even though a great deal of his time was taken up with official receptions and the attending of meetings. Among the guests in Darjeeling I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Russi Modi, Mr. and Mrs. G. Birla and the Allan Lockharts, who had been on a trek to Sikkim. I am told that Kalimpong and Shillong were also very well filled during this period and even Ranchi had its fair share of visitors.

U. S. Ambassador's Visit

Soon after the Puja, Calcutta got ready for the cold weather season. One

of the first cold weather visitors was Dr. Weller P. Grady, the United States Ambassador in Delhi. During Dr. Grady's visit Mr. Thompson, the American Consul in Calcutta, and his wife gave a large cocktail party for the members of the American community and their British and Indian friends. Mrs. Thompson, who has returned recently to Calcutta with her two sons, tells me that she will be returning to Calcutta as soon as the holidays are over. Amongst those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Peppercorn, Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. Brownley and Mr. C. S. Rangaswami.

Another reception in Dr. Grady's honour was given by the English Speaking Union at the Calcutta Club, where the Ambassador had an opportunity of meeting a number of Indian men of business, and to enjoy a display of Manipuri dancing which the Committee had organised.

Viennese Night

To herald the cold weather and to announce a change of orchestra, the 300 Club staged a Viennese night, which really was one of the best parties organised in that Club recently. The enterprising Secretary, Major Harry Waters, put a considerable amount of work into redecorating the entire garden, to suit the theme of the evening. The music, side-shows and flower bouquets, and both beer and champagne, flowed freely. In Harry's party I noticed Mr. and Miss. Kolb-Bernard, the French Consul-General in Calcutta and his wife. Mr. Shaheed Subhrawary was at a nearby table, relaxing after his strenuous tour.



Members of the cast with Alice Delysia, the well-known actress, who performed in "Farewell to Love" at the New Theatre in Calcutta. From L. to R. : (FRONT ROW) Mrs. Alice Delysia, Mrs. G. N. Gillings, John Saitta, Tom Roy, Alice Delysia, who played "Hortense"; Rosemary Graham, Mary Gregory, and Ian Brewster. In private life Alice Delysia is the wife of M. Kolb-Bernard who has been recently appointed Consul-General for France in Calcutta.



Mr. Ramesh Dutt of Healy and Gresham, Limited, Calcutta, son of Mr. Deva Datta, of the Indian State Railways, and Mrs. Datta of Calcutta and Lahore, and Miss Dappal Ray, daughter of Kumar Satesh Nath Ray and Badhuram of Dighapatia, were recently married in Calcutta.

Recently on a visit to Calcutta were the Maharani Regent of Tripura State and the 14-year-old Maharani, His Highness Manikya Kirit Birbikram Kishore Deb Barman Bahadur. The Maharani, who is outstandingly beautiful, attended a small party at the 300 before proceeding to Delhi on State business.

Many of his friends bid "Kippers" Kipkiani farewell at a large party he gave prior to his transfer to Delhi where he has been appointed to the Ministry of States. "Kippers," who got a very warm send-off, will be particularly missed at the 300, for which he has done a great deal, as a Committee member.

The Maharaja "Bayer" of Cooch-Behar was making a flying visit on his return from the United States, having completely circled the globe on landing at Dum Dum.

Light Horse Stands Down

The Officer Commanding the Calcutta Light Horse and the members of the Regiment, which had been officially disbanded on August 13, 1947, and their friends on a farewell cocktail party on the grounds of the late Regiment's H.Q., which is the same as that of the Calcutta Light Horse Club, which for the moment continues to exist. For the second time this year, after almost a decade, ladies were permitted inside the club building, where the meeting was held in the large command, flanked on the one side by the Regiment's vehicles, and by four real horses and one dummy in the centre. The highlight of the evening was a speech by the last C.O., Lt.-Col. "Patsy" Warren, who gave a brief review of the Regiment's activities during the war, at one point he made reference to some regimental

(Continued on page 61)



Tikka Rani Manjula Manjuri Devi with the delegates to the Tenth Biennial Session of the National Council of Women in India which met at Cuttack, who were her guests at a tea party she gave at Konika House, Cuttack. From L. to R. : (FRONT ROW) Mrs. Abhayanjan (Nagpur), Shrimant Anubai Vahishtab Ghorpade of Ichalkaranji, Mrs. Latika Devi (Painia), Mrs. Maneklal Premchand (Bombay, President of the Tenth Biennial Session), Tikka Rani Manjula Manjuri Devi, Mrs. G.N. Kattu, Miss Leah J. Jhird (Bombay), Mrs. Usha Haldar (Calcutta) and Mrs. Wadia ; (SECOND ROW) Mrs. B. Roy, Mrs. B. C. Mukherji, Miss Senapati, Mrs. S. V. Sohoni, Miss S. B. Hazra, Mrs. Sarala Devi, Mrs. A. Das, Miss N. B. Shome (Calcutta), Miss B. Sarangi, Mrs. Rukmini Devi, Miss Nayak, Miss N. Nayak (Secretary, Reception Committee) and Miss Dada ; (BACK ROW) Mrs. Singh, Mrs. G. M. Berry (Calcutta), Mrs. Lilabai Phadke (Bombay, General Secretary, N.C.W.I.), Mrs. Solomon (Calcutta), Mrs. Nilima Mukherji (Calcutta) and Miss Santra.



Bombay Studios.
Suchlata, 17-year-old daughter of Mr. Girdharlal Jassani of Calcutta, who has just passed her matriculation, obtaining the highest marks for Gujarat. Miss Jassani is a popular member of Calcutta's younger set.

Calcutta Light Horse Farewell Party



Trooper F. C. Hornby and Mrs. Hornby with *Holy Smoke*, one of the horses belonging to the Regiment. The Calcutta Light Horse were officially disbanded on August 15, 1947.



Lt.-Col. "Patsy" Warren, the last C.O. of the Regiment, making his farewell speech.



Among others, Trooper K. M. Sharpe, Mr. Harford, Mr. I. Colquhoun, and Mrs. Harford. The farewell party was held on the grounds of the late Regiment's H. Q.



Miss Ellen Murer, Mrs. Jane Osmund-Jones, Mr. Brian Avila, Mrs. P. de Peterson, Trooper Tony Wilson, Mr. Tullio Gray, and Miss Ingeborg Phelffer.



Mr. K. Johnston, Trooper K. M. Sharpe, Mrs. Sharpe, Trooper A. Buff, Mr. Coote, Mrs. Colquhoun, Mr. Whitney, Mrs. Buff, and Mr. Colquhoun are in this group.



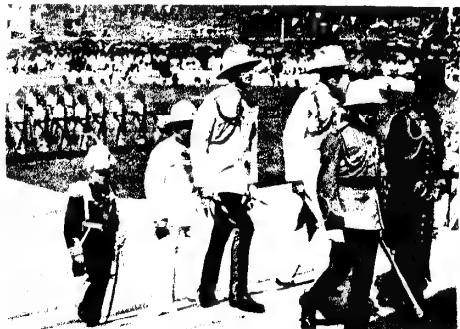
Trooper S. S. Swanberg, Trooper D. V. Law, Trooper D. S. Dott and Trooper J. S. Bramley entertaining two of the guests.



Major C. C. Sandys Lumsdaine, Trooper O. P. Jenkins, Trooper D. H. P. Henderson and Lt. A. R. Foster sampling drinks at the Dragoon Bar.



Mrs. Blumenstok, Mr. Hutchinson, Miss Spencer, and Mrs. Hutchinson. It was the second time during the year, after a decade, that ladies entered the Club.



His Excellency Sir Henry Monk-Mason Moore, Governor of Ceylon, arriving for the opening of Parliament.

Ceylon Calling

By "Eliep"

CELTONS abut in the *Onlooker* in the Islands. In the offend opening of Parliament, Colombo was turned out in its decorations and flags decked out for the day, and from the impressive House of Representatives and Senate to the small boutiques that line Colombo's main highway, the Galle Road, colonial days bring the famous "Lion of Lamu," this on November 26. Thousands gathered in the vicinity of the House of Representatives to watch the opening of Ceylon's first Parliament, a scene of exuberance in keeping with the occasion.

Specular Scene

The route from Queen's House, the Governor's residence, was lined with men from the Royal Artillery, Royal Marine Band, and drummers from H.M.S. "Norfolk," while a detachment of the Ceylon Light Infantry in command of Capt. V. G. George, carrying the King's colours, was lined up opposite the main steps leading to the House. Inside, hundreds of guests were seated, making a splash of colour in uniforms and national costumes. Mr. D. S. Senanayake, the Prime Minister, and Mrs. Senanayake arrived to be followed



Mr. D. S. Senanayake, Prime Minister of Ceylon, at the flower stall at the Lankha Mahila Samiti.

After the wedding at St. George's Church, Colombo, South Africa, of Major F. B. Hoggshaw, R.A., and Miss M. B. Hoggshaw of Purbmaka, Central Provinces, India, and Miss Marie McLennan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. McLennan of Aberdeen, Scotland. From left to right: Capt. Bray, R.A.F., bestman; the bridegroom and the bride, Miss Mira Beattie, bridegroom, and F. Lt. Divine, D.F.C., R.A.F., who gave the bride away.

by members of the House of Representatives. The High Court Judges, led by Sir John Howard, dressed in full wigs and ermine, were headed by the mace bearer. There were also distinguished visiting guests from the Far East,



Hogshaw-McLennan



Times of Ceylon

H.E. the Governor of Ceylon and Lady Moore, Admiral Sir Arthur Palliser, C.I.M.C., East Indies Flt., and Air Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd, A.O. C-in-C, Far East, were among the large gathering at the Prime Minister's tea party after the opening of Parliament, at "Temple Trees," his official residence in Colombo.



Mr. D. S. Senanayake, Prime Minister of Ceylon, at the flower stall at the Lankha Mahila Samiti.

orchid expert, and Mrs. De Solla, who wore blue and gold; Mrs. G. K. Stewart was outstanding in a long white organdie and lace gown; Mrs. W. A. Guthrie was in a very smart steel-coloured outfit and black hat; Mrs. M. G. M. Thevathaiyan, I am told, walked into every room whilst canvassing for her husband's election, was in a multi-coloured chiffon saree. I also noticed Dr. and Mrs. Spittel, Brewster and Mrs. Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Osborn and Mr. Young, the Chinese Consul.

Arrivals

Recent new arrivals in Colombo are Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Jester from Washington. Mr. Jester is the first American Consul General in Colombo. I am told Mr. Pat Mallon, who was American Consul here, is now proceeding to Stockholm to become American Consul General there. Major J. H. Bellwood arrived from Colombo, and Mr. and Mrs. Mallon, among them being those given to Bob and Luis Belknap and Russ and Doris Jeppson in their delightful flats.

After night at the Diner-Dance Club, I noticed several large parties, among them being one given by Mr. George Edge. Two of his guests were women, the others men. Miss Edna Hutchinson from Colombo, wearing an extremely unusual white and red sari, and Mr. Charlton from Calcutta.

Now that the racing season is over and, we hope, the monsoon, Colombo is busy getting ready for a gay and festive Christmas and New Year.



Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Golton of Bombay, snapped while on holiday in Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon.



Lt. Col. Arjuna Sathayana, M.C., M.B.E., who is G.I. of the J.A.K. Division, photographed at Jammu airfield. Lt. Col. Sathayana served during the war in the Itricane campaign, and was also in Abyssinia and Italy.



Mr. R. S. Date, Inlore's Government Labour Officer, broadcast a series of talks during his visits to Paris and Geneva in the B.B.C. Marathi programme, "Radio Jhankar". He is seen here with Mr. Sharad Sathaye, the producer of the programme.



Sq/Ldr. Kenneth Bhore, of Air-India, arriving at La Guardia airfield, New York, after his flight from Karachi. Sq/Ldr. Bhore is in the United States to buy aircraft.



Major Dan English, Royal Engineers, and Mrs. English, who are both from Rhodesia, were recently married in Bombay. Major English has been appointed to a posting in Pakistan.

Nature Study

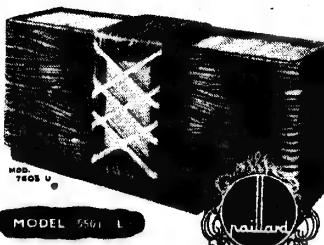
The darting lizard on the wall
Winks impudently at her mate,
Together slowly now they crawl
Stalking a fly to its sad fate.

I wonder, if in its death throes,
The fly observes my shoes "peep-toes"—
And screams in vindictive passion,
"Lizard skin is back in fashion!"

Jean Hylton

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Raja Ramkumar of Newalkishore, Lucknow, who is Chairman of the Improvement Trust and Managing Director of W.I.C. Paper Mills Company, Limited, Lucknow.



Dilip, only son of the late Dharendra K. Ray Chowdhury of Mymensingh and Mrs. Nira Ray Chowdhury, while he was on holiday in Darjeeling. He is a student of St. Xavier's College, Calcutta.

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Mr. C. R. C. Gardiner, Manager of the Bombay office of the New Zealand Insurance Company, Limited, snapped at the races. Mr. Gardiner has recently returned from leave, and is a steward of the R.W.I.T.C.

Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 48)

January, and he and Sarah plan to be married in February. Sarah was looking around for bridesmaids' dresses when I last saw her, and hoped the Board of Trade will not object! She has spent the last eight months in Delhi, and was rather sorry to leave India as there is so much work she has not been able to do.

H.E. the Belgian Ambassador, the Prince de Ligne, was also in Bombay on a short visit, and M. Georges Carlier, Consul-General for Belgium in Bombay, gave a dinner party at the Willingdon in the Ambassador's honour. M. Carlier, who is Swedish, was expected to arrive the day before by air, but she was unfortunately delayed. M. Carlier was assisted by the Belgian Vice-Consul, M. Jacques Buone, who recently arrived in Bombay. Among those at the dinner were Mr. G. Velthout, Consul for the Netherlands, with Mrs. Velthout, and Mr. Dudley Withers, American Vice-Consul and his wife, Jane. Dudley's previous post was in Leopoldville and he and Jane had a great time talking about the coming of the Ambassador, who is very fond of the country and has a lovely estate in the Kulu, which he calls his second home. Mr. Hallenberg, Consul-General for Sweden, came alone as Mrs. Hallenberg was indisposed. M. Jose de Lucela, Consul-General for Portugal, was saying how much he was looking forward to leaving India and returning to Portugal. Nan and Ken Goodwin were there with their friend, Jean Richards, from the American Consulate; the Goodwins are just back

from a delightful leave spent in England, Belgium and Switzerland. H.E. the Ambassador was saying how much his daughter, the Princesse Yolande, was enjoying her stay in India. They had recently motored to Aga to see the Taj by moonlight and to Naini Tal, where they hoped that this trip was only a prelude to many more they wished to make.

Tennis Trophies

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Bhat gave a dinner party for Sir Datar Singh, who was in town for a few days, he is the Vice-Chairman of the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research. He was saying how very interesting his daughter found her job as a secretary to Mahatma Gandhi. Mr. and Mrs. Bhat have a very nice house in Mumbai Hill, and Mr. Bhat, who is well known in Bombay as Municipal Commissioner, will shortly become Chief Secretary to the Government of Bombay. Mrs. Bhat and her daughter, Meetha, have won many cups for tennis and their lovely residence is one of the focal points in that house. Meetha, however, does not have much time for tennis these days as she is absorbed in her job in Tata Air Lines office. An old tennis friend their that night was Mr. Channanji of Burnham-Shell, a Cambridge man, and his wife, Vinita, who has given up most of her time during the last few months to collecting warm garments for the refugees



Mr. Sully, of Ford Motors (India) Limited, with Mrs. Sully at the races.

from the Punjab. Also there were Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Saraiya. Mrs. Saraiya, who is the only daughter of Sir Puttoshankar Thakurias, is a very active worker of the Bhagat Singh Sammel which she attends regularly three times a week, with the other Nischal Sammel, to attend the week-end in their shack. Peppy Dixon, back from England and looking very well, was in a black flowered dress with her hair in a long braid, which suits her. I also saw Mary Marin who told me how much she was looking forward to the arrival of her son for the Christmas



Mr. Michael Pruitt of Mackinnon Mackenzies, Bombay, takes a full complement with him on his way to Juhu. His canine passengers are, Penny, the cocker spaniel, and Dumbo, Vickie and Inga, all dachshunds.

Hoots, Awa!

The Caledonian Society gave a cocktail party at the Yacht Club on St. Andrew's night and, arriving rather late, I was disconcerted to find everyone standing glass in hand singing *Did I Ever Tell You*. I was told that the entire party was won by the way in which Sir John and Lady Colville. Lady Colville was wearing a wide-skirted, bliny dress in maize colour. Mrs. Duff gave away the gold prizes and was lamenting as was everyone else, the fact that there was no bagpipe in the hall, as indeed the food regulations. Death of bagpipes did not break my heart, but the lack of pipers and the sight of only one kilo in the whale assembly was definitely a blow!

Among those dancing the reels with great fervour were Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, who were in a puffaceous dress with medallions of flowers on a white background, with Paul Meuthen; and Betty Garnett from the American Consulate, in white, with David Geddes. David was driving to Juhu after the party, with his son, Nischal, who had to attend the week-end in their shack. Peppy Dixon, back from England and looking very well, was in a black flowered dress with her hair in a long braid, which suits her. I also saw Mary Marin who told me how much she was looking forward to the arrival of her son for the Christmas

Americana

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated this year in true traditional style, thanks to the American Women's Club. A round-table discussion was the menu, and something. So the ladies got organised, with Kay Price as Chairman. Everyone foregathered at someone's flat for the

bullet dinners, and the necessary pre-prandial nips that help to make the party go, and then went on to the Willingdon abouts, and the temperature was perfect. Julie Kemp had charge of decorations, and the place was hung with brilliant streamers while at each side of the orchestra, a table was placed loaded with highly coloured vegetables, including a large, brightly striped, illuminated parsnip. Edith Brooks was hardly busy getting everyone at the proper tables (and incidentally collecting raffles) with Margaret Anderson assisting, and Elaine Fairweather was in charge with the raffle tickets and the raffle set. When came the TURKEY! A beautiful 21 pounder had been tenderly and expertly cooked under the supervision of Muriel Repetto and was passed round, all dressed up in white cloths and plates provided by the members of the Club. The food was excellent. Wade bows out and Mrs. Wade bows out and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of Standard Vacuum, were immediately debited with offsets to "help make the sandwiches."

The party was almost by way of farewell in the retiring offices of the Club, and from this year on, Helen Wade bows out and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of Standard Vacuum, were immediately debited with offsets to "help make the sandwiches."

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Elisie Macomby, Sylvia Patrick and Helen Hallenberg were helping to see that the party was able to give an unusual dance this year for the benefit of Indian charities, but with some of the necessities for this enjoyable occasion almost unobtainable, the prospect is not encouraging.

Lloyd Kemp has flown to the States for a quick trip and hopes to be back

(Continued on page 69)



Mr. Ghandy and Mr. Van Damme at the farewell party given by Mr. V. C. Wright before he left for England.

Enjoying a drink and talk together at a recent party in Bombay. From L. to R.: Dr. Lach, Consul for Czechoslovakia, Dr. H. A. Sonderagger, Consul-General for Switzerland, and M. E. Loedrup, Consul-General for Norway.

About Films Of The Month

Brickbats And Bouquets

By Maurice Dallimore

THIS being the season of what are laughingly called "good results," I embark on 1948 reviewing:

1. To hope that at least one film's worth will be worth two hours' undivided attention by anybody over the mental age of 12.

2. To bear up with patience and fortitude when I find that even this modest expectation is unfilled.

3. To restrain my panicky desire to flee whenever I see the toy searchlights playing on the anti-air-raid-lettering of "20th Century."

M.G.M.'s lion nonchalantly barking at me.

4. To laud with all the power of the English at my limited command those films which show honesty, sincerity, beauty, artistry, good-natured fun or any other of the worth-while things which make life exquisite.

5. And, by thunder, to laud the living daylight out of those films which don't.

Hoots, Aye ' Wi ' Ye !

I've said before and I'll say again, that the chief virtue of all films is to appear with him is looking the die against himself. Illustrating my point is 20th Century's *Bob, Son of Battle*, in which the humans come off a bad second to a couple of colies and a flock of sheep. Some years ago, that grand old character actor, the late Lon McCallister, in a film Britain called *Bad Bob, Son of Battle*, was the Hollywood version of it, complete with Californian "Boder" atmosphere, a plethora of Scotch plauds from the wardrobe department, and a set of Scottish accents which would make even a Glaswegian shudder. "Mawlin," and "pawky" are the accepted *shibis* for every Scotch character, I believe, in the Will Fyfe part,

Edmund Gwenn mawks and paws enough for the Wec MacGregor himself.

It appears that he owns a collie, Red Wull (pronounced exactly like that) who kills sheep, and a son, Davie, who murders the violin. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that he takes to the hounds and through most of the picture drinks more whisky in a day than my dealer allows me in a month. Anyway Davie, swearing that he'll no longer harm again leaves his father and joins the rival family of the Moores (Reginald Owen), where he falls in love inevitably with the daughter of the house, and is played by Peggy Ann Garner. Thereafter the story miraculously switches to the sheep-dog trials which are the highlight of this paroxysm of Technicolored dog-worship.

These are undoubtedly the best sequences in the picture, and have never been matched for fun since the dog trials had after seeing this production I purpose making good the deficiency as soon as opportunity allows. For there is in these scenes, which provide the only ring of authenticity in the entire film, a thrill of excitement which I would not have believed possible. Dating from the days of the *Bob*, "I'm a dog" is a banner of film-star dogs who rescue benighted humans from man-made complications, and cover their faces with doggy paws when scolded. But these dogs are horses of a different colour, as any old French master would have said. Watch them leap over the high-mountain sheep. Watch them head the flock over a stone wall and across a bridge. Watch them drop flat, ears pricked up and body a-quiver, at the sound of the master's whistle. Watch them edge the last untruly sheep into the pen, while the time-keeper's stop-watch records the seconds which mean victory or defeat.

After these sequences, it is regrettable that we have to return to the maddlin



Richard Attenborough, who has an exciting role in Arthur Rank's production, "The Man Within," with Jean Kent, who plays "Lucy," a red-headed vamp.

of this canine "whodunit," with its self-conscious attempts at Scottish atmosphere, its callow love-making and its infantile rejoicing. As the bestridden sheep-farmer, Mr. Gwenn occasionally almost convinces us that he is the incorrigible old scamp he tries to portray. At other times, he gives us a very fine portrayal of a character actor playing a character part. As his son, Lon McCallister is *gauch* but likeable, and he wrestles manfully with the Scottish accent which pervades this film like blight on a potato crop.

Louis King strives for atmosphere, with his vocal choruses of "Vee Dooch an' Dorie" and "Annie Laurie" and a', that it's a pity he fails so signally to achieve it. Even the whisky isn't Scotch.

Royal Wedding

It has been said that even the best feature film suffers by comparison with the news-reels which accompany it. If that be true, some strong bookings will be needed when Mr. Arthur Rank's colour film of the Royal wedding is shown. This production incorporates some appealing shots of both the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh from infancy upwards. These are shown as a family album in which the pictures come to life, accompanied by simple and most effective piano music. The scenes at the wedding itself are shown in all their splendour, colour and beauty, and for those of us who weren't able to be present at the great occasion, this film is probably the next best thing to a seat in a Westminster gallery.

A Boring Ghost

Ever since *Blithe Spirit*, and probably before that, we've been regaled with films about ghosts visible to one character but invisible to others. It's an easy device for raising laughs and under-various guises has for years been the stock-in-trade of the seaside concert-party comedian.

The latest example of the trick is 20th Century's *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*

wherein Mr. Rex Harrison, bearded like the pard, appears as the amiable but insatiable ghost of a former sea-captain, furious at having accidentally gassed himself by leaving the blasted gas on and the blasted windows closed. Miss Gene Tierney is the Mrs. Muir, and she refuses, however, to be intimidated by either the ghost or his language, and thus paves the way for a long-distance love affair between this world and the next.

When Mrs. Muir gets hard-up, the old sea-dog dictates the plain unvarnished story of his life to her which she dutifully writes as a book, subsequently selling it to a publisher who apparently knows so little about his own business that he accepts plain, unvarnished tales.

(Continued on page 57)



Veronica Lake, who will be teamed with Alan Ladd in Paramount's adventure film, "Saloon."

Parisian-born Corinne Calvet, a newcomer to Hollywood, will appear in Paramount's "The Sealed Verdict."



Charles Laughton, famous stage and screen star, is appearing in Paramount's suspense thriller, "The Big Clock."

Brickbats And Bouquets

(Continued from page 56)

By this time the joke has worn pretty thin, but the producer insists that we sit through another couple of reels of it, so the story ambles on through a series of tedious episodes, with Miss Tierney's make-up experts working harder and harder to age her as the story goes past.

Charles Laughton, however, comes along to give us a sample of his standard characterisation of an unprincipled cad, and Miss Edna Best treats us to a stagey portrayal of one of those old family retainers who offer their own money to the mistress when the broker's men arrive.

All in all, it was a blessing when Miss Tierney passed gracefully away in her armchair, as I fear that my yawns were beginning to disturb the peaceful slumber of my neighbours.

Omigawd Corner

Hollywood proclaims the formation of a new fan organisation named the "I Want-16-86-Socked-by-James-Mason" Club.

Masterpiece

After seeing M.G.M.'s *The Yearling*, I'm almost persuaded to forgive Hollywood

for all the 17 varieties of juvenile trashiness and dead-bus-level culture that they've inflicted on me up till now. For *The Yearling* is enchanting and delightful and, with one or two reservations, almost technically perfect. Here at long, long last, is a film of such rare beauty and artistic merit that it will remain in my memory for many years to come.

Based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawling's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel of the same name, the story is incredibly simple. It is the tale of Penny Baxter, a penniless farmer, his wife, and their ten-year-old son, Jody, and recounts their heroic attempts to wrest a living from their tiny farm on the treacherous Florida soil. Their boulders are with the elemental forces of Nature, not man. A rogue bear kills their cattle, a Florida panther drowns their fields, a deer eats their young tobacco-plants. Snake-bite and a rupture incapacitate the farmer, compelling him to leave to his wife and child the task of attending to the clamorous, instant, never-ending demands of the soil and living things which make up life. Their highest ambition is to earn enough money to be able to sink a well outside their door instead of fetching domestic water from a mile away.

Interspersed in the fabric of this simple recital is an allegory so compelling in its significance, so human in its appeal, that I found myself utterly carried away with emotion. A series of maternal affection, the boy longs for a pet. He finds a motherless fawn and brings it home. Upon the fawn she lavishes all the boyish



Claude Jarman Jr., who gives a remarkable performance in the film, "The Yearling," which is the story of a boy and fawn.



Gregory Peck, who also stars in "The Yearling," with Claude Jarman Jr. The film has been adapted from the novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawling.

love within his lonely and desolate heart. They eat together, sleep together, play together, hunt together, and all the family grows up much quicker than the boy, and in its animal innocence, devours the young crops which keep the family at subsistence level. At Jody's insistent pleading, reprieve after reprieve is given the deer. But the inevitable has finally to be faced, and the animal is shot. Jody learns that life calls for sacrifice, as well as love. A different aspect of the world has unfolded before his youthful eyes.

A New Star

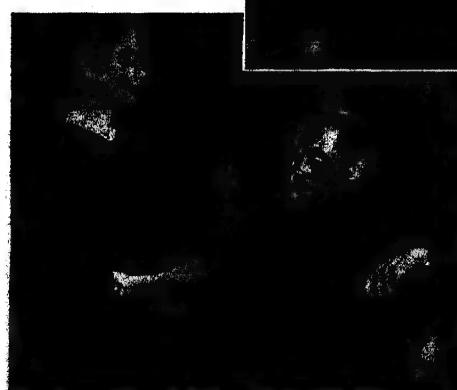
What of the acting in this splendid production? Heralding new juvenile stars in an activity which I find distasteful and slightly ridiculous, but honestly compels me to say that for once the American publicity tycoons speak truly

in their acclaim of little Claude Jarman Jr. This ten-year-old boy, with struggling hair and dreamy eyes is a discovery of first importance to every cinegoer who regards his box-office ticket as something more than a passport to two hours of escapism. I do not know by what magic of direction this boy has been made to appear so natural, which even the artists would give their right arms to equal, but I do know that the result is astounding. Notice his acting with the fawn. Watch him surreptitiously wipe the incriminating milk from the animal's face after passionately declaring that his pet never steals the family's food. Listen with him as he runs fleet-foot through the forest alongside the leaping deer.

(Continued on page 66)



Phyllis Calvert is to appear with Melvyn Douglas in Paramount's "My Own True Love."



Gene Tierney, who plays a young widow in "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," with Rex Harrison, the "ghost."

THIE best piece of fiction that has come my way recently is Patrick Hamilton's *The Slave of Solitude* (Constable, 7s. 6d.). This is a superb analysis of the world—the psychologically as opposed to the physically sordid. Readers may remember Mr. Hamilton's plays, *Rajah* and *Gaslight*, which were also studies in the latter, and his brilliant novel on a schizophrenic theme—*Hegger Square*. His new book in some respects surpasses these in mastery of treatment and sustenance of interest.

The Slave of Solitude may be termed a war novel, as far as the action takes place during the recent war, and the resultant atmosphere and its accumulative effect on the characters comprise the main motif of the tale. The story is set in a boarding-house, "The Rosewood Tea Rooms," in a Thames-side town, and most of the action occurs in the still, grey, winter-gripped dining-room where the guests "crawl in one by one, muttering little requests to pass the salt, occasionally a tap on the table, a blow on the nose, sit, sit, wait, eat, sit, sit, sit at least, crawl out again, one by one." It is a *tour de force* on Mr. Hamilton's part that he has succeeded in making this circumscribed space the focal point of his intensely dramatic story of deep revulsion and unquenchable thirst, of psychological malice, errors and complications which govern the destinies of his characters.

Here we have Miss Roach, his pivotal personality, a spinster close upon 40 with "the complexion of a farmer's wife and the face of a bird." She is succinctly and remorselessly described as "flattered, a former schoolmistress, the daughter of a dentist."

TAUNTS AND MALICE

The stars—and Mr. Thwaites are against Miss Roach. The elderly Edwardian Mr. Thwaites is a tremendous character. In the bloom of his powerful dote, he is the bully of the boarding-house, cruel, harsh, stupid and inconsistent. He is a lifelong nagger and ragger of old women, old old women, a braggart in small places, and Mr. Hamilton renders his cheap sarcasm and his insufferably old-fashioned and elliptic attempts at humour, with a most discerning exactitude. It is clear that Mr. Thwaites is a case of arrested development; he is still the schoolboy ballyhoo at heart and it is perhaps deserving of a degree of pity in his predicament.

Miss Roach is made miserable by his relentless taunts. She sees her secretary periodically in the pub, where a fably bilious, oversexed Yankie lieutenant imposes his company and his facile affections upon her.

The story deepens with the advent of Vicki Kugelmann, a German girl, whom Miss Roach has befriended and who eventually comes to live at the boarding-house. Vicki is secretly a Nazi, in spite of 19 years in England. At the age of 18 she is a hothouse from the short-skirted, cloche-hatted days of the early twenties. Her physiognomy is outmoded, and her sex-wary heartiness causes Miss Roach to shudder.

But she manages to captivate both Mr. Thwaites and the American lieutenant, and by devious malevolent methods poisons them both against "Roachy," that prim English Miss."

The action gains crescendo in a series of amusing bottle-parties given by the inmates of the house. But the very heart of this absorbing story is drawn from the infinitely Petty *satire* at the boarding-house. The meal-time conversations of the odd half-dozen inmates are minutely true to life. Mr. Hamilton's humorous touches are deft.

I feel that if readers can pity Miss Roach and dislike the German girl and the elderly bully as much as I did, they will appreciate this very clever and intriguing narrative, which has a fitting climax when vice receives an adequate punishment.

SIAM'S HELL RAILWAY

White Coats by Ronald Hastain (Hodder and Stoughton, Rs. 6-14) is one of the many autobiographical accounts of

From The "Onlooker" Bookshelf

Frankly Speaking

By S. M.

the ghastly 5½ years spent by P.O.W.s under the Japanese occupation in Malaya and Siam. The author was a British Warrant Officer, and his record is one of the best and most worthwhile accounts I have read of this nightmarish period. As Siam came prominently into my ken when I was an Intelligence Officer in the Indian Army I found Hastain's lucid account of conditions there, during the building of the Hell Railway from Siam to Burma, of intense interest. It is an extremely accurate record, for it frequently tallies in the most minor details with what were formerly top secret information in my possession. I can well remember the consternation at G.H.Q., S.E.A.C., when it was found that our bombers in destroying a strategic bridge near Nong Pladuk, west of Bangkok, had also wiped out many British and Australian prisoners of war. Hastain was a camp doctor and he vividly describes the settings—and makes one fully realize that the faith, will, character, and the tenets of our race were our arms and our ammunition."

Mr. Hastain has not mused much.

There should be many thousands of P.O.W.s who will reminisce in *White Coats* the very stuff of their terrible 5½ years' experience. This is a well-balanced book of great interest, free from all vindictiveness or cheap sensationalism. The author is a fine craftsman and, I should imagine, an equally fine character.

Tales Of Fantasy

"Exquisite" is the word to describe the writing of Eric Linklater, particularly



M. and Mme. Raymond Lagier, French newspaper correspondents, with Maj.-Gen. Kilwant Singh, photographed on their way to Kashmir.

In *White Coats* the Japanese come off comparatively lightly. As Hastain points out, their peculiarities for physical torture were not matched by the jungle's necromancy, storms, floods, malaria, cholera, dysentery, diphtheria—strange and cruel deaths—were always round the corner. There was little to be found in the Nips' favour, but curiously enough Hastain, again and again, draws the reader's attention to the better type of Japanese. The kind deeds of those who were not members of them—done by Jap officers and actually by Korean guards, whose reputation as being even harsher and more bestial than their cousins from Nippon was fully born out by the War Crimes investigators in 1946. My own experience of the Japanese surrendered without a struggle.

Major and Mrs. Kilwant Singh, on August 1944 until November 1946 was that they were model in discipline and most helpful in their days of defeat. In their days of victory the dandified *Kempai Tai* and the lust-ridden lower ranks were clearly responsible for much of their behaviour. The senior officers, as far as not clearing wings, were decent individuals whose occasional medical kindnesses in the Siamese jungle were not always the result of a practical wisdom but may have had a humane basis as well.

"Give the Devil . . ."

The good Japs existed amongst the soulless, bovine masses as stressed in many parts of this book. Hastain has a wonderful eye for detail and illuminative incident. He realises that the equatorial forest, in spite of its wild majesty and

splendour, is not really beautiful but merely rampant, ungovernable and distraught. And he has a remarkably sound grasp of character. Although I spent six years in Siam and am intimately acquainted with several of the country districts described in *White Coats*, there are facts and aspects of Siamese life in Hastain's pages, had neverimplanted upon my senses before. These authentic canons are pointedly drawn with a pleasing and knowledgeable simplicity in the telling.

Hastain has not mused much.

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Tales Of Fantasy

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in several of the stories. "The Goose Girl" and "Satin in Town" are weird narratives with a sexual slant which may be easier to sift with section of the reading public. The soldier who returns from the war to marry Lydia, the goose girl, and is confronted with a Leda-like problem, finds himself as baffled as many readers are likely to be. There is a sizeable portion of credulity in this story, and it is difficult to apply the term "padding" to Mr. Linklater's sensuous discourses—but the narrative forms an effective whole (D. H. Lawrence would have relished this theme).

"Sealskin Trouser" is equally effective if you can bring yourself to believe in the sophisticated man who becomes a Master of Arts of Edinburgh University and eventually abducts a girl graduate to the green haddock-depths of his soul or seal. She, after a little manipulation of the ancestral and hereditary jobs in her pitiful glaze, is likely to be the prettiest seal between Shetland and the Scillys!

There is, of course, a basis for this fantastic tale in the Celtic belief that seals from time to time have taken human shape, and though one's credulity may be unduly strained, Mr. Linklater's tale is delightfully original out of these old wives' tales.

In "Joy as it Flies"—a gossamer-type of love—everybody has caught on to a nicely the gadfly-like (or bumble-bee) spirit of Dublin. (Maybe the infection has spread to his pen, for a suffit of airy persiflage permeates the repartee of his lowdown duos here !)

But all these five tales are engaging and stimulating, and the wood engravings by Joan Hassall cleverly embody the spirit of Mr. Linklater's fantastical quill, which is more often than not half way to the world of dream.

Youthful Prodigy

After reading Miss Catherine Gaskin's *This Other Eden* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) I was reminded of Dr. Johnson's comment to Boswell concerning the antics of a she-dog which had just performed the cake-walk in a Hobson booth.

"The wonder is not that she should do it well," said the worthy Doctor, "but that she should do it at all."

Miss Gaskin, an Australian, wrote this novel at the age of 16. It was a matinial morning for the rose to put in its morning dress, and the girl will have time to go off to school. After the book was published, Miss Gaskin was acclaimed as Australia's prodigy and became a literary lion-cub in the salons of Melbourne and Sydney.

Though I personally feel that Miss Gaskin could have more profitably spent those early morning hours in sound virginal sleep, I think it only fair to quote one of the Australian reviewers :

"The story has everything—a foreign background, both low life and high life, tenements and stately homes, beautiful women and distinguished men, a dash of disillusion, a spot of heartbreak and tragedy, a *suspense* of sex. The author goes to it bone straight, with a minimum of description, a minimum of dialogue, and a magnificent flair for leaving out all the bits that don't get the narrative anywhere."

It is a "completely adult story" set in various states of society in England and America which, of course, Miss Gaskin has never visited.

I suspect that Miss Gaskin has got that *suspense* of sex from a deep study of Ouida, Marie Corneille and *Forever Amber*.

I like her naivete ("Night club! The word seemed to spin around in her brain,") and I like her dialogue ("This is madness. You're only a girl and I'm forty-nine,"), and I feel that the wonder is not that she has done it well, but that she has done it all.

This Is A Tarradiddle :

Jack : "I'm thinking of investing in a business with a quick turn-over. What would you suggest?"

Bill : "Letting out canoes."

* * *

And This A Tale :

He : "So you think I'm an egotist."

She : "Well, you suffer from 'I' strain, don't you?"

* * *

Overheard In Court :

"When my wife became a devotee of the boxing ring, I decided it was time for me to leave home."

* * *

"When my son told me he was going to get married, I reminded him that marriage was the only game of chance the clergy favour."

* * *

"My daughter thinks she is very funny, but what she does not realise is that a bad joke, like a bad egg, is better for not being cracked."

* * *

"I never tell the neighbours what I think of them—I tell my wife and they soon know."

My Lady

My lady lifts her dainty foot
And seems to walk on air,
And when she raises charming eyes
Her glance is frank and fair.
My lady lifts her voice in song
And song-birds give her best,
And when she lifts a friendly latch
She stands a welcome guest.
My lady lifts, with helping hand,
The folk less blest than she,
And when my lady lifts her thumb
Behold—the world sees me!

H. C. Bear**CLUES ACROSS**

- Terrible (?)
- Beg (?)
- Went (?)
- Entombed (?)
- Insect (?)
- Male name (4)
- Carried on the body (4)
- Plant too much seed (?)
- Shorts (5)
- Separate articles (5)
- Human life story (5)
- Plant, rock, object (5)
- For a definite article (5)
- Baby's bed (4)
- Weapons (4)
- Mail (8)
- Surrounding (7)
- Groove (7)
- Performed (?)
- Swell (7)



"*Sahib* say got no brandy so 'khausamah' is using 'thora' methylated spirit to make fire on pudding."

Too Bad :

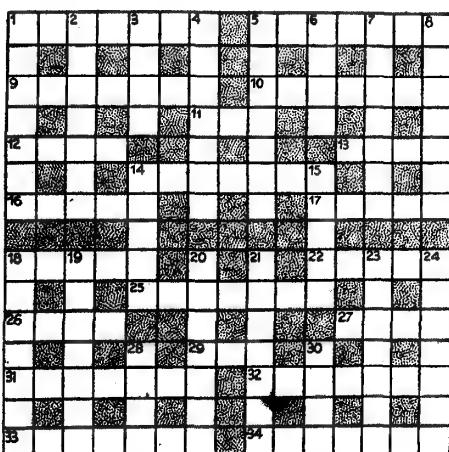
Recruit (being instructed in the use of his life-saver) : "But, supposing the parachute doesn't open, sergeant?"

Sergeant : "That, my lad, is known as jumping to a conclusion!"

At The Zoo :

Jill : "If that lion were suddenly to escape from its cage, what steps would you take?"

Bill : "Very large ones!"

"Onlooker" Crossword.

(Solution on page 70)

Youth And Middle Age

In youth how constant were my dreams,
Of all the grandiose deeds I'd do,
They changed with each short waking hour,
And were indeed a heady brew.

I thought I'd be a great athlete,
And revel in the Nation's fuss,
But now the only sport I do,
Is when I run to board a bus.

I thought I'd be a mountaineer,
And scale Himalayan peaks with pain,
But the greatest height I ever climb
Is an overbridge to catch a train.

I thought I'd be a finance king,
With markets in my hands like wax,
And now I have to pawn my watch,
Before I pay my income-tax.

I thought I'd be a Don Juan,
And break the heart of many a maid,
But I was trapped before I knew,
And from her side I've never strayed.

When I was young I loved to dream,
Of all the many things I'd do,
And now at middle age I find,
I have so many things to rue!

T. R. ■

Mink ?

Jane : "See that girl in the fur coat. Would you say she was smart?"

Joan (sarcistically) : "Smart enough to get a fur coat, anyway!"

Fair Enough :

"Just to please me my girl friend's gone platinum."

"Well, nothing could be fairer than that."

Like Lightning !

Orator : "And remember, my friends, in the end all good things come to pass . . ."

Heckler : "Yeah. But they pass so quickly you can't grab hold of them."

CLUES DOWN

- Strong (7)
- Bred (7)
- Piece of land (4)
- Place where intoxicants are illegally sold (7)
- Inverted (7)
- Look sulky (4)
- Consequence (7)
- Everlasting (7)
- E. and J.' (5)
- Famous writer (5.5)
- Assumption (7)
- Lovable (7)
- Raw (7)
- Harmed (7)
- Stumps of coral (7)
- Hang (7)
- Joke (4)
- Hurries (4)

Bangalore Lore

By "Elizabeth"

BANGALORE has had several important visitors during the month. Maj. Gen. S. M. Shringashe, Area Commander Madras who has now been appointed Adjutant General, India. At the end of an official visit accompanied by Mr. Shringashe. On the evening of their arrival Brigadier Lt. Col. Mrs. Langford gave a large cocktail party to meet them.

Among the many guests that evening were Gen. Jones from Delhi, Gen. Seelam from Poona and Gen. Israe of the Selection Board. Col. and Mrs. Karr were here to meet and greet the arrival of their baby daughter whom they have decided to name Charman. Vis. to Col. J. C. Whitman who succeeded Col. Parker as CO of the Sappers and Col. Barl were discussing their impending departures. Princess Cecilia, King's warning, beautiful cocktail car was there with her husband and Col. Chinnappa. Other visitors were Col. and Mrs. Newton Col. Gidwani the Woodhouses, Col. Upjohn Carruthers of the Rehabilitation Centre, Major Barnes who has returned to Bangalore after his five years absence. Mr. and Mrs. Mitra, Brigadier H. H. Bader and Mrs. Preston Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and W. Mrs. Aji Nal.

On the 16th Dr. Shyama Prasad Mukherjee Minister for Industries and Supplies Government of India who arrived by air from Delhi was a State Guest of the Mysore Government and was given a public reception on arrival. Dr. S. P. Mukherjee was accompanied by his wife and son and his son-in-law home to the Tata Institute of Science to meet him. The guests included Sir Vithal and Lady Chandavarkar from Poona Mr. J. R. D. Tata from Mumbai



Caroline, two-year-old daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Kirton. Lt.-Col. Kirton was till recently CO of the 17th Battalion of the Rajput Regiment stationed in Bangalore

and all the senior officials of the Mysore Government. Dr. Mukherjee also attended a cocktail party given at the Bangalore Club by Mr. and Mrs. Cassi of Hindustan Aircraft. Brigadier and Mrs. Langford were there also Sir Samuel Rungandhan from Madras, Mr. and Mrs. Nubel, Mr. Mathew and his attractive wife, Premchand Mauji and Mr. J. V. Bambridge, Dr. and Mrs. Thackeray and Professor and Mrs. Thackeray. The Hamburgers have just sailed for England, and spent their last evening in Bangalore, with Major and Mrs. Walter Brinster who gave a farewell party for them.

Gen. Goddard G.O.C. in Southern Command was another important visitor,

and one of the main functions during his one-day stay here was the Parade, organised by Col. Morton and Officers of Number 1 R.I.A.S.C. Training Centre, at which the General presented the Colours to the Boys' Battalion of the Centre. Over 200 guests were present to see this impressive spectacle of the training of the boys at which Gen. Goddard addressed the boys. The guests included Sir. Ramaswami Mudaliar, Director of Mysore and Brigadier and Mrs. Wilson Haffenden from Madras.

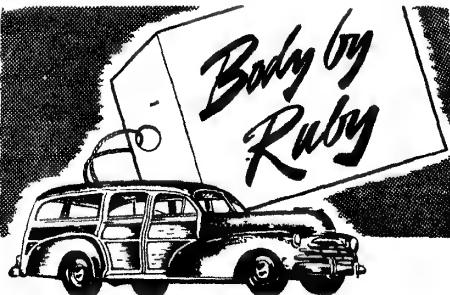
Back To Form

Mr. Marappa the new Defence Minister of Mysore, was invited to take the salute at the Artesian Parade of the Mysore Lancers, when given a usual splendid display the mounted Lancers being particularly admired. After the parade Brigadier Preston (the Chief Commandant) and Mrs. Preston in a smart navy ensemble received their guests who were then introduced to Mr. Marappa at a coffee party at the Officers' Mess. Among those present were Col and Mrs. Miller, the latter wearing a beige frock with a lovely brown lace hat. Mr. Rana Jodh Singh Mrs. Law and Mr. Prithvi Desai. Urs and his brother.

Sir Alphonse Banerji, who makes such a hit and will have given a delightful party at his new residence in Brunton Road. Everyone was very pleased to see him looking so well again.



Capt. N. K. Roberts Indian Signals, son of Mr. Daniel Natesan of Shiyali, and Vimla, daughter of the late Mr. Michael Thamburwamy of Madras, were married at Salem.



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men under the direct supervision of the leading automobile engineer of Bombay, Ruby bodies serve and satisfy like delicate precision machinery.

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Madras Musings

By "Miss Mouse"

EVERYONE now feels that the Madras season is well and away with the races in full swing. Unfortunately, the opening day of the races was not attended as well as it might have been had the weather been favourable. In the afternoon, the adventurous Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, who will soon be returning to the U.K. by way of America. He will be greatly missed by the Guindy Golf Club of which he is Captain, and by the Gymkhana Club, of which he is President.

A welcome newcomer was Sheila Carr, daughter of Mr. Carr. She has just arrived out from the U.K. and appeared to be a keen race fan like her father. Important visitors to Madras who also attended were the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, and Maharani Sita Devi, who looked charming in a pale yellow gown with a delicate sash. They were in Madras during the month was that of Uma Devi, granddaughter of Rajadharmapravina Dewan Bahadur P. Venkataraman Rao, Chief Justice of the Mysore High Court, and daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. P. V. Rajanarayana, and Mr. K. Ramadeva Rao, son of Rao Sabha K. Chaitanya Rao of Nellore.

The Gymkhana Club dances continue to be an enormous attraction for



The Hon'ble Mr. N. V. Godali, Minister for Works, Mines and Power, Government of India, with his daughter, Kranthi.

Saturday nights. It is there that one generally sees newcomers to Madras. Notable amongst these at one of the dances were Mrs. Truscott, her young daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Aitchison. Mrs. Truscott, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aitchison, wore a charming black crepe dress, with three-quarter length sleeves. It was nice to see Gerald Rossiter back after a furlough in the U.K., his wife is to remain there for a while with their three children, and Mrs. Ian Aitchison who was another returnee from leave. She had been away in Australia during the hot weather, and has left her two little girls there in school.

New Mayor

One of the highlights of the season is always the dinner given by the Mayor before his term of office is over. Among the distinguished guests were His Excellency the Governor and Lady Nye, who looked lovely in a white satin dress

with beautiful red roses pinned to her shoulder. The Mayor, Mr. T. Srinivasan Iyengar, made a most interesting speech, as did Sir A. Lakshmanawami Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University, whose perfect speaking voice is a delight to listen to. We must now congratulate our new Mayor, Dr. U. Krishna Rao, who has already assumed the duties of office.

Happy Events

Joan and John Deaven have had their small daughter, Briony, christened during the month. A large number of guests attended the christening which was held at St. Mary's Church, Port St. George, and later there was a party at their residence. Joan Deaven looked most attractive in a russet costume. Isobel Cooley and Margaret Blenkinsop were godmothers, and Sidney Bindon proxy godfather. Isobel looked lovely in a black crepe dress cut with the new 14 inches from the shoulder hemline. The only wedding that took place in Madras during the month was that of Uma Devi, granddaughter of Rajadharmapravina Dewan Bahadur P. Venkataraman Rao, Chief Justice of the Mysore High Court, and daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. P. V. Rajanarayana, and Mr. K. Ramadeva Rao, son of Rao Sabha K. Chaitanya Rao of Nellore.

The marriage ceremony, which took place in the morning, was attended by the Judges of the High Court and many prominent officials. A large reception was held in the evening, and the guests were received by Dewan Bahadur P. Venkataraman Rao, Mr. Justice P. V. Rajanarayana and Mr. K. Subba Rao.

From Japan

The Madras Y.W.C.A. Luncheon Club recently celebrated its ninth anniversary with a dinner, at which Maj.-Gen. S. M. Shringesh gave an interesting talk on the work of the Army of Occupation in Japan. He was well informed on the subject, having recently returned from Japan.

The Lucas Indian Service also held an anniversary party, their first, and many friends gathered to drink the health of the firm. Gordon Palmer made a most efficient host, and among the guests who will shortly be going to the U.K. on leave, they hope to manage a month's winter sports in Switzerland. Mrs. Chadbourne, and Noreen Meek, looking most attractive in cherry-red linens.

H.M.S. "Talma" called at Madras to disembark many of the British sailors from the ship who will be joined by Maj.-Gen. Shringesh and Brigadier Wilson-Hallenden. While they were here a dance was given at the Hope Club for the officers by the Allied Officers' Entertainment Group and it went as usual with a swing.

Parties

There have been many private parties during the month. A very gay one was the house-warming given by Peter Simpson and John Shewring. Amongst the guests was Angela Sarty who with Dickie Mainprice kept us well entertained at the piano. Other guests were Joe Patel and Badri English.

A polo party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Raghavachari to celebrate



Mr. C. A. R. Bhadran, M.B.E., I.F.S., who has been appointed Forest Utilisation Officer, Madras, and Mrs. Bhadran. Previous to his present appointment Mr. Bhadran served in Dehra Dun for a time as Publicity and Liaison Officer under the Central Government, and for over two years was Principal of the Indian Forest College there.

his birthday. Their daughter, Gita, is a very clever pianist and gave us some delightful renderings. Among the guests were Teekha and Jimmy Shrinivas - Teekha has a lovely voice, and was induced to sing for us—and Mr. and Mrs. Lazarus, she looking dainty in a green Beret.

Here and There

To celebrate the birthday of Guru Nanak the Sikh Light Infantry had a party in their lines, consisting of a bullet supper and cinema show. Many Sikh officers attended, also Col. G. S. Gill, and Mrs. Shringesh, wife of the Area

Commander. The Rotary Club of Madras held a dinner recently at which Sir Archibald Nye spoke on his work as Deputy Chief of Staff in England during the war. Col. Gill was also present in his capacity of President of the Rotary Club. Rukmini Devi - Kalakshetra School of Dancing gave a display in honour of Dr. R. S. Mendel's birthday. Mrs. Bhadra, Mrs. Parikh, Lady Pamela Humphreys, and several Army officers were among those present.

Congratulations must go this month to "Pappenee" Rodger and Tony Langdon who were married at the Seon Kirk, also to Pauline and Richard Harris who have had a baby son.



Ready
for
Anything

except perhaps a heat-wave! But that sparkling eye, those rosy, chubby cheeks speak of abounding health and vitality, and a resistance to chills and changes not dependent on his clothing.

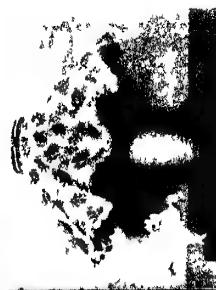
Yes, he is a Cow & Gate Baby—he looks it, doesn't he?

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it."

Mr. Fred Spence, the newly appointed Managing Director in India of Grant Advertising Inc., photographed at La Tropicana, Havana, with other Grant executives: Mr. Rai Starampi, Vice-President, Buenos Ayres, Agnes Reuchi, International Division, Aracanupuri, Chicago, and Kay Sheldon, Director of Research, Chicago. They were attending an advertising conference in Havana.

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Venu, three year-old daughter of Lt Col and Mrs Saran of Poona

Poona Prattle

By O. P. Oonah

POONA is slowly emptying, and the talk centres round such vital items as rations and points and the position of one's wife in the long night. However, it was good to see quite a number of people enjoying themselves at one of the Saturday night dances held at the Poona Club. Among them were Mrs Rees and her daughter Ronnie who had celebrated her nineteenth birthday a few days previously, Pat Haynes, the daughter of General and Mrs Haynes, the bright red Captain P. M. Kirkwood of the I.M.S. and his attractive sister Margaret, who told me about the lovely ideas they had had of giving pieces of typical Indian jewellery as presents to people in England, Colonel Nair who always manages to enjoy himself, and Hugo Irwin who had brought his wife, Borana recently arrived from Bombay.

Sir Ishwardas Lukhmidas who has a lovely house in Koregaon Park, talked enthusiastically of his garden, and the fine roses he has cultivated, and great is his concern. Sir Ishwardas has now returned to Bombay but plans to be in Poona again very soon. Sir Faizal Rahimtoola, who had just returned from one of his frequent trips to Bombay, and his wife, also called on us, and he was saying how very difficult (not to say, and becoming since the cut in the petrol ration) Mr. Bhansali, the well known Commissioner of Police in Bombay, greatly enjoyed his flying visit to Poona and is now back in harness. Muriel Hanson who was here on a short visit has also returned to Bombay. Two well known residents of Poona who are due to leave in the near future are Colonel and Mrs E. A. Crane who have been here for many years and will be greatly missed.



Bartlett—Campbell

After the wedding at St. Andrew's Church, Poona, of Major F. G. S. Bartlett, A.D.R.O., of Bath and Karachi, and Senior Sister Ann Campbell of Kells, Jura, Assistant Matron of the B.M.H., Poona. From L. to R. Lt-Col C. W. Greenway, bestman, Senior Sister J. C. M. Campbell, bridesmaid, the bridegroom and the bride

Forty Years On

By G. H.

We have been wed for forty years
Through ups and downs of joy and tears;
My beloved loves me still, I prove,
I've kept his interest, here is how:

I'm just as pleased to see him come
As that first year we had our home,
I take more pains to dress myself
Than when I was "his charming off,"
My hair is longer, and neener,
My wedding's left; I'm nothing now,
I'm to see him partner round
His loves where favours flowers abound.
But clad of all my mirth, I'd grieve
Rather than hear him say, "You ne'er!"



JANE WYMAN
in M-G-M's
"THE YEARLING"



★ brings out the full beauty
of your natural complexion
colourings... gives your skin
that soft, satin-smooth, star-
like look of loveliness you
have always wanted.

Calcutta Causerie

(Continued from page 30)

passes over which he suggested a veil might be drawn, when to everyone's delight at that precise moment, one of the horses in the stalls let out the most perfect "horse laugh". Amongst the distinguished guests at the dinner was P. L. Rankin, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., Commander, West Bengal and Assam Areas, under whose command the C. L. H. has been for some time. The Secretary of the Club, Alex Ball, and his helpers must be complimented on a very enjoyable evening and particularly for the improvement of a little beer bar in one of the garages.

At The Slap

Fridays and Saturdays continue to be the popular nights at the Saturday Club. I saw Bob and Anne Haddow in a party there recently. Anne Wilkie and her husband were in a party with the Neil Bookers and "Bess" Jeffery. When I also saw there, told me that she was leaving before Christmas for Australia.

The hillside intimacy at the Slap were regaled there one night with a demonstration game played by the British champion Kinnerley who held a large audience accommodated in specially constructed stands engrossed to two hours.

Going Away

Though this does not seem to be the right time of the year for two popular couples have said farewell to Calcutta. Wynne and John Cochran Barnes who have been transferred to Madras and Jane and Neville Compton-Jones, Neville has left for Bombay to start a branch office of Gramex Inc. Mr. V. G. of Grant In, recently visited Calcutta, and gave a cocktail party to meet the business world of Calcutta.

His Excellency Sri Rajagopalachari was here for a few days to see H. E. Sir Akbar Hydari, Governor of Assam, and Lady Hydari and their daughters. During their stay both Governors and their families attended a performance of *Madras* presented by the Shakespearian Touring Company who have been presenting a series of plays at the old Garrison theatre. This versatile professional group of players have proved to be very popular and are

answering the long felt need for "live" stage productions in Calcutta.

French For Love"

Alice Delysia made her first appearance on the Calcutta stage at the New Empire in a comedy called *French for Love* which ran for four nights in aid of foreign and local charities. The opening night which permitted the somewhat remote French to observe the reactions of the Malo de Brittany was attended by a number of leaders of Calcutta society headed by His Excellency the Governor accompanied by Srinati Namagur. At the performance I attended I saw Ms. Justice and Mrs. Rosborough Giff and Billie Gardiner. Mrs. Giff was quite a knock from England and France. Ms. and Mrs. D. Pillington and Garth and Thelma Wilkinson, who are also recently back from leave. The play itself which I understand was written for Delysia in London is studded with the usual kind of clichés which have been the stand by of French foreign playwrights and I am sure written for the last time when dealing with each other's countries. Perhaps only Delysia can turn such showy trinkets into real gems and as long as she was on the stage she en- captured the audience.



Mrs. Julian Jaswant Singh wife of Cadet Jaswant Singh who is the son of Capt. Dhanna Singh was present stationed in West Bengal

To back her up the Dramatic Club of Calcutta provided a well-chosen supporting cast who under Alce Delysia's guidance achieved a remarkable degree of efficiency in a very short time. Particularly pleasing was Tom Ross as Victor the Englishman in a native and Ian Brewster as the mercenary who does the dirty work. The other players who made up this excellent team were Margaret Giddings as Gabrielle, Mrs. R. Waterfield as Amy, Mary Greg as a girl, and John Sutris as Robin supported by an equally energetic team back stage. After the show Miss Delysia told me that the whole play was given to Delhi before Xmas and will give several performances at Government House there in aid of the Indian Red Cross fund for refugees.

Thanksgiving Day

The ever growing American colony in Calcutta gathered to celebrate Thanksgiving. Quite a few visiting members of the community were present and an enjoyable time was had by all and all.

Another gay American affair was the coming of age party of Pat Gardner which was held at her parents home in Ballygunge. Mr. and Mrs. Brownley had asked Pat's many friends who all seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. Mr. Subbarayudu came to offer his congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. S. S. and Mrs. S. S. Stewart, Jim Reid and his wife were present as well as the American Consul, Mr. Thompson, and his wife. Many of the guests took the opportunity of bidding farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Murer and their lovely daughter Ellen who were sailing a few days later for the west coast of the United States.

Treach - Slave

Mr. Peter C. Treach, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Treach of Marlborough, England and Mrs. Jay S. Shaw, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Shaw of Calcutta and Liverpool, were married at St. Andrew's Church, Calcutta. They are both with the Press Syndicate, Limited, Calcutta.



The Garden Reach Players of Calcutta recently produced two plays, *Amazon* & *Broadway* and *Be sure your sex will find you out* in the delightful open-air setting of the Park. The players included Pat Aspin, the producer who also acted in both plays; Jean Greenland, Doris Leathart, Phen Flindlay, Patricia Kerr, Jeannie Corbett, Jane Morrison, Julia Dutt, Elsie Hill, Eleanor Taylor and Jennie Fyfe Smith.

FOR

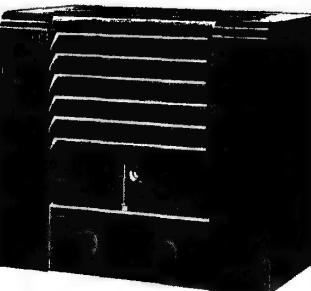
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**AMAMI
WAVE SET**

Deolali Dalliance

By "Poughie"

PEOPLE are continuing to arrive in Deolali en route for the U.K., but unfortunately the shipping programme has been retarded, and many are talking wistfully of a "Christmas at home" that they will probably miss. There is always the comforting thought, however, that a Christmas dinner at sea would be a far more luxurious meal than any obtainable in England!



Christine, two-year-old daughter of Major V. O. F. Wildish, Baluch Regiment, and Mrs. Wildish, of Bolaram, Hyderabad, who have recently left for England.

In Transit

There are many families from Delhi passing through, among them being Lt.-Col. H. Lloyd, R.E., and his wife and three children, the youngest being a lovely baby, Capt. M. Aston, of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, and Mrs. Aston, Major and Mrs. G. Butler, Major Scase d'Ingerthorpe, of the East Surrey, and his wife, and Lt.-Col. Hett, R.I.A.S., and his wife, Capt. Major J. F. Allan, R.E., and his attractive wife, who was, I understand, an officer in the A.T.S. during the war years, are also here. Major Allan has managed to get a little shooting since he arrived.

From Dehra Dun came Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. G. Kingston and their children, also Lt.-Col. G. M. Nightingale and his attractive and attractive Mrs. Nightingale.

Ranchi is represented by Major R. R. Clemmens and Mrs. Clemmens (Major Clemmens has left the Army, having served with the Gurkhas), and Mrs. "Budge" Blunt, wife of Lt.-Col. Francis Blunt, R.E. "Budge," who is American, is en route for New York to show her son to his grandparents. She also served in the A.T.S. during the war as a driver.

Mrs. Harrington-Haws is here from Simla with her two girls. Lt.-Col. Harrington-Haws had to fly to the U.K. on Lt.-Col. P. G. P. Kingdon, R.A.O.C., the gentle Irishman and his charming wife, are down from Suburb. They are both hoping to be home before Christmas so that Paddy can spend it with the sons he has only seen once in six years. Also from the hills, Ranikhet this time, are Major R. D. Ewing, I.A.M.C., and Mrs. Ewing.

Usually to be seen on the Mess verandah in the mornings, the centre of a cheerful group, are Major and Mrs. H. L. Seeley from Secunderabad. Seen with them frequently are Capt. and Mrs. F. Ewing.



Sheila, with her baby sister, Fiona, at Deolali. They are the children of Capt. G. Macdonald, who is leaving India after 15 years' service with the Sappers.

J. C. R. Reid from Bangalore, and Mrs. Bean, who is on her way to England to join her husband, Major Bean, R.A.

Major "Paddy" O'Ryan, Gurkha Rifles, and Mrs. O'Ryan are here from Simla, and from Ahmednagar came Major and Mrs. R. C. Roy, Gurkha Corps, and his wife, Sally. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. L. A. Harrison are passing through from Belgaum, also Capt. L. L. Giles, R.I.A.S.C., and Mrs. Giles. Ferzecopis is represented by Major Ben Morton, his wife and their baby, and by Major and Mrs. John Bartlett. Major "Paddy" Waller and his wife, Elizabeth, have arrived from Mhow, where Major Waller was an Instructor at the new Indian Infantry School.

Wedding Anniversary

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ian Begg gave a large cocktail party to celebrate their 21st anniversary, and decorated their room for the occasion with coloured lights, which looked extremely attractive twinkling in the darkness. Mrs. Begg wore a pink and grey dress, with lovely diamond and ruby ear-rings, her husband's anniversary present. Among the many people present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Collier, with his wife, Brigadier and Mrs. Gyani, who was wearing a beautiful electric blue sari, Brigadier and Mrs. G. Gond, Col. and Mrs. Popham, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Furney, Major and Mrs. Tony Crook, Mrs. Crook favouring black, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ramzi Bakshai, and Barbara Mawdesley, tall and slim in a white and gold sari, going to be a bride of firework during the evening, but unfortunately the rockets would not "rocket" until Lt.-Col. Bakshai went to lend the hand of the gunnery expert, with instant success, apart from one malignant squib which attempted re-talitry action!

Housewarming And Good-bye

Brigadier and Mrs. Gyani gave a housewarming cocktail party, and unfortunately heard the same morning that they would be going to Deolali almost immediately. Mrs. Gyani wore a beautiful cream and silver sari, and among the many guests were Mr. and Mrs. Nanjappa, Brigadier and Mrs. Barar from Deolali, (Mrs. Barar is Brigadier Gyani's sister), Major and Mrs. Coodawala, and Major Burchbach Singh and Mrs. Singh, who were an attractive black and silver sari.

Tony and Daphne Crook gave a very successful beer party at their bungalow. Daphne's green sari which suited her fair colouring very well. Among the guests I saw Major and Mrs. Rupert Robinson, who have just come from Karachi (Major Robinson has joined the staff of H.B.T.D.), Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ian Dykes, also new to Deolali, the Brian Bremins, just back from a week in Delhi, and the Furneys.

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Halo glorifies it!**

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dull soap film!
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- Carries away unightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

Karachi Chronicle

(Continued from page 38)

there were two other parties, one at the de Chauvelins, who had several American guests, and one at the Hambllys to celebrate Mrs. Hamblly's return from England with her two daughters, Jennifer and Jill.

Number 6, Ghizil Road, was the scene of yet another party, given by Mr. Pike to meet Mr. Richmond of Burmah-Shell, who is touring India. A recent arrival, wearing a charming powder-blue dress, was Mrs. Wilkinson; and her husband, with both sons, Mr. and Mrs. Other guests were the Kerns, who was also in blue, the Lee's, Mrs. Lee looking very pretty in black, Col. Hosack, who has just been on leave and was in very good form, the Barrys of Burmah-Shell, and the Dendrinos, she in a becoming flowered dress.

A very cheerful house-warming was given by the Thomas Scotts at their flat in Clifton. The Scotts possess some lovely art, and the spirit of the difficulties of "getting anything done these days" have convinced to make their flat very attractive. The Crossfields, who also live in Clifton, were there and others celebrating the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. McFarquhar, the Wilkisons, Mr. Browne, Canadian Trade Commissioner, with his attractive wife, the Coghlans, the Shaws, Mr. Neil Watson, and Col. Swayne-Thomas.

Sailing Enthusiasm

The chief event at the Yacht Club was the Clumber Cup, a Corinthian race for dinghies in which the crew played an important part as the dinghies started from anchor, entailing a lot of complicated work with anchors, sheets and such like. The Cup was won by Bobby Gove in "Mint," Mrs. Gove's wife, Alice (Joe Coghlan) was second and "Mine" (John Wright) was third. In a ladies' series earlier in the month, Mrs. Allen, in "Mine," got the gun four times running, a great achievement, as she has only recently taken up sailing.

It was very nice seeing Miss Mudie, who has been staying here on a visit from Lahore, in the Yacht Club. She is very keen on sailing, and was anxious to do as much as she could while in Karachi.



Sundaresan—Guruwamy
Mr. M. Sundaresan, son of Mr. M. S. M. Shanmugam of Karachi, and Shrimati G. Sarawatti, daughter of Mr. V. Guruwamy, Manager of the Bharat Bank, Pudukkottai, were married in Pudukkottai State. Mr. Sundaresan is the staff correspondent for Reuters and the Associated Press of India in Karachi.



Advani—Uttam Singh
F/O. A. B. Advani, R.I.A.F., was married at Karachi to Kumla, daughter of Mr. Premchand Uttam Singh of Karachi.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS

Sole Agents for India—
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Brickbats And Bouquets

(Continued from page 57)

Above all, study—dry-eyed if you can remain so—his performance in those scenes where he is a hysterical boy with grief, he has to shout the conclusion of his boyhood adventures. Here is pathos, exuberance, vitality and a sense of the dramatic which mark this boy for even greater heights than he scales in this production.

As the father, Gregory Peck in a forthright and lovable performance breathes life into the part of the easy-going and simple-minded farmer concerned only for the welfare of his wife and son. Jane Wyman is the mother, disillusioned, entranced, afraid to show her love for Jody for fear that he too, like her previous children, should be taken from her.

Directed with human sympathy and cinematic skill by Clarence Brown, *The Yearling* shows that the cinema can reveal glimpses of a truth and beauty which transcend the pinhead-acute artifice of the industry which gave it birth. The Technicolor photography is superb in its gentle rendering of the Florida scrubland and the wild life abandoning their nests. If there is a fault in this film, it is to be found in the sound-track only, for I cannot but feel that an invisible angelic choir is an unnecessary embellishment to the honesty of feeling of a family who already live so close to Nature.

The Yearling is a film which demonstrates and nourishes the sentiments which all people of good-will, integrity and decency approve. See it, and if you shed tears for the Baxter family, you need not be ashamed of them.

Sadistic Display

Had Muriel and Sydney Box been content to tell a mediocre yarn in a straightforward manner, their *The Man Within* might have been a better film than the fustian hotch-potch it now is. I am becoming mortally weary of those



At the 10th International Dental Congress which was held in Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A., Dr. R. Ahmed and Dr. N. N. Bery were the official delegates representing India. From L. to R. Dr. Don Clawson, of Nashville, Tenn., President of the International College of Dentists, Dr. R. Ahmed of Calcutta, Dr. N. N. Bery of New Delhi and Dr. Watry of Belgium.

times which depend upon a narrator to see them through the plot—a retrogressive technique not far removed from the old-fashioned lecture with lantern-slide illustrations.

In the present instance, the rambling series of events which passes for a story is laboriously strung together by the voice of a man being tortured in a prison. Now this alone is, I submit, sufficient to condemn the film, for I can see no excuse whatever for the degrading display of sadism which it contains. I am not alone in this sentiment, for I have in my possession a copy of a letter from Mr. Box in which he replies to a similar criticism by a London critic. I will not weary you with his self-justification, except to indicate that he tries to hide behind his 'right' coat-tails by protesting that he was following that gentleman's conception of the play.

(Continued on page 67)

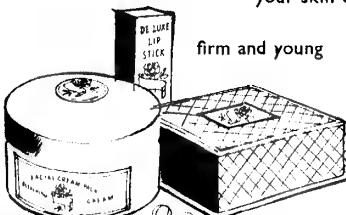


Mr. R. K. Sirkar, Advertisement Manager of Dunlop Tyre and Rubber Company in Calcutta, who has recently returned from a visit to the U.K., where he was studying marketing and publicity conditions.

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Brickbats And Bouquets

(Continued from page 66)

Now I am inclined to think that a producer has a greater responsibility towards his public than he has towards his author, and I suspect that when Mr. Bax found that his mentor regard for the author's susceptibilities involved the introduction of scenes repugnant to the average, normal cinema patron, he should have either re-oriented his ideas or rejected the script.

But I will not waste either your time or my space in academic argument. Suffice it to say that the scenes showing a man about to be killed are revolting and unnecessary. Allegedly dealing with 19th-century smugglers, the story is confused and incoherent; in fact, it's what my *eruditus* colleague—book-reviewer "S.M."—would call, with Irish quaintness, a "gallinaceous." However, I gathered that Richard Attenborough had to pay his respects to the Customs officers, and that his erstwhile friend, Michael Redgrave, was chasing him to have a few words on the subject. And chase him he does, too, albeit looking pretty silly with his cocked hat half-way between Wellington's style and Napoleon's.

However, Mr. Attenborough appears to take his serious role very seriously, and I must add that "S.M."—where all the pursuit ended—it did end—don't know, for I was long past caring before the film was half over.

Critique Court

This month I saw *The Last of the Redmen*. I hope it is.

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R.P.D.

Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 53)

Chinese Ambassador, to celebrate the founding of the Chinese Republic.

Lord Gopala, the Indian Ambassador, has arranged a considerable treat with their son-in-law at the Princes' Theatre. He is, of course, a master of his art, and Miss Shevanti, who partners him as well as dancing some solo items, is also a talented exponent of Indian dancing in its many forms.

The B.B.C.'s latest "Week's Good Cause" appeal was made by Lord Wavell on behalf of the British Legion Appeal (Hai's Fund). It has just been announced that next March Lord Wavell will become Constable of the Tower of London. Talking of the B.B.C., during the jubilee feature, "The B.B.C. Covers the World," McIver de Maw's voice was easily recognisable as that speaking from Indore, and was very clear.

Those Travelling

Not only abroad but within the British Isles themselves travel is now restricted, but among the latest to get about is the Griffon of Bandra, who arrived by air to witness the Cambridge meeting at Newmarket, where the Jockey Club landing strip is very near the course. Sir Maung Gyi, High Commissioner for Burma, has arrived in England, the Rani of Pudukkottai has been visiting Kent. She wears simple, tailored clothes and is usually chosen jester-like.

Talking of continental travel, I recently met, at a Belgravia cocktail party, Mr. Ahmed Jaffer, the very day that he had returned from an extensive whirlwind tour of most of the countries of Europe. He was chatting to several other ex-denizens of India, including Mr. and Mrs. John Yule, and the ex-wife of his, and Mrs. Richmond, whose husband had just arrived in Pakistan by air. Mr. Jaffer has since paid another lightning visit to Europe but is back in London again for a month or so. One evening recently he exhibited his remarkable collection of art in the charming Queen's Gate flat. It was a large party of notables, beautifully organised, and among those there I chatted to Mr. and Mrs. Hutton Williams, Col. Powell, ex-8th Cavalry, and now a Director of "Glootta," and Mr. Habibullah, Trade Commissioner for Pakistan, and the party itself looking happy as ever, in spite of domestic worries. She has a flat in Kensington, but no help, although fortunately both their children are happy at boarding school. Sir Henry Cauk was there, Sir Arthur and Lady Waugh, Sir Robert Targett, and many others. It was off to a meeting of the blue-piped uniform of the 7th Cavalry.

Another charming person who has been in London lately is Mrs. Aileen Karunia. She came to report the Royal wedding and found herself much

admired for her pretty sari and brocades. Accustoming herself to English country ways is little Mrs. Douglas Smith, who arrived from Tibet. Her husband is Douglas Keppel Gomme, away for short, and she is, says her mother-in-law, shaping well as a housewife. She still wears, when possible, her scarlet and gold Tibetan dress.

News In Brief

Lord Birdwood has had a successful eye operation. The principal guest at a dinner for those who served with Headquarters, XV Indian Corps, in Burma was Maj.-Gen. C. E. N. Lomas, Gen. Sir Philip Christison presided. Mr. and Mrs. H. Banning Richardson have returned from Indore and are living in

Mr. Seed Akbar Huseini, M.Sc., of Bhopal State, has been sent by the Government of Pakistan to the U.S.A. for specialised training in food technology.

Number 1 polo ground will be the site for 250 flats.

Lady Skene has left Queen's Gate and has sailed for Southern Rhodesia; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Lemon are happily settled in Jersey; Mrs. G. H. Lewis has moved to the north of Hyde Park; the 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles has formed a Regimental Association, and the Honorary Secretary, Lt.-Col. J. L. Johnson, is interested in receiving news from anyone who has served with the regiment. Lt.-Col. R. J. Thomas, 4th Punjab, is living in Weybridge, being on half pay. Another ex-C.O. of that regiment, Brigadier Pigot, has, with his wife, Rose, just bought a house near Taunton, and is busy with gardening, domesticity, and such matters. He recently completed a history of the regiment which makes most interesting reading.

"R.A.F.E." What could that stand for? I realised as I saw it on the shoulder of a young officer, that although so far it is unofficial, it means Royal Pakistan Air Force. Wearers are those taking an R.A.F. course; they were here when Pakistan was born.

Happy Events

The most noteworthy engagement during the month has been between Georgette Liaste, only daughter of Capt. E. C. Withers, C.I.E., C.B.E., R.I.N., and Mrs. Withers of Yately, and John McCallum of Sydenham. Does that convey much to you? If not, say that her full name is Google, and that her fiancé is also a film star, you'll know who I mean!

Three members of the Q.A.I.M.N.S., R. have announced their betrothals: Shergill Maureen Halliday to Major Wards, R.E.; Frances Crump to Capt. Gibson, R.E.; D.C., and Moira McCallum to Capt. R. D. Grayson, R.A. A. S. Stauder, late the British Regt., is marrying Betsy Birbeck, whose father was a Brigadier; Mary ("Button"), widow of Pat Boyle of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, is marrying Mr. Floyd; Major Trevor Knight, late I.A., is marrying Nina Cochran; Major Fowler, M.C., late Fusiliers, is marrying Miss Elizabeth Capon; Capt. Percy Clegg, 19th K.G. V.O. Lancers, is engaged to Miss Williams; and Major Neisham, Royal Garhwal Rifles, will marry Miss Berryman at Marylebone Church.

Do you remember the Donald Grey of Calcutta and Detroit? His son, Capt. Donald Grey, R.A., is engaged to Capt. Bair, R.N., and Mr. Moore Gilber, late of the Indian Police, will marry the widow of Lt. Hopkins.

New babies have been presented to Major N. C. Bal, the Cameron Highlanders, and son of Gen. Sir Douglas Bond; to Lt.-Col. J. M. Grant, now of the R.A.F., from Capt. P. P. P. to Capt. F. J. Hayes, Royal Hampshire Regt., and formerly 4th P.W.O. Gurkha Rifles; to Lt.-Col. H. G. Burton, Rajput Regt.; to Capt. Mitchell in Kenya, whose wife will be remembered in India before her marriage as Nina North; and last, but by no means least, Pat, wife of Air Vice-Marshal T.M. ("Bill") Williams has had a son, brother to their two little girls.



Reuterphoto

The Sawbwa of Yawnhwe, Burma's first President-elect, the Mahadevi and their daughter, who flew to England to attend the wedding of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth. The Sawbwa brought with him Burma's wedding present for the Princess, a priceless ruby necklace set in gold, and enclosed in an ivory case of exquisite Burmese workmanship.

Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 35)

by Christmas; Julie says she is staying to take care of the six dogs. They gave a nice all-Calcutta party for their last-terrace stop at Marble Arch. The Beartys also gave Lloyd a happy-landing cocktail party, and on the same evening the Schaeffers of Firestone gave a party for their visiting executive, Jack Cahill, while Ott and King Mack had a cocktail party. There was a dinner for some who were invited to all three, but I understand several made the rounds and still managed to get to office the next day! Don Wenzel had a nice luncheon party for Jack Cahill, and again fully demonstrated his talents as a good provider, with his own recipes for chowder, rum sauce, and so on, being generally pronounced to be of the world!

An Engagement

The engagement has been announced recently between Wanda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Waud, to Major John Goddard, M.C., R.A., who was recently in Bombay from Quetta on a month's leave before sailing for the U.K. The wedding has been arranged for sometime early next summer, and Shella hopes to leave for England sometime in January, her parents going in April or June. They held a cocktail party soon after announcing the engagement, and Shella looked very happy and extremely attractive in a pink taffeta picture dress, with two lovely matching roses in the decolletage; the dress just suited her delicate colouring and dark hair. Mrs. Waud was in attendance, with a few other persons. Among those I saw there were Sir Francis and Lady Low, Mr. and Mrs. Finney, Mrs. Douglas in white crepe, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Hill, she in a white crepe blouse with two lovely clips at the square neck, Mr. Lucas with his daughter Vivienne, who was very attractive, and the print Mr. Pakenham Walsh of Burmah-Shell and Mrs. Pakenham Walsh, Mr. "Wally" Walton, also of Burmah-Shell, Mr. and Mrs. Goddard, of course, Mrs. Goddard in a lovely musk-green taffeta dress, Judy Freeman very attractive in powder-blue crepe and upswung hair, Ian Jardine, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. W. May, in blue, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, she in a pinkish cheery self, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bullock, and Mr. and Mrs. Balsall.

Two Weddings

A wedding of much interest was that of Pilso, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rustam Alibhai, and Frederick Fales Richardson of S.V.O.C. The reception was held at the lovely terrace flat of Mr. and Mrs. Repetto, at Kamani House, Pedder Road. It would be difficult to mention the numerous guests who came to wish the bride and groom good luck and happiness. One came to meet all the Parsi community and the American contingent in Bombay, and there was an atmosphere of light-heartedness and informality essential for such a happy occasion. Pilso looked her most attractive self in a snow-white sort of the utmost simplicity. Her dress was now settled in their new flat, which they were lucky enough to secure after much waiting.

There was a large and cosmopolitan gathering at the wedding of Kharinissa, daughter of the late Mr. G. B. Shivji and Mrs. Shivji, and success son of Mr. and Mrs. Hasmukhji Lalljee. The Laljee bungalow, Worli Road, had been beautifully decorated with coloured lights, and at least a thousand guests were there to wish the bride and bridegroom happiness. Among the guests I saw Sir Behram Karanja, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Pandit with their son, Gokul, who returned from the U.S.A. in 1946, Mr. and Mrs. Sultan Haji, and Mr. Ishwarbhai Patel, nephew of Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel, who had just returned from the I.L.O.'s Regional Conference in Delhi, where he had a most interesting time meeting Labour representatives from all over the world.

More Parties

The day before he left for England, Mr. V. Corbett Wright gave a large farewell cocktail party to all his friends at his bungalow, "Kismet," at Pali Hill, where he has been living for the last 22 years. The last time he was here was as the Assistant Manager in the head office of the Royal Insurance Company in Liverpool. Corbett will be missed by many people. He will be remembered most by the horsey fraternity, as for a great many years he took a very keen and active interest in the Bonhaya Hunt.

The party was held mostly in the open air, with dancing in the house. Mr. Mitchell, who is staying at a place in Bombay, was there with his wife, who was in a becoming printed evening dress; they have lived mostly in Calcutta up to now. It was interesting to see Neville and Deena Wadia, Neville must have just returned from his flying trip to Australia, where he went as a representative of Foodstuffs; Mr. and Mrs. Geddes were there with their son, David, all looking very well after their stay in England. They were telling me that they were delighted to be back in Bombay, where they hope to stay for the next six months. Among the Hill crowd were Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie,

of the subjects were typically English as well as Indian, and the exhibition was opened by Mrs. G. V. Kitson, wife of the Deputy High Commissioner for the U.K.

Among those present at the opening were Mr. Kitson, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Allan, Lady Dugyan, Brigadier Baar, Sub-Area Commander, Mr. Jilani, Mr. Rosenthal from Jajpur, Mr. and Mrs. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lessou and Mr. David Brown.

Edith and Harry Godfrey gave a delightful drink party in their Mafatlal Park flat for Harry's brother, Walter, and his wife, who were on their way from Delhi to Karachi where Walter has been posted as the U.K. Trade Commissioner. They were looking forward to living in Karachi as they have heard so much about it, and also have a house waiting for them—an unusual asset to these days!

Seen at the Taj recently were H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala, and the Yangon, who had returned from a delightful holiday in Bangalore; Dr. K. A. Hanif, the well-known Bombay industrialist, and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Brown in a large party; Mr. and Mrs. Bagaai, visiting Bombay entertaining some of their friends, Mrs.



Rehmani-Nanj

Mr. Yousef Rehmani and Dr. (Miss) Meheri Nanji, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Nanji of Bombay, were married in Bombay.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. Cockerill, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Robinson, Duncan Shepherd and Mr. and Mrs. Spelman.

Exhibitions

The annual exhibition of the Bombay Art Society is a popular event in the art world of Bombay, and the 57th, which was opened by H.E. Sir John Colville, Governor of Bombay, at the University of Mumbai, was a most successful and standard with a large number of entries. Sir Cowasji Jehangir, President of the Society, welcomed Sir John and Lady Colville, and expressed the Society's gratitude for the encouragement it has received from them. Lady Colville distributed the prizes.

The British Art Society's Saloon has been having more activity in the past month, with an exhibition practically every week. S. H. Raza's one-man show proved to be a great success; in fact you couldn't see the wood for the trees; as there were so many people there it was difficult really to appreciate the delicate work of this promising young artist. This reminds me that we mustn't forget Walter and Katie Langhamner back in Bombay. They had a very pleasant leave in England and the Continent, and many art-lovers are looking forward to Professor Langhamner's coming exhibition in January, in which several of his works done in Switzerland will be shown.

Talking of artists and pictures, mention must be made of the interesting exhibition of water colours by Major R. H. Sami, R.E., of the Geodetic Survey of the Government of India, at Studio Graham in Brabourne Stadium. The treatment

Barodawalla has done a lot of work for the Distress Relief Committee; Anand Hukam and myself, started a small business which we used to be called "Wally," until when Lord Wavell was Vicere, and is now working for a certain airline; Suraya Gurinibhoy representing the younger set; and Neville Osmond-Jones who was over from Calcutta.

From now on everyone knows where Rupert Street is, due to a lovely map given by Mr. "Mambo" Mambo to celebrate the opening of Spencer's new building. Practically everyone was there, and cars began to appear in soon after six, so that the place began to look like Government House on garden party day. Orchids and palms and plenty of Spencer's hospitality made the evening a most delightful affair. Many of the guests went on to the Willingdon mostly dance, a crowded and cheerful affair. Among them I saw Audrey Gofson, Tom Rydin, who was off to Burma by air on a business trip the following day, and Phillipa Jolley, whose husband is a quite famous golfer with a high cow neck and long tight sleeves was charming. Some of the men golfers at the Willingdon were talking about the shock they had last month, when they arrived in the early hours to have a quiet round. By nine o'clock the place was teeming with sailors and a few ladies, who were dancing in all sorts. It seems that since the petrol shortage has made it impossible for the ladies to get to Chembur for their exercise, the Willingdon has very kindly offered their course to them on Thursday evenings, until we hope, the petrol

(Continued on page 70)



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Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 69)

situation is eased. There was a very good turn-out of zo for the first day, and shows a genuine appreciation of the part of the girls of the generosity of the Willingdon Club.

Sir Bertram Stigl, Auditor-General of India, was another recent guest at Government House. He had come down from Simla and was staying here very cold it was up there. His son, David, who was at Rugby and Oxford, has been called up, and is now in the Army proudly earning nine shillings a day! Sir Stanley Reed, M.P., visited India after his many years in England and stayed in Bombay for a short while, where he is especially popular, all those who were here when he was the Editor of *The Times of India*. Mr. and Mrs. Siwei, who were married last April, have come to live in Bombay from Poona, where they have been since returning from their leave in the U.S. Mrs. Siwei is the elder daughter of Sir Vilay and Lady Chandavarkar, who have been spending a few days in Bombay before going to Bijapur, where her husband, Mr. A. S.

Nak, is posted as Collector. Their wedding will be remembered as one of the highlights of the season. In Bombay nearly two years ago. The Hilgers and the Brughes have come back to swell the ranks of the American colony, and Bill Jones has also returned. Ruth Jones is staying at home a few more months, but after the new house they have bought, Bill promises that she will be out by June and hopes to bring Ruth Anne out for a visit. Among the children returning for the Christmas holidays I have seen Janice Palmer, Daphne Lee Wade, Bob Reese and Mrs. Reese, and their smiling parents for it is nice to see them at home again. Two other young Americans have arrived from home to be with their parents, for Norma Osborne is here and the Sadlers' youngest son, David. Dr. and Mrs. Perein of "Mark Haven" were happy to welcome their daughter back home, finding their education in the U.S.A. The Sadlers had a marvellous and leisurely trip home by air, breaking their journey for a week at a time in London, Paris, Lisbon and Rome. The elder Miss Perein is, like her mother, intensely interested in social work, while the younger daughter studies interior decoration in the States. Connie Seling has arrived back by air; her daughter, Astrid, is staying behind

in London, studying art. Mr. Torles Aitken, Londoner by birth, has come back looking very fit, after some months in the United States.

Mrs. Sahgal, who spent several years in Bombay, has now left for Delhi with her family to join her husband who is already there. Besides being the very energetic General Secretary of the National Council of Women in India, Mannu is a well-known swimmer. In Bombay, being a keen net-goer and an enthusiastic swimmer at the Willingdon, Mrs. Kiplanji, another well-known Bombayite, has also left for Delhi to join her husband. He is, of course, the Chairman of the Public Works Service Commission, and spent the summer in Simla. Among those sailing for the U.K. on the "Stratheden" are Sheila and "Duggie" Douglas, who are looking forward to spending Christmas with their children and have fixed a visit to the circus at Olympia as their first family outing. Daphne Seling has her two small daughters with her, will be joined by Murray later on; and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Brown, she has been here just over a year, and has been fortunate enough to visit both Kashmir and Ceylon in that time. Mr. Russel Mehta and Mrs. Mehta sailed by the same ship; they are going on a tour of Europe and the U.S.A. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson have

left Bombay for Calcutta, with their six-year-old daughter, Sunita, who is a keen and competent swimmer. Marjorie and David McClelland, with small Michael, have been transferred to Beccily, and the Van Dusens to Kanchi.

Crossword Solution

Problem on page 59

1. Blameys	1. Doughey
5. Impels	2. Bengal
6. Universe	3. Bazaar
10. Unusual	4. Bazaar
11. Eve	5. Envoy
12. High	6. Fest
13. Wore	7. Outreave
14. Overview	8. Endless
15. Yells	14 and 15. Oscar Wilde
17. Romeo	16. Dodge
18. Bazaar	17. Mandate
22. Dives	20. Sancted
23. Explore	21. Damaged
26. Crabs	22. Robbie
27. Gush	24. Sceptical
29. Tee	25. Joe
31. Ambious	32. Grumble
32. Grumble	33. Envied
33. Envied	34. Distinct

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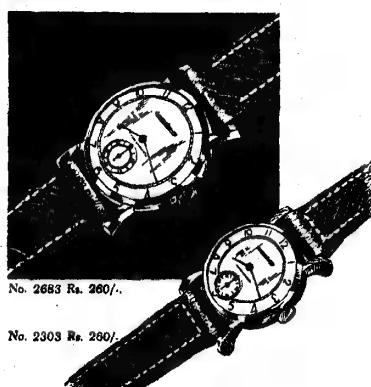
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Bridge Corner

An Unusual Sacrifice

By "Heratina"

THE sacrifice of a sure trick for the sake of spiking declarer's gun is always a good point but this was an unusual sacrifice in what would seem to be a sacrifice is, in fact, an investment paying a handsome dividend. Here is a curious application of this defence. Sam won auction at Four Spades after Four Hearts had been bid by his opponents.

S	Q 7 5
H	8 7 2
D	A 6 5 3
C	2
S	K J
H	Q J 9 5
D	A 9 8 7
C	
	DUMMY
	A
	H 4
	C 3
	D 10 9 2
	C K 10 9 2
	SAN
	A 10 9 8 6 5
	H 10 9 8 7
	D 10 9 8 7
	C Q J 5 4

Hearts were opened and Sam ruffed the third lead and Jill ruffed the fourth lead. Jill had a Diamond to dummy's Ace and returned a Club which fell to Jill's Ace. Jill saw what was impeding and decided to break it up so she led the King of trumps. That was the only lead that could defeat Sam. It meant that dummy had now only trumps, two Clubs, and in doing so would leave Jill with a master trump. If Sam continued trumps he would have to lose two Club tricks, so that Jill by the superb lead of the King of trumps had completely foiled a plan which, normally would have produced game. Such play is decidedly unusual but then it is the unusual which stamps the master

"Onlooker" Problem

Sam has the contract at Six Spades against which Diamonds are opened and continued. How does he make his bid?

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Later on it's futile to express dismay
Make your choice of Burton, Norman, Blackwood, Cho,
Culbertson, and any others that you know

H. V. R. S.

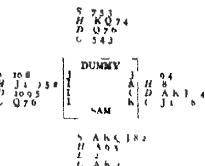
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(Solution on page 74)

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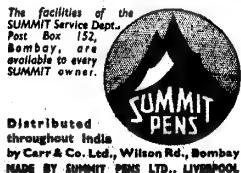
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MADE BY SUMMIT PENS LTD., LIVERPOOL



When

It's a

question

of

'filling up.'

bear

in mind

that . . .

... Burmah-Shell serves exclusively in India and Pakistan: Air France, Air-India, Ambica Air Lines, B.O.A.C., Indian National Airways, K.L.M. and Orient Airways.

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Men who matter



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Men who matter realise the importance of a fresh, well-shaven face in creating a good impression. It is not surprising, then, that they use Gillette blades. They know that Gillette is the finest and most economical of all shaving systems!



Blue Gillette Blades

Buy a packet to-day!

Into Slumber Lull'd

(Continued from page 43)

A convulsive contraction of his throat brought him back sharply to the family in his room, and he realized that he in truth was parched and that every breath seemed to rasp that tender spot below his uvula. Agonized, he drew a deep breath of air into his lungs and held on to it until his head was whirling in waste time.

He looked at his daughter. She seemed asleep. Rocked with pain but with frantic care, he disengaged his hand finger by finger, then cast himself from the chair by stages. He had won! Mentally he told himself that the superior will power of an adult must always assert itself in such a contest. Feeling a new man, he crept towards

the door of the bedroom, his desire to cough forgotten. In his delight at his single-handed triumph there was an appalling crash as his foot caught in the leg of the nursery table. Bottles, cups, jugs, saucers, spoons, it seemed to him that the whole contents of the flat came tumbling about him as he cowered half-hidden. There was a moan of protest from the bed and then an urgent demand for him to return to his duties.

John coughed comfortingly and settled himself crestfallen, for a fresh contest of wills

Bridge Solution

Problem on page 71

AM wins the second round of Diamonds, and then leads out all his trump, retaining in dummy the Queen of Diamonds, a Club, and four Hearts. When the King of Clubs plays, AM must discard a Club, or else sacrifice the Heart guard. Three rounds of Hearts follow, and on the last of them, Jack is forced to throw a High Diamond which makes dummy's Queen good, or a Club which makes Sam's three Clubs good.



Some lazy genius in the now forgotten ancient days, oppressed by the difficulties of calculating, for instance, how much rice should be exchanged for an ass, thought of valuing everything in terms of ONE COMMODITY. As it is to-day among some East African Tribes, this one commodity was perhaps the GOAT.

A hunting knife was declared to be worth ten goats; fifty bananas exchanged for a kid, and so on. A man's wealth was judged by the number of goats he possessed. Fancy carrying about goats to make your purchases! Savings, too, consisted of collecting goats—not a very profitable investment. They cost a lot to feed and what with thieves, wild animals and disease, a rich man could become a pauper almost overnight.

Today, however, neither buying nor saving presents much difficulty, but good investments are still hard to find. The good business man, however, knows that today's best investment is the National Savings Certificates. Absolutely safe, it increases by 50% at maturity, i.e. every Rs 10/- becomes Rs 15/- in 12 years. The interest is Income Tax free. Now encashable after 18 months (12 months for Rs. 5/- Certificates). Small Savers can buy National Savings Stamps for As. -4/-, -8/- and Re 1/-.

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MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID

WATER PROOF DEODORANT
 U. S. SHAVING & COSMETIC CO., LTD., C. P. O.,
 MUMBAI, KOLKATA, CALCUTTA, BOMBAY

Tragedy In Technicolor

(Continued from page 31)

"The thief conferred for a few minutes with those around him. There was much whispering and gesturing, and I guessed that the fact was out the band."

"At last the chief turned to me. 'The penalty for entering our territory is death. I have explained the position to my advisers and have managed to persuade them to give you a chance. Whether you live or die depends entirely on you.'

"I was then led back to my hut, and lay there all morning trying to figure out what was in store for me."

"The idea of trying to escape did enter my mind, but one glance outside showed that I would be impossible. Six men were stationed outside the door, the only means of exit, and they were armed with extremely dangerous looking weapons."

"The sun was fairly high when I was led out next morning, to be immediately surrounded by a frenzied mob of yelling savages brandishing spears."

"I don't mind admitting that I felt pretty sick, but managed to adopt an attitude of indifference as I marched deeper and deeper into the forest until we came to the banks of a large lake."

"Here the procession halted and sat down, whilst I was left to ponder on the next move. I wasn't left in doubt very long."

"The chief, accompanied by his retinue of guards, came in sight, and his appearance was the signal for a fresh outburst of yelling."

"He raised his hand for silence and spoke rapidly to the assembly. When he stopped there was a tremendous shout and a great clapping of hands. He then turned to me and pointed to the lake."

"'This morning one of the lake series the end of our territory. You will be given the chance of swimming across. If you succeed, you live. If not—' he stopped significantly."

"I knew there was a catch somewhere, but there was no time for discussion."

"I was still trying to puzzle out the situation when a ripple on the surface of the lake caught my attention, and I

almost 'collapsed'. The lake was alive with crocodiles."

"'Make haste,' the chief's tone was harsh. 'My people are becoming impatient.'

"Sick with fear I stripped off every thing except my underwear and walked slowly down the bank until I was in the water's edge, hesitated for a moment, and plunged in."

"I was always a pretty good swimmer, but am willing to wager that

on that occasion I moved faster than I have ever done before."

"I must have been about 50 yards from the opposite bank when a tremendous shout went up from the savages. I slowed down and glanced back. What I saw almost caused my heart to stop beating. About 30 yards behind me and moving fast, was a large crocodile, its head round, its mouth open. I just managed to make it. Panning and exhausted, I lay down, whilst a cry of

obvious disappointment went up from the crowd on the other side. 'Blood-thirsty savages that they are...'

"Here was a moment of silence when Burke had finished, then someone asked, 'Pretty grim experience, where did this happen?'

Burke sauntered across the room, turned and looked at us with a smile. "I'm right on his lips."

"In 'Troll-wait' he replied, and closed the door quickly behind him."



The Stag With A 'Record Head'

Up from the smacking valleys,
At the slanting sunrays spread,
Through the scrub and the thorn, with
swaying horns
Climbed the stag with a 'record head'.

Towards a high escarpment,
Under granite crags that frown
On the vale below where long game trails
go

Through the foothills, winding down
To distant plains and hamlets,
Set in fields of tender corn,
And a mouldy hole where the lone stag
roll

In the darkest hours of the dawn.
Up climbed that lonely number
With a massive antlered head,
Whilst I walked behind, but the changing
wind
Vibrated antennae—and my quarry fled!

The range was, say, two hundred—
Twenty it might have been—
But I saw at a glance 'twas my only
chance—so I fired—and missed him clean!

For hours I ruminated....
The better to gain ground,
And to watch him, 'the best'—whose
sight may not
On that wing with a 'record head'.

T. S. Adcock

50 Years
in the service of creating
lovely jewellery

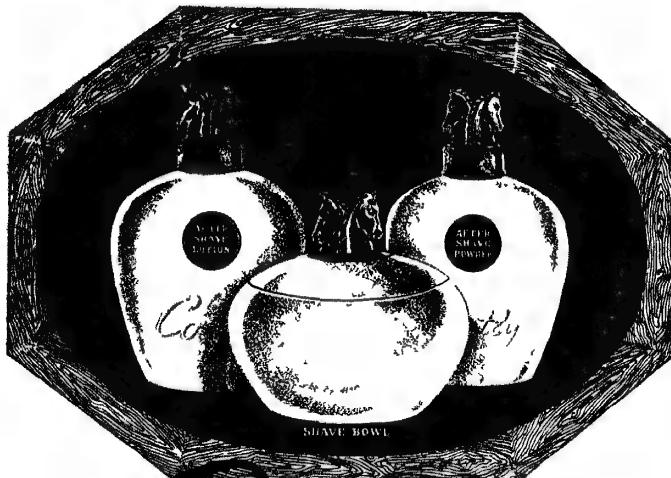
It has been the fashion to claim that the best settings of jewellery could only be possible outside India. Our patrons have never shared this belief because those who love fine jewellery for exquisite beauty or treasure jewellery as solid investment have always patronised the House of Surajmal. Our first insistence continues to be on the quality of the stones—diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls and sapphires, these must be radiant and glow with life. We next insist on the most harmonious settings for the stones—settings which will arouse admiration, enhance the personality of the wearer with an air of gracious elegance and confirm the quality of our indigenous craftsmanship. This has been our endeavour during the last fifty years in the service of creating lovely jewellery.

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Courtley

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colours. He'll enjoy that fine, luxurious "rich-cream" Courtley lather . . . the stimulating after-shave lotion with its manly fragrance . . . the skin smoothing after-shave powder and the clean magnetic, masculine air they give him. Packed in handsome Gift Boxes.

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NASIK : - - - Nasik Medical Stores.

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Yes Sir, Yes Sir, plenty of fine wool, but not enough woven cloth at present. Because the demand for Dhariwal woolen materials is enormous. Moreover, the Punjab upheaval, lack of transport and, latterly, the new Woollen Goods Control Order 1947 issued by Government, prevented the supply of much that we had made for the general public.

We too are disappointed, because we believe the latest Dhariwal materials are among the best ever made in this country. May we ask your patience until the supply position improves.

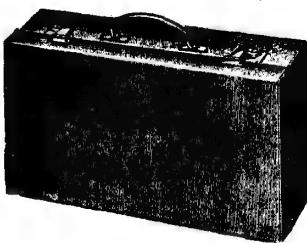


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 Made of stout brown canvas, leather bound, with zip
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 Extremely strong wood foundation, vulcanite covered
 complete with five hangers, drawers and soiled linen box.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

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Beauty Secret . . .

The majority of women have the mistaken idea that if you brush a permanent or natural wave it is likely to straighten it and spoil the "set". Leading hairdressers in England and U.S. know that the more you brush a permanent or natural wave the longer it will last, and the more it improves the hair and gives a glossy finish to the "set".

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The razor that sharpens itself!



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VALET razors and blades

VALET BLADES A.M. 14 PKT. OF 5



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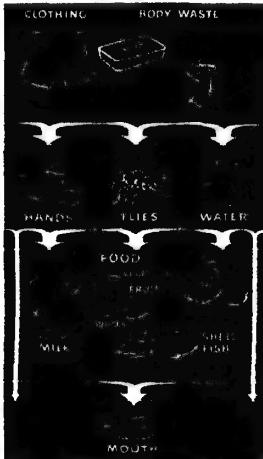
Manufactured exclusively by Ciba Limited, Basle, Switzerland.

B 1

How to make your family safe from dread Typhoid



before the rash, comes fatigue, loss of appetite, headache, fever, constipation or diarrhoea.



Typhoid can be stamped out entirely, if citizens work with doctors, and their Health authorities.



Have every member of your family vaccinated... keep them safe!

Know what Typhoid is... learn the Symptoms. Typhoid fever and paratyphoid are serious, very infectious. Microbes are present in the waste matter of the sick person and are easily spread. The moment you suspect typhoid—isolate the patient, call your doctor, and report to Health authorities.

Suspect Typhoid if you see **rosy** spots on the stomach, chest or back. This will have followed a period of diarrhoea accompanied by a headache, loss of appetite, a slow rising fever (Typhoid sets in *on an average* of 7 to 14 days after infection).

• You see the name **Squibb** on your drug-gist's shelves. You see it, too, on your doctor's prescriptions. For Squibb is one of the world's largest manufacturers of penicillin, streptomycin, vitamins, anaesthetics, hormones, and other medicines

prescribed by your doctor to restore and safeguard your health. Since 1839, the Squibb Research Laboratories have been perfecting producing medicines to raise the standard of health and to relieve suffering, all over the world.

Follow these rules—AND be vaccinated! To prevent typhoid in your own home, take these precautions:

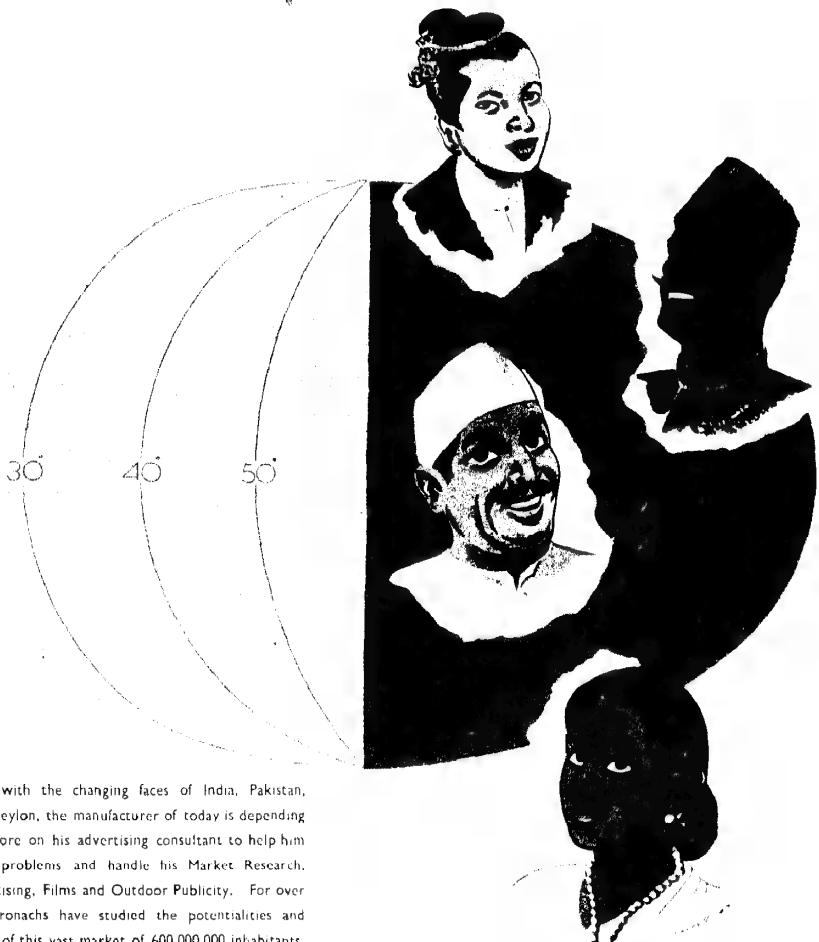
- (1) Protect food from microbe-bearing flies by covering it, screening doors and windows, using covered garbage cans.
- (2) Wash fruits and vegetables. If in doubt, boil it.
- (3) Avoid drinking raw milk, or foods made from it.
- (4) Be sure all food is cooked thoroughly.
- (5) Look at the chart here, again. Then check your food's origin, how it's marketed, and prepared.

And let your doctor vaccinate you! It's so simple a precaution—ordinarily protects for at least a year!



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MEDICINALS

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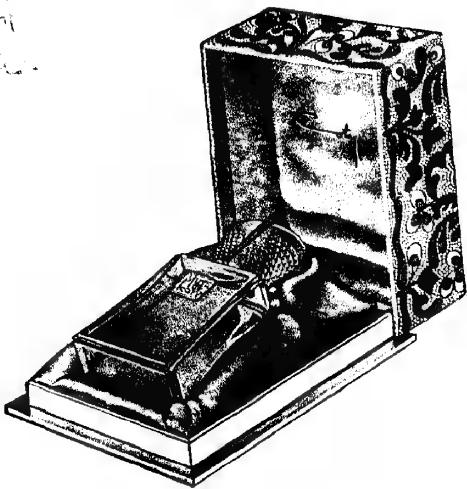
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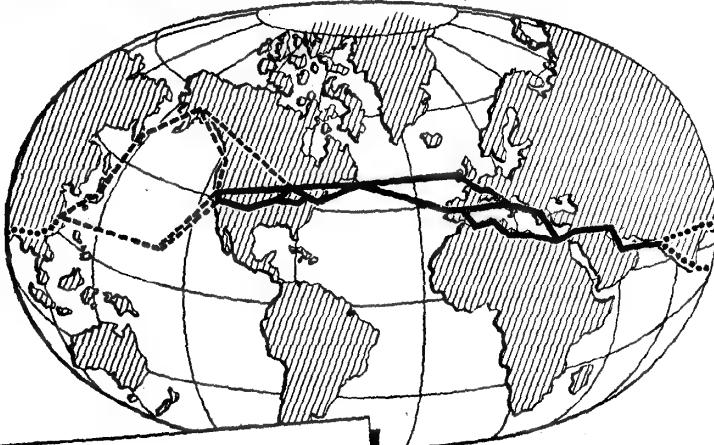
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to world points



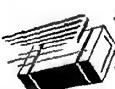
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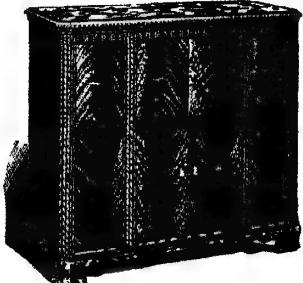


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FOR THE FIRST TIME

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INTERNATIONAL RADIO COMPANY
MALARAB VIEW, CHOWPATTY, BOMBAY V.

Gram Gramoradio

Tele. 1250

Blame The Nag!

"Anonymous"

Wednesday I was stupid enough to go hunting, but the horse would not drag me forth again. It is now almost a week later, and I am still suffering from shock. I will tell you what they did to me, so that perchance someone may be warned in time to avoid falling into a similar pass.

I paid no charge for the hunt, because I consider that the circumstances might not be much worse! Anything can happen to you if you hunt, and no one will be held responsible—except yourself for being such a silly ass!

I was lured on to the field with rosy visions of foxes, hounds, scatter coats, last ditches and flying horses.

I spent a great deal of time looking for a suitable home, which I understand is an essential. I often wondered why, as it is so much easier to travel on your own feet—and much less painful!

After a long search, I eventually found an old stable which seemed to have all my requirements. She was large, fat, rather gaunt, with a pink nose, bluish eyes and a mottled complexion. I thought she had an air of distinction, and decided to have the mane unplaited so that it could stream in the wind as we galloped thunderously after hounds... and pink it was! She was so short, but in time, it might grow. Her baptismal name, I learned was Linda—rather common, but it could always be altered to Elizabeth, or even Regina! So I bought her, and well-pleased with my purchase, marched her proudly to the waiting stable. Her eyes came with her, and she was so delighted to me to do some admiring her from a distance and contemplate the glories we should win together in the coming hunt.

Unfortunately, it never occurred to me to try to ride her. I imagined that as my holidays at an early age had been spent at Margate Sands—chiefly bunting gaily up and down the backs of numerous donkeys—I should be perfectly capable of managing Lizzy. No one bothered to tell me that riding a donkey in my youth was not quite the same as riding a horse in my old age. In my usual impetuous manner, I did not stop to consider this aspect at all. If I did, I might have prevented myself from becoming the laughing stock of the country.

Having procured the steed, I set about clothing myself *à la mode*. I had not the time to make anything, and so I had to borrow and discovered the curious fact that *nobdy* in the same place had a riding habit. I had to buy either in or out in the most extraordinary places. I finally found someone who bulged very nearly the same way as I do, except that the backs of my knees were cut to ribbons, and my ankles were coyly visible for about three and a half inches before merging gratefully into my shoes. Borrowing top-boots was quite impossible.

On the morning of the great day, I was roughly awakened at 5.15 a.m. by my trusty slave. If I had had any sense, I should have seized the slave, the tea, eggs, roast beef, cabbage and toast which he brought and thrown it all out of the window. Unfortunately, I always have compelling eyes, a whirling heart, and dominates me shamefully. However, had I but known that it was raining, nay, pouring, I think I might have been able to dig my toes in and refuse to get up, or at least pretend to have a cold. The slave approved of blood sports, and carelessly announced the start of the hunt, until the people who were to drive me out to the meet had called to collect me. I was dexterously seized, a hat thrust on my defenceless head, gloves into one hand and *carrots* into the other! and before I could understand how it happened, I was rammed into a car already full to bursting with saddles, buckets and rocky things, and a dozen or more numerous other people—and we drove off.

I have but a sketchy memory of the horrors of that car trip. We tore through the darkness escaping death by inches when the driver, apparently badly bitten by the lust of the chase, pointed the nose of the car at every bird or hare playing happily in the mud,

and tried to side them down. I remember the roof leaked, and I was unable to adjust my position because I was sitting on an overurned bucket, hedged in on one side by a fat woman, and on the other by the door.

Fortunately, even these sort of car trips end in time; and after just missing a final hairpin we skidded to a stop, and everyone fell out.

I found I was still clutching the carrots, which, I suspected, were probably intended as an offering to Lizzy. Thoughtfully I transferred them to my pocket, having a sudden premonition that before long they might be useful.

I gazed with curiosity at the scene which was by then fully visible in the gathering dawn. Everywhere there were horses, kicking, snarling or fighting each other. The hounds were all huddled together with their stems to the wind, tails and heads miserably down.

My spirits sank below zero when I surveyed the sort of creatures who enjoy getting up at 5.15 a.m. and enthusiastically collecting themselves in this awful rain and gale. They were not like children with a car, and were even arranged to look comfortable in riding-breeches—and I wished I knew how they did it! They were a crowd of stout, elderly fellows with their fat, steady daughters, red-faced wives and tall sons. There seemed to be the swarms of children attached to their little parents—narratives reminiscent of my childhood donkeys. Small wonder my spirits sank, but by then it was too late to retreat.

Just then I was cheered to see the sycs leading the noble dame who was to bear me gallantly to the fore of the chase. Lizzy looked magnificent, and my heart warmed. We would be united in death, in my perfect control, standing and boshomping. With a reckless courage we would display our superiority to the admiring eyes of such other riders as could stand the pace. Congratulations would pour in from all quarters after the exhibition of really fine-class skill. In such a strain I pursued my course, fancying I was advancing with the spontaneous, suited to my needs. I vaulted lightly to the saddle. At least, that was what I *meant* to do. Something must have gone wrong somewhere, and instead I found myself gazing with interest at Lizzy's rear portions, and being borne rapidly off to an unknown destination. This form of circus riding

did *not* last very long for my lady tried to jump a steeet, and while she was in mid-air apparently experienced an overwhelming desire for solitude. When she reached the other bank, she was alone, and so was I, except for an exceptionally lively frog down my shirt. The water was unpleasantly chilly.

I felt very awkward when I discovered that I was still in full view of the hunt, who seemed to consider my horse rather amazing. I still fail to see any humour in it. To add to my disgrace, some officious person took it upon himself to catch the ill-bred Lizzy and lead her back to me. He seemed to think that a little accident right at the start was nothing to deter one.

This time I scrambled on with extreme care, from the neighbouring bank. I was given a few rudimentary instructions on riding, and was again let loose.

For a time Lizzy seemed anxious to

make amends for the scant courtesy she had afforded me up till then, and it was with grave decorum that we returned to the starting point.

I decided to ignore the incident and start afresh. Accordingly, I recurred to my diamond-shaped moustache and looked about to see in which direction to direct it. Nothing much was happening. The hounds were being chased along the banks of my stream preparatory to picking up the scent of a jack. I wished them hurr' up, as it was impatient to start. Now I had to find the connection contributed by the shanties Lizzy. I did not have to wait long. Suddenly the air was rent with howls and yelps of the wildest excitement. I saw the hounds spread out in a line ranging along the scent—all of them moving magnificently. Now was the time for action. Now was the time to teach these clods! How dared that lurcher to me for accidentally mounting back to front? I touched Lizzy lightly to make her move. To my surprise she stood stock-still.

"Something the matter? Go on, old girl; get cracking." I said kindly, and this time perhaps a little more I understood her meaning. I kicked her a bit harder. She stood even stiffer! Now that was naughty of her, and I accordingly spelt very severely, simultaneously using my stick and jiggling the reins—without the slightest effect! I kicked, coaxed and bullied her. She would not budge an inch. Despairingly I saw the

whole hunt pass out of sight, and I was pensively removed to the pin and applied as appropriate. I was now quite unable to move. She bounded straight into the air and down three times—and we were off at a pace I shall never forget. Oh, how we moved! Pegaseus wasn't in it! We raced, screamed, flew, thundered and I was still on!

We passed the hounds—lots of them. I passed the jack—it looked a little surprised. We should stop here, let the hounds catch up, and then triumphantly welcome the hunt.

"Lizzy, stop!" I cried. She paid no attention. We were going down a slight slope so fast that it took my breath away. We had covered miles, I thought suddenly that I didn't know where on earth I was! Let alone how to get back!

"Stop! Stop!! STOP!!! I shouted.

That did it. We stopped. Suddenly. There was a hurtling vision of the world upside down and we stopped. I was standing on my head in a bush of something. Slowly I turned right side up again, and was disengaged from the bush. It was a horse-shit. I had dimly suspected it, sat down. Something was pressing against my side. I put my hand there, and drew out a lot of carrots—Lizzy's carrots. Mechanically I began to eat them. I felt a little better. A shadow fell across me. It was Lizzy! Yes, Lizzy! And what was more, she was smiling! "I'm sorry," she was going to get one. No fear! She bit me as she tried to snatch. This was not to be encouraged—sheer greed. She bit me again. She went on biting. Reluctantly I let her have the bad bits to keep her quiet. I promised her boiling oil and strychnine when we got home—ever.

"Here's that funny man and his horse," a voice remarked behind me.

I turned and found two sinister-looking children on ponies. I turned my back on them again.

"What are you doing here?" the voice persisted, moving round to the front of me.

"Have you eaten all your horse's carrots?" the other child enquired as I put the last carrot stubbornly into my mouth.

"Did you fall off?"

"Yes."

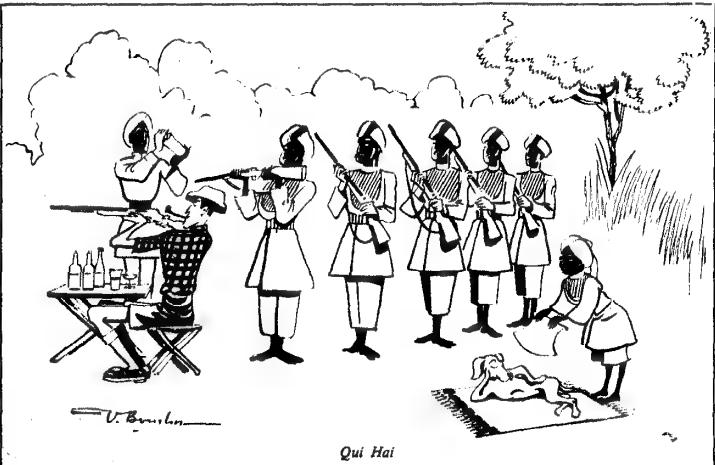
"Into that horse-shit?"

"Yes," I answered sullenly.

"Well, I expect you can't ride," was the verdict.

"What are you going to do now?"

(Continued on page 5)



Blame The Nag!

(Continued from page 3)

"Mind your own business," I said despondently.

"Isn't he rude! Let's leave him to be eaten by panthers, John. I'll never find his way home."

"Stop!" I cried, as this new aspect suddenly struck me, and said hastily, "He, of course I didn't mean to be rude. It was just my way of talking. Some how, I seem to have mislaid myself rather. I suppose you two couldn't help me back to the car?"

"Well, we might," replied the older child. He went on thoughtfully. "If you've eaten all your poor horse's carrots, I expect you'll be back in a second, more, won't you?" This added significantly. "We can't afford to buy our poor ponies any. I don't suppose the poor things will have the strength to get back as far as the car—with no hopes of a carrot at the end of it all to cheer them up!"

I grasped the idea behind this preamble, and silently drew out a couple of notes.

They said "Thank you" politely as they pocketed the spoil.

"Are you going to try to ride?" was the next question.

"Certainly," I replied with dignity, and called out, "Lizzy, come here!"

Of course she added to my humiliation by taking no notice. I advanced firmly towards her, and she, with equal firmness, retreated.

"Perhaps," said one of the children brightly, "if you hadn't eaten *all* her carrots she might have come!"

"I'll lend you a carrot," volunteered the other graciously, and from a pocket full of the vegetable, handed me one.

"I thought you said you hadn't got any carrots," I began hotly.

"Did you?" was the innocent reply. "Well, I was him who said that—not me!"

Lizzy came immediately for the carrot, and I secured her quite easily.

Ignoring their comments and offers of help, I again scrambled on from a bank, and we all moved off.

"I thought you couldn't ride," was the next smug remark. "You really are shocking. Look at your back!"

"What's the matter with it?" I asked truculently.

"You do wear funny coloured socks, don't you, John?"

They were horrible children.

For a time things went reasonably well. I sank into a gloomy silence, and ignored my tormentors as far as possible. My one idea was to get home, find a pair of shorts, and pack my tailing-breeches and go to bed. My body was tortured with stiffness.

"Hi! Where are you going now? That's the wrong way!"

I rounded myself at this, and discovered that Lizzy had suddenly elected to branch off to the right, scramble up a bank, and was plodding solidly along a path which appeared to lead into a small lake. I tried to pull her round, but nothing I could say or do was the slightest use. Not only that, but I could not even stop her. The children, as far as I was both shouting at once that it was the wrong way, and to turn round. At last one of them caught the bridle and pulled Lizzy round.

"Can't you even guide a horse?" was the scathing remark. "We'd better put on a leading rein!"

"No! I'll walk!" I cried wildly.

"All right, then," they answered cheerfully, "we'll have to leave you now. It would take *hours* if you walked, and we're late enough as is. Hope you get back safely!"

After that I gave in.

They started to wrangle as to who should have the fun of leading me. Finally they settled it by attaching their belts, one on either side, and I was pulled along by both of them.

I shall never forget the sadistic pleasure those children took in torturing me. There was a sense of "He's mine" and a game with them. They appreciated to the full my embarrassment, and refused to remove their belts to let me ride alone when in sight of the cars—or even to walk in leading Lizzy. They had me at their mercy.

Everybody was waiting at the car stand for us, and nobody spared my helplessness. I had never felt it done to me.

Then just as I was about to get the car, preparatory to the homeward step, I heard a hateful familiar voice outside. "Is that funny man in there? He couldn't catch his horse and he owes me a carrot because he ate up all his own."

Can anybody tell me of a country with no children nor horses and no carrots? I should like to settle there.

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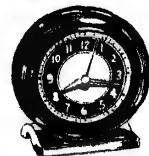
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Null And Void

By P. H. B.

"IN the spacious days of which I speak," said my friend Lance, "it was the custom to have 3000 people gathered to him to the Club for lunch."

The Fasulabadi Club specialised in a species of curvy, which, taken in conjunction with what was there, was produced a slumber which even the sleepers of a high government official could not hope to match. He gave his stamp of approval; and it was to avoid this most distressing and almost universal result that many of us were forced to go to the Races. Here, not only were the benches so uncomfortable, the noise so ear-splitting, but the result of each race so uncertain, so blotchy, that sleep was absolutely out of the question.

"The course was, appropriately enough, the shape of a horse-shoe, but unlike a horse-shoe, the ends were effectively stopped with wire. This was found to be unfortunate, on one occasion, by the Horse. Some horse, I suppose, of courage who is the only one I know who has fallen off twice in one race. Riding a flea bitten grey of a courage matching his own, he cantered down to the start in a gradual crescendo of speed which ended abruptly at the wire. Remounting here, he got off to such a good start that his horse, I suppose, of courage, the winning-post was stopped again only at the wire, a monotony of action that he deplored for many days, particularly as he had not won. 'Too drab, dreary and dispirited,' would say any of his gin glass, and who were we, after all, to disagree.

"The Horse, however, had a fine race. These used to be held every so often and were a fruitful source of innocent merriment. I speak here, of course, of the majority reaction. There was a monstrous mass, however, who was not at all in favour of them. 'Let's have fewer Hunt Races,' he would say. 'Too much damage, I say about who is going to win.' The word in fact, the case, I recall the terrible occasion when unquestionably the best horse in the race and carrying the shirts of the entire Mesa, failed to start till the rest of the field were well below the horizon. In the official record this was described as 'dismayed at the start.' 'Dismayed!' said his disgruntled owner, 'he was the oldest inhabitant.'

"But the bad starting was not always the fault of the horses. There was no getting the start being given by the fall of a flag. As the Giant Race was frequently the last of the day, it is charitable to assume that by the time it was due, the Starter's arm was feeling the strain of holding up the flag more than somewhat. In short, fatigue overcoming a sense of duty, at no time very vigorous in the Starter, was accompanied with a stentorian bellow of 'Go!' before going through the normal preliminary of calling the roll. He could not have anticipated the result. Three horses which happened to be facing the right way, shooting off in a shower of small stones, were rapidly to grow smaller in the distance, until the last, that was not, wheeling on their haunches as one, bore down at a gallop on the Starter, with what he took, with some justification, to be murderous intent. A man of resource, he did what he could. Standing on up-top, he gave tongue, despairingly, towards the dust cloud into which the others had disappeared. 'Come back!' he said."

"The resentment among the jockeys at the result of this race," continued Lance, now well in the straight with his third pint, "was the sort of thing that would be expected from the decision of the judges in the more frequent Gymkhana races and troubled the Stewards not one jot, title or iota. In fact, the only occasion I have seen one take notice was when a dissatisfied punter had the base effrontry to address them publicly from the top of a box of considerable power, which was in no wise impaired by the fact that it sounded as if his vocal cords were congested with rage. The very sound and fury of his delivery created an oasis of quiet about him, where, fenced in by the sound of his voice, a small crowd collected to listen. 'I'm not a jockey,' he said in Lahore, Bombay, Madras, Queen's Meurat, Calcutta and Timbuctoo and had never come across racing of the Fasulabadi brand. He begged leave to enquire how the objection launched in the last race had been considered. He was of opinion that the whole thing was a swindle, a something swindle, a something, something swindle, a 'To him' Steward across the vast golf that separates the

Stewards' Box from the second enclosure.

"Dumbfounded, I said, 'Null and Void.'

"'Then shout, I WILL.'

"Then shout, spreading his hands

and with the utmost urbanity.

"That race was not declared null and void but many others were. As the horses approached the post it was quite frequently not the winner's name that resounded from the stands but the magic words 'Null and Void.' This caused a certain amount of consternation

in the minds of the young and innocent spectators, who were not quite sure why they didn't win back this horse. Null and Void. We never see it in the paddock but it wins all these races. Mummy, do listen! Why are you tearing up that nice pink ticket I bought from the bookmaker? Brought to earth at the word. Lance looked reproachfully at his glass. It was as usual, empty, or, as he preferred to phrase it, 'v id.'



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HORSE QUIZ

1. Is a grey horse born grey?
2. What would you expect to get if you were given:—(a) a IXth Lance; (b) a Sowter; (c) Latchfords?
3. Where was the Army Equitation School in India situated?
4. When does a thoroughbred filly become a mare?
5. Is it true that Henry VIII ordered the slaughter of all small-sized horses in England?
6. What is highblowing and is it an unsoundness?
7. What was the name of the Greek who lived about 300 B.C. whose book on horsemanship is still quoted today?
8. What is meant by:—(a) dumping; (b) docking; (c) bisecting?
9. "Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and whenever it went on again (which it generally did either suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well," Who was the horseman, in what book did he appear and who was the author?
10. What is the correct name for a maker of bits?

(Answers on page 23)

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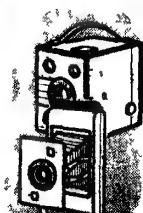
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Bear Facts

By T. S. Adecock

THE Indian Sloth Bear (*Melurs Ursinus*) is widely distributed throughout India and is generally to be found wherever extensive tracts of hill forest occur. Though somewhat clumsy and ungainly in appearance, he certainly is not habitually slothful—as his name erroneously implies. He is roused to action by a capable of startling speed in a burst of speed, or of becoming suddenly, and sometimes dangerously, aggressive. This is borne out by the fact that the dwellers of forest hamlets are far more apprehensive of an unexpected encounter with a bear than a tiger. The latter animal is seen as a more usually tame, or quickly tamed, more seduced locality, whereas Baloo (or Roach)—as he is called—is always an uncertain quantity. He might trundle away with a startled "woof," or he might deliver a vicious, whirling attack. Some people attribute the latter course of action to the bear's underhand and unmanly meanness. Actually it is due to an abnormally excitable disposition—the outcome of natural temerity which is heightened by poorly developed senses of sight and hearing. These sensual defects prevent him from detecting an alien presence until he believes that he is in imminent danger. He is about to be attacked at a disadvantage. In sheer self-defence he obeys the old, old law of survival—"kill or be killed."

Nautical Roll

Melurs Ursinus weighs, on an average, about 180 lbs., is some 5½ feet in length and stands about 3½ inches at the shoulder. His body is compact, except for the underparts, with a growth of long, black hair of a coarse texture, which sways from side to side as he shuffles

along. The effect produced is a grotesque caricature of the famous nautical roll! To an inexperienced shikari his appearance is somewhat intimidating, but, after having shot a good many, one not only gets used to the spectacle but can also laugh at his拙拙 (clumsy) gait and, especially, his tail. There are many popular fallacies extant regarding the ways and habits of Baloo—the bear. He is credited with climbing trees stem-foremost, or standing erect on his hind legs and dancing up to his intended victim whom he hugs to death. Bears never hug their victims, but inflict terrible wounds with fangs and claws.

WILFUL FLOWER

The sloth bear is semi-nocturnal in habit and, normally, a vegetarian in his diet, which consists of wild fruits and berries, honeycomb and the nests of birds. His special relish is the sticky flower of the *Madhuca* tree, and will wander many miles from his lair in search of this ursine delicacy. An acute sense of smell guides him unerringly to localities where these trees are in flower, filling the air with a sickly-sweet scent. The *Madhuca* season—from the middle of March to the end of April—is the best time for bear-shooting, when the quarry may be stalked from the crack of dawn right up to an hour or two after sunrise. To shoot a bear by any other method than stalking it on foot is not really sporting. Stalking them by moonlight is most thrilling, but not suitable in the absence of implements of abattoir unless they possess full confidence in the steadiness of their nerves and their ability to shoot straight and fast under difficult circumstances.

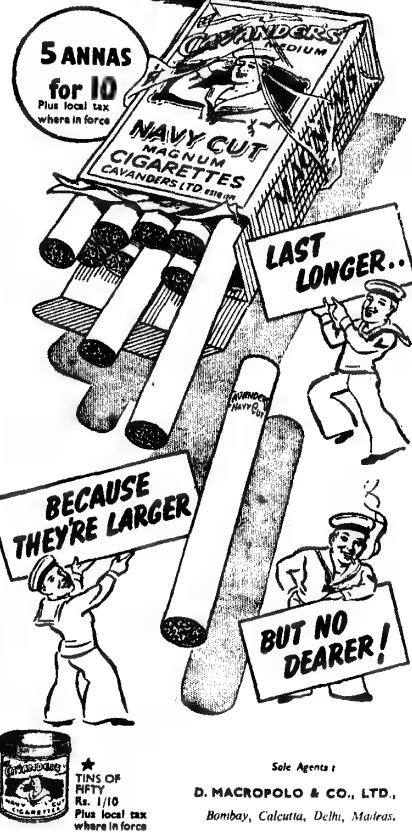
Bears are encountered singly, in pairs or in families of three or four members. When two or more are out the fun is usually fast, noisy and furious! A medium-bore magazine rifle is the most suitable weapon to use as its light weight causes no discomfort when carrying out a long stalk across difficult terrain. The .335 Mannlicher has proved to be an ideal rifle for bear-stalking.

Hely On Yourself!

A local tracker who knows the surrounding country well is a useful companion to take along on a bear shoot. Shikaris probably know the exact location of caves and lairs, towards which the animals return at dawn, he

can guide one in the right direction; but unless he has proved his reliability in a tense situation, he should never be trusted as a gun-bearer. (I made this mistake once, in my "griffon" days, and it nearly cost me my life.) When after dangerous game, and a wounded bear can prove highly dangerous at times, you should rely on your own strength and ability. To run away from a charging bear is fatal, and usually ends in tragedy; to fire at a bear which is directly above one on a steep hillside is not advisable since its speed, when travelling downhill, is phenomenal; and a bear with small cubs should never be fired at except in self-defence.

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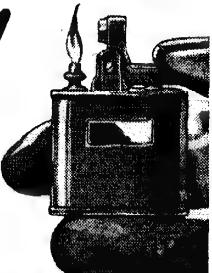
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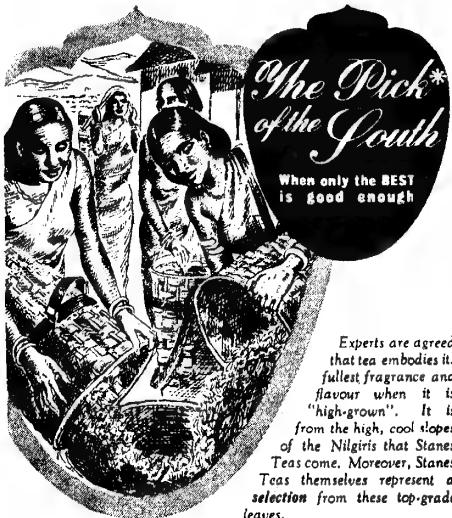
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"Reg's Garden"

By H. R. C.

A RECENT advertisement in the "Properties For Sale" column of a popular newspaper started off a train of recollections. The advertisement read—"Offers invited for 70 acres of land suitable for fruit and vegetable farming, situated in a quiet, rural area which can be made habitable, near hill-station on main road," or something to that effect. This could be no other place than "Reg's Garden" as we knew it.

One more strenuous climb, one And dip along the main road. Ah! And there we are, in the jungle. We youngsters tear along on our bikes over the garden track, cross the fresh, cool, gurgling hill-stream, surmount the rise near the first tea-seed plants, turn the corner, and the little bungalow on the hill built on stilts with its homely thatched roof comes into view.

We dash round the old World War I veterans' bazaar, nearly bent in half from a wound, shuffles out and is met with the same question from three young voices, "Where is Reg Sahib?" To which he replies, "Sahib is at work." We order tea and mount the stairs to the front verandah from where the whole

Good, hot baths follow and after dinner the conversation is nothing but shikar. Reg promises us a treat the next afternoon if we behave ourselves and do not interrupt him in his work. He decides to get his coolies to beat a patch of jungle to the south, and keeps us "in the sanctuary," and having hunted himself for a year, and not having permitted anyone else to do so either. We are thrilled and go to bed dreaming of the morrow's sport.

The next day passes on leaden feet as we wait to witness the beat for the beat commences. At last, the garden bell is sounded for the coolies to knock off and to take up their positions for the beat, and a thrill goes through each of us as we fondle our firearms.

Reg accompanies us and warns us to be on the lookout out for a panther. At the beat, and the mere sound of it adds new excitement to the proceedings. We arrive at the "sanctuary" and the beat commences. It is not long before Brian fires at a brace of pheasant and gets one, to be closely followed by my own effort at a barking-deer stag, then Ian lets rip into a covey of partridge,

hulls again, and the three turn about towards the opposite bank. There is another sharp click from Brian's rifle, and the deer are off at a trot. I now get on one knee and raise the heavy .470 to my shoulder, and aiming at the stag I squeeze the trigger. A terrific report follows, and I jump up after the shock of the recoil. I see the stag totter over. We wade across the shallow river and come up to the dead sambur, my first one, lying partly in the water. Both Brian and Ian congratulate me and Sobhut looks as pleased as Punch.

We have no luck in Biriba. Though we see a great many elephant spoor, we meet none. The lack of game there makes us return after three days, and

we are glad to see the old bungalow and Reg again. We spend a lazy evening prior to our return to the hill-station the next day.

The estate was neglected during the war, and when I visited it at the end of hostilities it was found in a sorry condition. The bungalow had been damaged, the trees had suffered, the tea-estd plants and the bungalow was in disrepair. Reg, Brian and Ian are a far cry from the old garden, and it is doubtful whether any of them noticed the advertisement. However, of this I am sure. In each of our memories it will always remain as "Reg's Garden," and to the new owners, if they are shikar, I wish all the luck imaginable in those old haunts of ours.



"On the hill . . . with its homely thatched roof."

estate can be viewed. We glance over the area and suddenly recognise Reg's taper amongst a bunch of coolies working between the plants. We hail him and he answers with a wave of his walking-stick and makes some signs, from which we gather that he will soon be back for us.

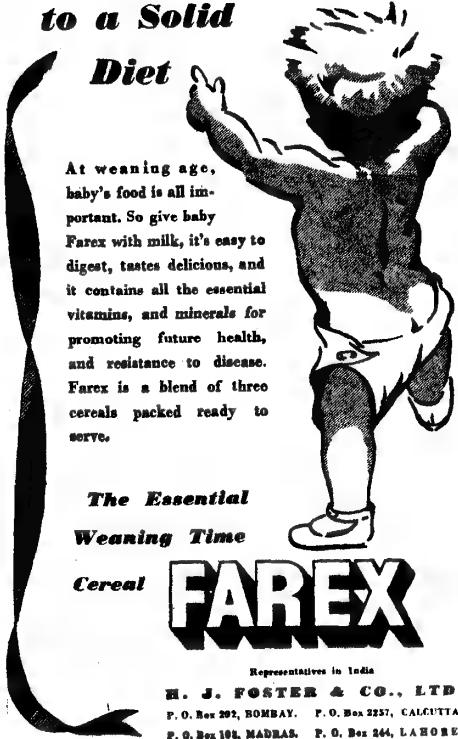
We waste no time and call up the slow-writer and pump him up a number of questions. "What news of shikar? Any recent tiger kills? What about snuggi, khaki, snipe? Are the hawks after us? Are we coming out after the wild fruit?" He gives us his views on the jungle and informs us that we have to suppress our young impatient spirits until Reg returns.

Reg comes at last, preceded by the dogs. We barely give him a chance to have his tea, and keep worrying him about what we will do. We are to be for a few days. He has a plan in hand and informs us that the only thing to do that evening is to have a crack at snipe in the paddy-fields near the garden, and that the other bushwhakers will follow. We draw lots as to who should use the two shot guns. I am lucky. However, I am feeling like a teak, after having a deer with a rifle. We get hold of our respective arms and ammunition and break off in opposite directions.

We return to the bungalow at dusk. The "strip-wallahs" covered with mud and dirt, with "Mony," the terrier, a dark chocolate in colour, and the game-sticks loaded with a dozen or more snipe.



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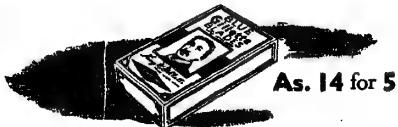
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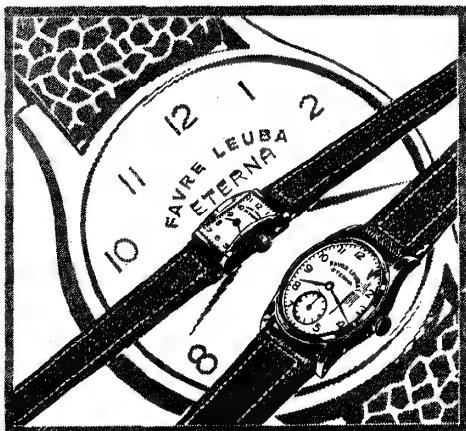


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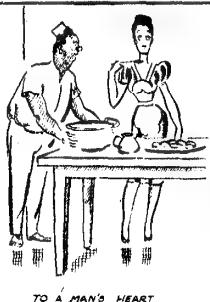
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OR IS IT?



Easter Parade

By "Myrtle"

WITH Easter close at hand, some of you may be having a spate of trouble in deciding whether to have parties for the children or yourselves. I know that parties of any sort mean a great deal of preparation and hard work. Here are one or two ideas on food, decorations and party—ideas that may help you to have a novel and successful party.

First we'll plan a children's party. After all, they are the first ones to be considered at Easter time and, I think, it is far simpler to throw a 'kiddie' party than one for the grown-ups.

Children First

The main things connected with Easter are eggs, rabbits, chickens or ducks! So, when you plan, choose any one of these and use it as a "theme". Chickens and eggs go together, so your table decorations, favours for the young ones, food and games can be based on them.

In the centre of the tea table have a nest of straw with small chocolate eggs wrapped in bright coloured papers. If you have a porcelain hen for the nest, all the better. Favours can be made in the shape of small nests with even smaller eggs. These you can surely make yourself out of white paper. No doubt confectioners will be selling chocolate eggs, so you could give each child a sitting hen.

Cakes and sandwiches should be as simple as possible. No rich fruit cakes or heavy meat sandwiches—little butter cakes with pretty pink and white icing, crisp biscuits, and sandwiches with egg filling or pulped dates, lettuces or fillings in the shape of animals are popular.

Of course you must have an egg hunt. No Easter party is complete without it. Whether you are living in a flat or have a garden be sure you do not put the

eggs too high up. An egg and spoon race, even for toddlers, and pinning the tail on the rabbit or head on the hen would be fun. I'll bet you a real live chicken that they will have the time of their lives!

With A Difference

There are no end of ideas for a grown-ups party. An "Easter Bonnet" party has great possibilities. Have all the guests turn up in bonnets. If your own creation is not good enough, "kits" for this decoration could be an old straw hat turned upside down, filled with flowers, fruits and nuts.

On an occasion like this, it would be nice to serve a punch. I have experimented with one myself and will call it "The Easter Bonnet". In a large bowl, put in two tins of Del Monte Fruit Salad. Over this pour a bottle of juice (or two if you want something a little stronger). Let this stand overnight. Just before your guests arrive, pour in six bottles of soda and six bottles of dry ginger-soda, sprigs of mint, slices of cucumber and a lot of ice cubes. It tastes somewhat like champagne, looks like a goddess and has the desired effect, if you know what I mean!

The dinner should be a stand-up buffet. My suggestions for food all run into what I would call "country style": fried chicken and corn fritters, Boston baked beans and brown bread, large fluffy souffles and honey, and all kinds of salads. I have given several recipes for these salads in *Food for Thought* which you may find useful. If you have a good substantial main dish, you can easily eliminate a sweet but have fruit and nuts to nibble.

Play children's games for a change. You will be surprised to find that they will be popular. For prizes hand out Easter Eggs. Planning a party is almost

Reverie

I know the Kashmir Valley, Its lines of poplar trees, Its mountains and its rivers; What fairer lands than these

Can Nature offer mankind, Unless it be the rows Of pines in old Darjeeling, And its perpetual snows.

Or Shillong with its plateau, A land beyond compare; Its wealth of forest beauty, Its orchids fine and rare.

Unless we turn to Ooty, Its downs that rise and sink, The blue-grey of the mountains; Man has to pause and think!

Perhaps my thoughts dwell longest, Perhaps my dreams will stay, Ensnared by the blue gums Marshalled in close array.

When in the fading twilight The Master hand condones My sins, among the arum, This spot shall claim my bones.

S.G.L.

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Homes—With A Difference

By Robert Parker

THIS acute housing shortage is causing desperate house-hunters to adopt many unusual expedients to provide themselves with homes. Landing-craft, yachts and barges have been converted into floating abodes in many parts of England, and quite large vessels have been transported from their natural element and "moored" in fields to provide shelter for families until something better can be found.

In the past railway coaches have often been used as dwelling houses, and a railway employee recently bought and converted an unusually elegant one. It cost £1,000 to get it into shape, and the Tilbury and Southend Railway for use by the company's directors. The rooms are all panelled with inland mahogany, and its present occupants have a living-room 12 feet by 9 feet, two bedrooms, a bathroom with a full-size bath and a kitchen equipped with an electric cooker, sink, table and cupboard.

Ex-military vehicles are being used as residences. The L.M.S. has recently altered three disused stations in Glasgow for use by their employees and their families, and several families now exchange morning greetings with their neighbours across two sets of railway lines.

Motor buses, also, are frequently used to provide living accommodation, and are particularly suitable for very mobile and convenient dwellings. One, an old 12-seater single-decker, appropriately christened "Lilliput," is parked on a disused golf course at Bramshot, Hants. The owner, an R.A.F. officer, paid only £75 for the vehicle, but spent £400 in converting it into a home. A 1½-h.p. motor is used in an electric generator, and there is also a self-toking anthracite stove in the lounge. This stove provides hot water for the bath.

Anything Will Do

Romantic and unusual surroundings are often sufficient compensation for some of the inconveniences inseparable from make-shift homes, and there is a lively interest in woodland at the present time. They seldom make very satisfactory dwellings, however, as they are usually infested with rats and mice, and the round, irregular rooms make cleaning very difficult unless special pieces are built to fit. There is seldom space, also, for more than one room on each floor, which means a common staircase leading from one room to the next.

In America, the housing situation is as bad as it is in England, and one ingenious house-hunter recently hit upon the idea of enlarging a telephone booth to find him accommodation. A young American couple also advertised not long ago that they were prepared to take any haunted house or apartment available at a reasonable rent.

At Minneapolis, a married couple have made their home in a large doll's house, built 43 years ago for a child of wealthy parents. The house is reported to be very comfortable, and the only complaint is that the bath is 3' 6" long.

Again, in Omaha, a man advertised that he was prepared to let or sell his refrigerator—7 feet by 17 feet—for use as a home, and in New York a female midget was found comfortably installed in a telephone booth. Equipped with a rock-burner, a stove, a stool and an alarm clock, she was prepared for an indefinite stay!

But, perhaps, one of the most unusual homes ever offered to a young bride was that in which an English girl was expected to live when she joined her G.I. husband in America. The husband proudly pointed to a second-hand car which he had bought, and announced that henceforth they would live in it, using the backseat as a bedroom!



These Little Things

The silvery gleam that marks the mahseer's leap ;
Blue hills reflected in a silent pool ;

A soaring eagle's slow majestic sweep ;
A shadowy forest glade serene and cool ;
I ask of Life only these little things.

A spider's web emperaled with morning dew ;
A partridge calling in a field of hay ;
A pack of hounds, a huntsman's 'View Halloo' ;
A golden sunset at the end of day.
I'd rest content with only these little things.

A little, happy, babbling mountain stream ;
A life no human contacts may defile ;
A cosy nook wherein to sit and dream ;
Oh ! You who read these lines,—perhaps you smile ?
Remember ! These little things make life worth while.

E. W. Matcher

Fishy Tales

By A. P. P.

PLUTARCH in his book "De Seleni Animali" speaks against all fishes, as being "idle, tame, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labour." Even if the accusation suited the fishing of those days, Plutarch would have revised his opinion at the sight of the variety of baits, peculiar lines, false flies, slights, and other devices our anglers have devised. Fishing today needs skill as well as patience.

That luck plays an important role as in every good sport is proved by this fishy tale : Two men were fishing for hours but could not get a bite. Then a little boy came along. Soon he pulled out a running road, 12 inches long, with his bare hands. The two men looked on with envious glances. Next, the boy caught an 18-inch pike, which also threw back. "Lumme, why do you throw them back, sonny?" asked one of the men. "Well," replied the youngster, "we've only got a six-inch frying-pan."

Fishing does not have a popularity at the people's expense in sports. It goes against its rules and its conventions. Most of these concern bait. To ensure that the fish get a sporting chance, certain kinds of bait are forbidden. Hemp seed, boiled just enough to make the little white germs project through the hard dark shell, is one form of bait which is however, forbidden. Many fishing clubs, however, fish are unable to resist it, thus making the sport a mockery.

Fishing tales are always amusing. They compete with tales about the Sosbanians, who only are more fishy. Listen to this one : At a mess dinner, the conversation turned on animal training.

"Ah !" said Major Bins, "I remember when I was a Boggley-rah, I was trained on an oyster. He used to follow me all over the house like a dog. He would sit on the table at my side, with his shell open, and help to crack the nuts. He was a most useful and affectionate creature."

"Have you still got him?" asked a doctor.

"No, sir, he came to an untimely end. A friend of mine came into the dining-room in my absence, saw the oyster with his shell open and swallowed the oyster."

"No doubt, your friend found it easier to swallow the oyster," said the colonel, "than we do to swallow the stomach."

But Colonels are always sceptics. They would even question the report that Percy McPherson taught a Japanese carp to loop the loop. Percy became famous throughout London for his aquarium. His collection won him to silver cups and many certificates at exhibitions. One of his visitors he said : "I taught one of my Japanese carp to loop the loop by using a worm as bait. He became so skilful, that after a time, he would loop the loop whenever he saw me."

It is also reported that Percy gave his fish Epsom salts once a week to strengthen their little carcases at the end of matchstick. He kept two doctor-fish, so called because of a healing slime on their bodies. When another fish had had a night out and got gravel rash, he just rubbed the affected portion against the doctor-fish, and the slimy coating he received prevented disease germs entering the injured part.

Fish don't always have to be trained. The Climbing Perch found in the East Indies can climb several feet up a tree trunk. The Flying Fish rises above the water about six feet, and then flies a distance of six to ten feet; its long pointed fins serve as wings.

Fishing teaches patience and perseverance; it is still another important virtue which it encourages is not so widely known. The man had been fishing all morning without getting a bite. At last he pulled up a fish which was unknown. It could have thrown it back into the water; but a tiny voice whispered to him to keep it for fuel. An elderly woman had been watching him. She stepped up and said sharply : "You should be ashamed of yourself! Just imagine keeping that tiny fish. What's your son's name?" "Spartacus," the man looked at her scornfully. "What did she know of fishing or a fisherman's luck. Slowly he answered her, "Madam, you should take a lesson from that little fish," he said, "if he had kept his mouth shut, he would not have got into trouble!"

Similar

*The sunrise over Jakko,
The sun set o'er the plain,
I bid you right down to Kalka,
The green pine shadowed lanes.*

*The slope of Tora Devi,
And further off Jatagh;
The tiny winding railway,
The silver ribbon road.*

*These things I'll remember,
Through life they'll go with me,
And I will love them ever—
For they are part of me.*

STORIES AND VERSES

THE Editor requires immediately short stories, verses and illustrated articles with an Indian background for exclusive use in "The Onlooker." Payment on the 10th of each month following publication.

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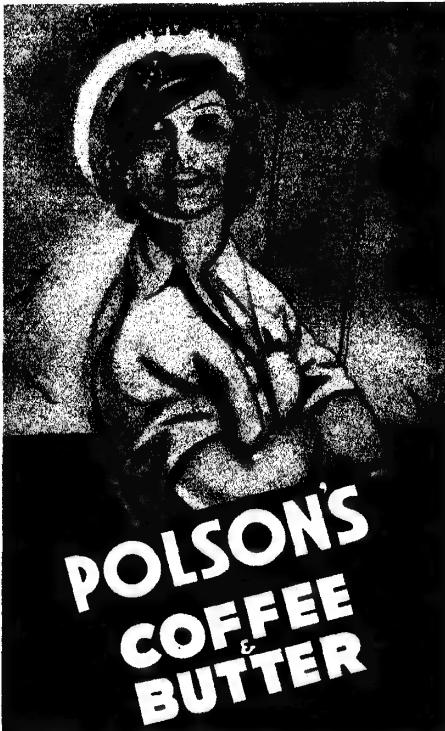
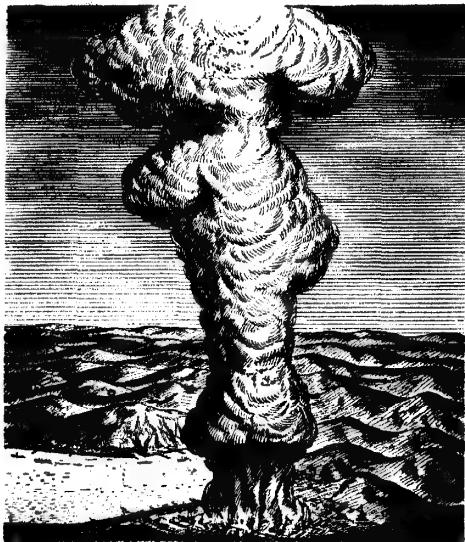
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K. O. B.



ON the 6th of August, 1945, the world was startled by the cryptic announcement that an atomic bomb dropped on the Japanese town of Hiroshima had practically wiped out the entire town of no less than 250,000 souls. The second atomic bomb also dropped on Japanese territory erased the city of Nagasaki. The whole world is to-day living under the terrible threat of the most destructive weapon of all.

Yet the possible peaceful applications of atomic energy are numerous. It can replace coal, oil and electric energy as source of power at a fraction of their cost. Its potentialities for increasing man's material wealth and welfare are limitless. But whether this epoch making discovery will be used as a blessing for mankind instead of a scourge for civilisation depends on the collective good sense of humanity.

Good sense can also help to solve another pressing problem of afflicted humanity—the threat of rising prices. If you spend your money carelessly or invest it unwisely you help INFLATION; but if you save your money, by postponing your purchases, you benefit yourself and help us to bring prices down. Remember today's prices are bad value for money. Do not buy unless you must.

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The Diary Of A Woman Of The Plains

By E. M. J. P.

March

In March our seasons meet. Early in the month the nights still have the coolness of spring with a minimum temperature of around 55° and until noon and after tea the garden can still be enjoyed but will be less energetically worked, and in spite of a receding wind to temper the sun the remaining signs of spring are remembered: signs, trees cluster round garden taps, sure of a leaking moisture; the lawns dry up shortly after watering and soon my clothes will come out of their cupboard as warm as if they have been in front of a fire, and the Dog will be bird-hatèd most unhygienically for drinking and paddling, and then I shall know that summer is here.

These are the days when I wallow in flowers for the house and monopolise all the buckets and zinc baths every morning to contain them at cut. As he leaves for the office, S. complains of wet leaves and strewn petals on the verandah, upon which he will slip, but he is generous enough to applaud my indoor efforts when he comes back to lunch. Flamboyant crimson poppies (their stems well burnt beforehand) set off purple stocks and pink Clarkia. A large lustered Waterford bowl on the dinner table, holding a tightly massed Victoria rose, says "I am a woman" and the garden, is flanked by four low ruby-red Venetian bowls spilling with large white petunias. Tall mixed nicotiana is successful in long candelabra vases and thus out of the sun it keeps fragrant and stays open through the day, as well as through the night, like the day, in which dews, electric light and turns blind eyes to the gayest dinner party.

A Privilege

Antirrhinums are hurrying into bloom and I notice again that the orange, saffron and mahogany shades have a surprisingly delicate scent quite unlike the sickly cachou of the sweet sultana. Two round beds in the grass on either side of the drive are filled with the first, high white, nicotiana and a circle of mixed phlox drummondii, like flying confetti, overlapping the lowest leaves and hiding the earth. At nights they are positively triumphant. When we dine out S. quite rightly, refuses to allow a châtaignier to wait up for us in the cold, and it is my privilege to do so myself as a fumbler in the dark by steel bars and trapzy boles, but I am now content to see the car drive on as usual in the garage without drowning me first at the front door. The clear strong perfume all round me from the wide open, thick shrubs, which is well worth pebbles in my third glove. This growing environment is often upset by the stampeding impact of the Dog, catapulted out of doors by S. with orders to fetch me in as he wants to lock up. The purple, pink and blue petunias on the rockery are really very pale, and the head gardener has to be reminded that watering should be through the spout and not through the more convenient top of the can which bruises the flowers and soaks the nap of their velvet trumpets.

Perviously, just when the early and late-flowering annuals synchronise and the borders are at their best, the rain seems to have left. They fade down in the golden light, and the head gardener is seen making a cushiony quilt on the beds and grass until they are enticed away by the gardeners for the compost pit, or blocked by the sweater into his serre-cote sit, and I suspect, thrown over the garden wall. Within a week the branches are tipped with fresh unfolding

growth and at the end of the month the first tree will be well in bud.

The Otter Hunt

A new kitchen garden is being laid out while the well-worked present plot lies fallow for a year. S. has agreed to a new bond to feed it. This means that a satisfactory shambles develops nearby, to the great interest of the servants' children, the Dog and myself. There are canels bringing bricks, men mixing cement and the head gardener counter-



The head gardener poses among the petunias.

manding all S.'s orders. I uphold the hog, for once, as we find that to turn off the tap he has to plunge hand first into four feet of water. The Dog is obviously busy superintending and getting under carrels' feet, and teasing the two huge-eyed apes off the garden seats, servants naturally think that their quarters are being invaded when they see the material hands and they hang about and hope. There is a grand opening when the new water channels course with brick-dust foam for the first time. The two gardeners nearly knock off each other's feet as they bring the hose to the head redoubt, and the Dog decides to give a full-throated display of otter-hunting. This is his latest hobby. The game is self-taught and self-inspired and he takes it very, very seriously. When any task begins to be emulated he runs madly backwards and forwards from one outlet source along the flower beds to the other, drinking a sample of water at each end but otherwise keeping strictly to the banks. This ridiculous matriarch is played flat out with ears flapping and tail waving until the tank is dry and he is wet and exhausted. No amount of screaming or whistling will call him away before this imaginary job is finished.

Matteo makes a living, pining pined in the mud, and is ready for this in three days ahead. One of the last beds to be cleared in the old patch is that which bears a disreputable pergola of old sticks and dead branches and filched bamboo over which a tough beast plant, cherished by the hog, grows vigorously. It may be used for seats, and the dog will use it as a jumping-off point for raids on the garden proper. When at last it is dismantled we all feel a landmark has been razed.

A pair of shikra have come to nest in a high tree on waste ground outside the walls. They slip into the most leafy tree and sit waiting, ominously patient. Thank goodness they are now well known to the garden birds and when

they move they are usually surrounded by a horde of mocking yahos crows while their would-be victims twitter from inside safe hedge. Late at night the head gardener comes home, trips up and down the main trees, jerking back his head and no doubt enjoying our especially juicy black ants. But I am delighted to see again the eastern grey wagtails who pass this way en route to nest in the Himalayas. One evening, S. and I are home when suddenly country folk with the Dog when suddenly the desert is dappled with skimming, dipping flock upon flock of them, feeding on the ground and dancing in the air. Their under plumage is a deep greenish yellow, glorified by the golden setting sun, and they call musically like river swallows.

Welcome The New

Hot March winds, blown by the March lion, now begin blowing dust thickly off to everything in the garden and shaking the last nine trees. There is a period of sulken, smacked with a few days of sun, when the larkspur is tied; the larkspur is very out of hand and the jacobs lie flat and snap off when I try to lift it. Letters from England choose this moment to tell me about primroses and cobalt skies; early cowslips and woolly petunias with trespasses with a sample in apple blossom orchards. The water is going scarce and more drastic measures are needed for diaphanous and carnations only now exerting themselves to bloom. S.'s ploy as the evenings lengthen and the sweet pea wane is to snap off poppy heads; they are tall enough for him to reach and the heads are not yet ripe. The tulips are condemned after three months of continuous show. They are still game to go on but we want the water elsewhere and the soil is tired.

As I pull up the old I welcome the new. The willow is perfect, hisyrian patens tree is alight with little yellow flowers; the tecoma in hedges and osmanthus is thick with butter-coloured flowers. The wind has again cooled the air and S.'s pet thermometer has not yet returned to three figures.



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The Delhi Hunt near Shah Alami's tomb. ("Away from the Monument,")

The Last Of The Delhi Hunt

By Robbie Barcroft

ALL good things come to an end sometimes, and it is a sad fact, even if it is not a surprising one, that this is to be the Delhi Hunt's last season. Sport during the present season has been of the highest order which makes the end of the Hunt all the sadder.

The Delhi Hunt seems to possess little or no history. Few records have been kept in the past, and what records there are, do not help one much. There is nothing to suggest that this pack marched through the Malakand pass to the swirl of pipes 100 years ago, nor that it was hunted by the Duke of Wellington; quite the contrary. The Hunt is definitely not an old one. Its founder, however, was none other than Lord Irwin (now Lord Halifax), and he put the pack on its feet when he was Viceroy. Lord Irwin was always a keen foxhunter, and has himself been Master of the pack at least once. His son is also very well known in the beagle world. So the pack started its career with a sporting and knowledgeable background, to say the least of it.

Many Disadvantages

Before the advent of Lord Irwin, the sport was hunted by a Mr. Stewart Gatton, who, long ago, and before the war, must have been reminiscent of a glorious old day's coursing minus the disadvantage of tramping over numerous fields of heavy mud.

After the departure of Lord Irwin sport has seemed to vary very considerably from time to time. The pack had suffered from great disadvantages from the very starting point of view, the greatest of which, of course, being that it happened to be located in Delhi. It was impossible for the Delhi Hunt to divorce itself from the bonds of officialdom. Nor could it escape the surrounding whiff of gallantry, and the consequent disadvantages twofold. It has been handicapped for most of its career by the fatal mistake made by past Masters who wished to please both God and Mammon, and put their work before the interests of the hounds, and by hunting on moorlands which were attended by a never ending



Paras Ram.

procession of hangers-on. In spite of it all, however, it has survived, and it would not be out of place here to pay a tribute to those who contrived to keep the Hunt going during the war; no easy task.

Not a spilt of every effort that was made

to produce a good hunting pack at the end of the war, the seas in 1946-47 found the Hunt in very low water, for practically the entire pack had been wiped out by tick-fever. Drafts were not forth-

coming from the U.K. and it looked as though the sport would be pretty hard to continue with the Germanic war remnant. Fortunately at this juncture, a Master was found who was willing to cope with the situation and its attendant difficulties, with the result that this season, the Master, Major V. W. Calmady Hanly, was able to put on $1\frac{1}{2}$ couple, 41 coursing dogs, who were under him at the beginning of the season. A similar draft from the Peshawar Yale and also from the Bangalore Hunt, in addition to the puppies, has resulted in producing a most passable shoving, and some very tidy sport has followed. The entire credit is due to the Master and his wife, who were ably assisted by Mr. Ralph Izard, the first whip and Capt. Hopper, who have combined their energies and by sheer grind have managed to produce a steady pack out of something that in the past was certainly "wild." A few days with this pack, during the war, has enabled me to be in a position to appreciate the difference. Previously it was a case of not from start to finish. Hounds were emerged from the hound van, after which the principal subsequent concern of the Hunt servants seemed to be whether they would get them back into it again. Nobody of course can really be blamed. The pack was not to be blamed for the hours of the Master and the Hunt staff, and the fact that the pack was kept going was what mattered most.

Nevertheless, such a state of affairs was bound to have subsequent reactions,

(Continued on page 22)



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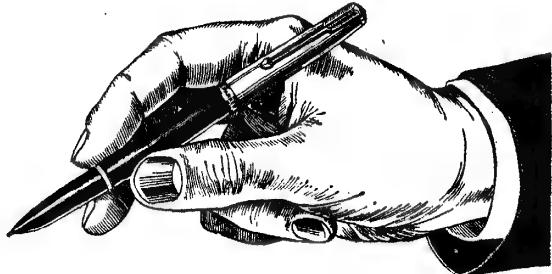


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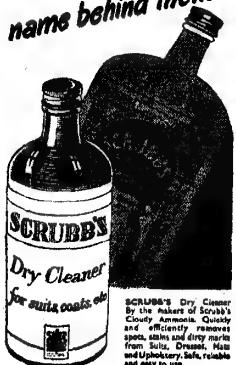
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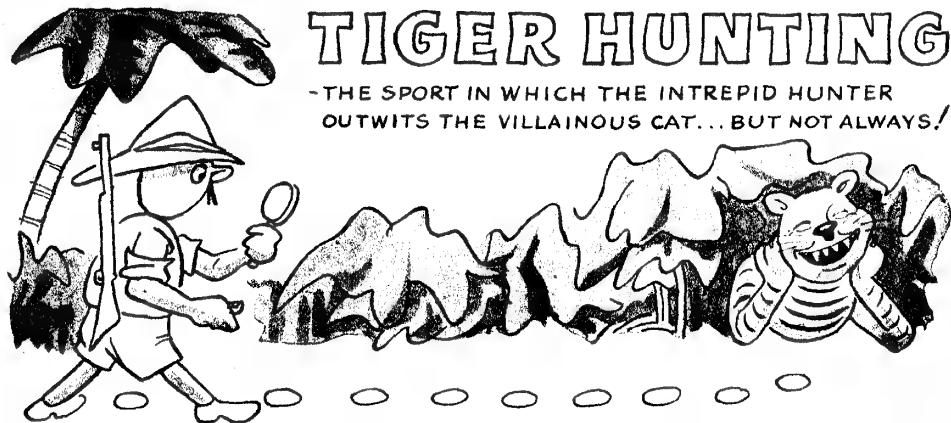
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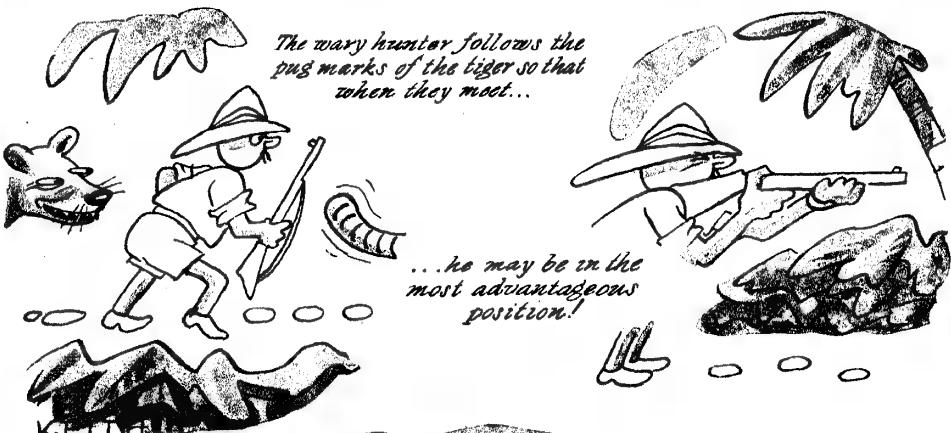
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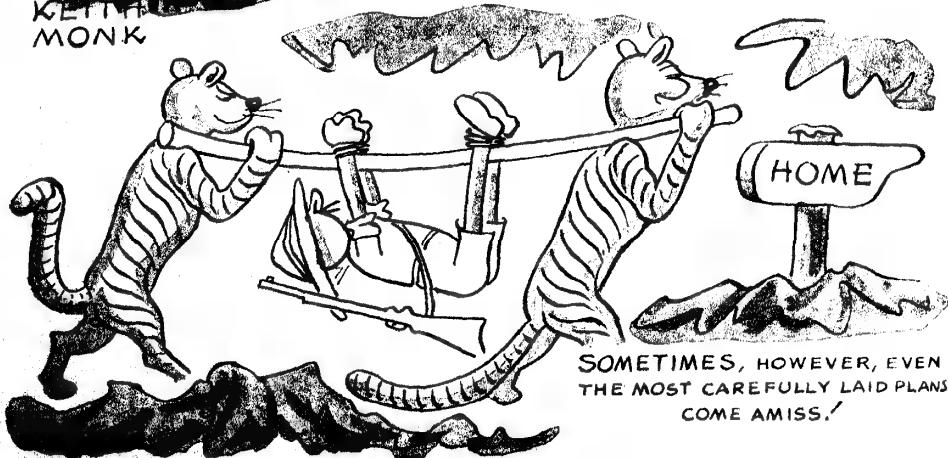


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when they meet...*

*...he may be in the
most advantageous
position!*



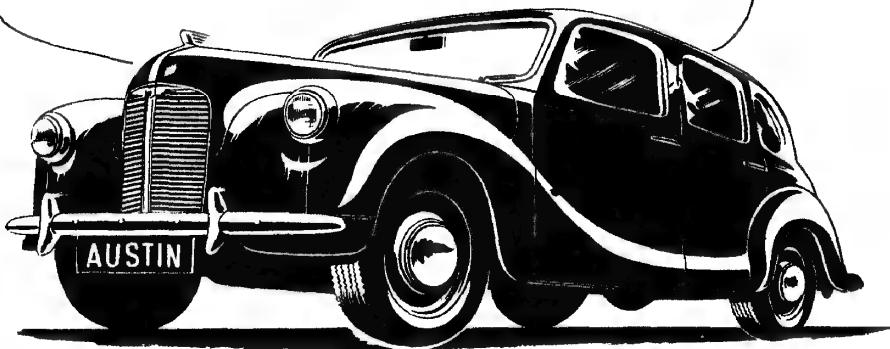
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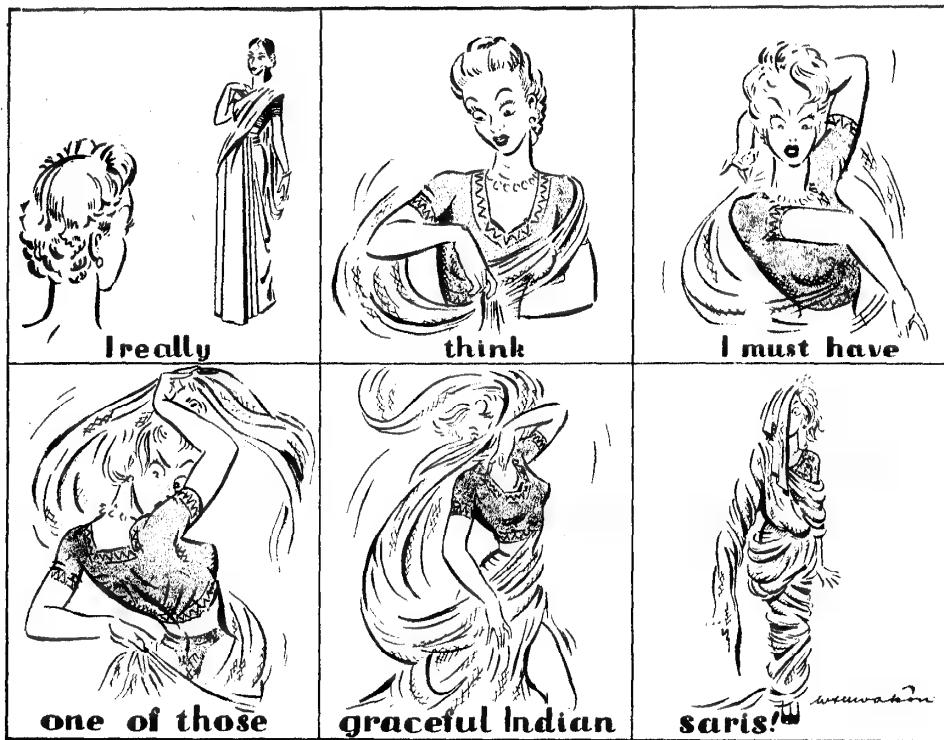
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HANBAL JUNG BANGLUR

Her Own Jigsaw Puzzle

By Celia Luce

ANN was going to be bed-ridden for many a weary month. To her mother it was a blow to know that the vital, tireless young girl would have to be inactive for so long. Before she told Ann the truth, she had worked out their attitude to what seemed almost a calamity.

There were to be no vain regrets, no wasted valuable time. The things that Ann loved that she could do while laid up, she should have in abundance at her bedside, music, languages, art.

Once she was out of the plaster, she could gradually get her body into the state of health and beauty it was when she had had no accident, with a mind happy and serene.

Full Of Colour

We were looking at some jigsaw puzzles which Ann had taken from a pastime. She was quite definite about which ones she wanted and why, and which ones she didn't want and why, just by looking at them in higgledy-piggledy state.

She had chosen one because it had a heavenly blue and a deep purple together on a few pieces. She had chosen another from the whole being full of colour and tone, light and shade. She felt that when she was bored and tired with the pieces that wouldn't fit, she could please her eyes and her sense of colour-harmony by just looking at the two-toned bits.

She chose another because it was obviously going to be a picture of water and trees. It would be cool and soothing when she felt the plaster hot and unbearable, and the walls of the room drab and imprisoning, and she longed for the freedom of the open-air, the touch of the wind and the rain, the feel of the cool water in the swimming pool, and the warmth of the sun.

No Warmth

Ann rejected a puzzle because it was so colourless. Just like a person to whom nothing ever seemed to happen, and with the candour of youth, she personified her thought. "Just like Aunt Matilda," she said.

I thought about that later and visualised Aunt Matilda. Aunt was right, quite right, colourless was the very word. The pasty face, the lack-lustre eyes, lank hair, clothes, expensive ones, that were just put on, and she was still on the right side of 40. She had been a dutiful wife, but you couldn't imagine that she and Uncle Henry had ever had any fun together. She had had no children, no keen interests, no enthusiasms, and no emotions. Her house was well ordered, an impersonal sort of place, her entertaining was staid and uninteresting, the various voluntary works she undertook were correctly

carried out. She was horribly negative, and a most tiresome person to be with. She sapped every ounce of vitality you had, and Ann was right. Nothing ever seemed to happen to Aunt Matilda. Even when Uncle Henry died, the only thing that seemed to have happened was that Aunt Matilda wore black.

Pattern Of Life

So if you have ever cried "Why should the hand of fate be on me?" it might be to have back your words, in case things should cease happening to you, and you become like Ann's rejected jigsaw.

Life has been likened to many things. Among others to a thread that is spun, a pattern on a carpet that one can see only after much of it has been woven, but it seems to be rather like a jigsaw puzzle.

Life is believed. Patterns that are there, all ready to fall into place and make the picture. If you believe that you are the "Master of your Fate," then though the picture may be there, you can shape the pieces and colour them too, and that looks like a lot of fun to me.

Ann is going to have a dark patch in her life, but the colours will be rich and deep.

I can remember a woman I had the privilege to know. She was sent to a sanatorium as an incurable case. She promptly joined a poetry circular, run by a well-known poet, and not only put some delightful thoughts into verse, but criticised usefully and enthusiastically the work of the other members. I don't know much about the background of her picture, but that last bit of her jigsaw puzzle, which I do know about, was certainly of a marvellous hue.

Aren't you going to start on your own jigsaw now?

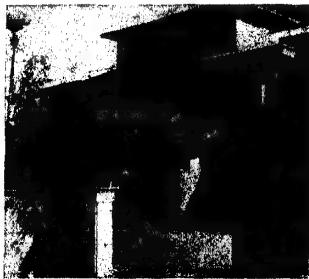
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"Spirspero" from Carmichael Road showing the sweep of the drive and the covered entrance with the upstairs balcony.



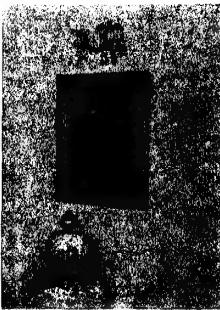
The south front of the house with Lady Mody and her son and daughter-in-law standing in the garden. The bay window of the drawing-room is in the background.



The large semi-circular verandah from the garden showing the Spanish lights which hang inside and as brackets on the outside of the pillars.



The drawing-room seen through the wide doorway of the main reception room. One of the lovely mural paintings is on the right.



One of the fine paintings of which there are many in Lady Mody's house. Above it is a crystal light bracket, and beneath a priceless Chinese vase.

NUMBER one, Carmichael Road, give it its proper name, is the new and beautiful home of Sir Homi and Lady Mody. The house is a modern one, built only in 1944, and its design has been influenced by Spanish architecture. It was around Lady Mody's original idea that the house was planned, and it now ranks among the most interesting houses in Bombay.

"Spirspero" is a many storied building, for beneath the ground floor is the motor garage, and above the first floor is a spacious terrace with a terrace room on the top of which, surrounded by a conical-tiled tiled roof is the large swimming-pool. (A marble channel which supplies running water throughout the household.)

A well-kept garden is maintained both on the entrance front facing Carmichael Road and on the south front which has a commanding view of the city of Bombay from Hornby Vellard to Back Bay. The wide grassy expanse which forms the golf course of the Willingdon Sports Club is immediately in front of "Spirspero," and from both the upper

Sir Homi An Residence

and lower terraces this scene forms a charming vista.

A Novel Feature

The entrance is a pair of massive and very wide teakwood doors which are surmounted with a wrought iron scroll-shaped lock. There is no hall or lobby, so one goes straight into a fine circular reception hall where the ceiling is high above the first floor, and is in fact the same height as the top floor of the room. This novel feature is an impressive and it also helps to keep the house cool, as it allows the circulation of air in all directions and in all the principal rooms. Each side of the circular reception room is flanked by a wide teakwood staircase which leads up to the first floor. The handsome hand-rail is in carved teak, and the same motif is repeated in the balustrade that encircles the balcony on the first floor, and again in the terrace room above. The reception room is furnished with comfortable settees and easy chairs, and its marble floor is enriched by several heavy Persian carpets. This is the focal point for all the main rooms on the ground floor, and through a wide sliding door on the left, one reaches the drawing-room, and through a similar teakwood door on the right, the dining-room. The centre glass door leads on to the verandah which is almost semi-circular in shape, and is a light and comfortably furnished retreat overlooking the lawns and gardens on the south.

Mid-day Furniture

The drawing-room is a beautiful, bright and airy room, with windows on three sides and French doors which open on to the verandah. It is furnished in modern style with shaped settees, wall seats, and occasional seats instead of the more traditional "easy chairs." The floor is of teakwood parquetry and is covered with a large Persian carpet and Persian rugs. The walls are hung with fine paintings, and a sparkling chandelier and crystal wall brackets provide the lighting. It is here that Sir Homi and Lady Mody receive their guests.

The dining-room is the same shape and size as the drawing-room, and has the same large bay window at the garden end. The table and chairs are of polished



The main reception room seen through one of the arches which emphasize the Spanish style of architecture.



One of the two staircases which flank each side of the reception hall. The carved balustrades are in waxed teak.



LEFT :

Two views of the bright and airy drawing room furnished with shaped sofas upholstered in rich brocade. The wooden parquet flooring is covered by a large Persian carpet and small rugs. At left is a corner of the drawing room showing the large semi-circular verandah. The French windows command a view of the garden, and here, as in all the other rooms, there are vases of flowers from the garden.



The dining-room with its lovely polished table and sideboard, which bears an engraved silver plaque. The room is lit by a chrystal chandelier.

Lady Mody and her son standing in the doorway to the veranda. In the background can be seen the dining-room through the centre door.

The upstairs sitting-room, which is over the veranda on the ground floor. This is the most used room in the house, and has a view over Bombay.

Lady Mody's n Bombay

task with a large side-board and a dinner wagon to match. A painted screen in the door leading to the service room provides a novel effect, while indirect illumination from the ceiling ensures soft lighting. A small separate dining room, the white tiled kitchen with its huge refrigerator and gas cookers, the pantry, store-room and the cellar, forming a compact service section, with a staircase leading directly upstairs for service in the small dining-room.

Also on the ground floor is the tank-panelled library, which has one wall completely filled with glass-fronted cupboards containing hundreds of books on every conceivable subject. The floor of this room is also teakwood parquet, and has for its sole covering a fine panther skin.

The 'Den.'

Finally on the ground floor is one of the five bedrooms. This one is furnished with twin beds and a circular table with a settee and chair. It is a spacious room, with a wardrobe and dressing-table are in an adjoining room. The furniture is of teak, which has been stained to dark walnut. As with other rooms, Lady Mody sees that it is provided daily with its vases of flowers.

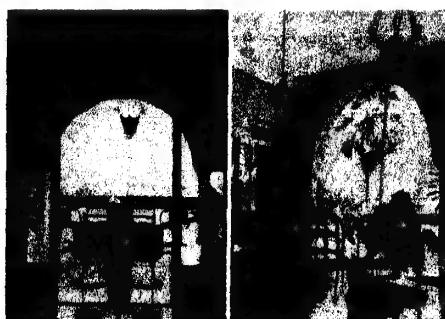
Going up one of the main staircases to the first floor, one enters the pleasant and much lived in sitting-room which is above the veranda on the ground floor. This room is a veritable bower, a lovely view of the city and ensure that the room gets every advantage of the slightest breeze. Venetian blinds can be lowered to keep out the sun while still allowing the breeze to enter. Easy chairs and settees form the principal furniture with side-tables containing portraits of the family and many busy telephones. Near Lady Mody's favorite chair. Off this room is the principal bedroom which is above the drawing-room and is furnished in modern style with twin beds and other furniture in teakwood, including a comfortable chair lounge. Adjacent to this room is Sir Homi Mody's dressing-room. The latter is really comfortably furnished 'den,' and it is here that Sir Homi

spends much of his time reading and writing. Three other similarly complete bedrooms are situated in each corner of the first floor so that each receives the maximum amount of cool air. On this floor also is the small dining-room which is used by the family when dining alone, for much use is made of the first floor.

The Garden

The roof terrace above is completely tiled and makes a pleasant spot for informal parties, for there is also the large terrace in the winter garden for dancing and built-in seats around the room. The windows on the terrace are very wide and deep so that one has but to step over a low ledge to enter the open room.

The garden is kept in perfect condition throughout the year, and at the time of my visit was gay with chrysanthemums, bougainvillaea and canna lilies with other flowering plants coming up to ensure that there will always be flowers in bloom. A few direct pieces of furniture complete the garden scene and add the final touches to the happy home of Sir Homi and Lady Mody.



The veranda from the main reception room, showing the beautiful lawn and garden beyond. It is furnished with modern, comfortable, upholstered chairs.

The equestrian statue, which is the main feature of the veranda. Above it hangs one of the Spanish lamps which are also featured on the outside walls.



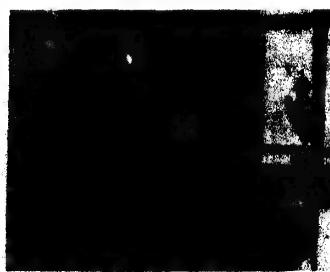
One of the chefs at work in the kitchen, which is thoroughly modern, with a refrigerator and electric cooker.



Lady Mody's daughter-in-law in her bedroom on the ground floor, which is comfortably furnished in teakwood.

RIGHT:

Lady Mody sitting in one of the leather saddle-bag chairs which furnish the library. The paneling is of teakwood, and the floor is teak parquet, its sole covering being a fine panther skin. The wall-length book-case in the library contains innumerable books on a variety of subjects. On the table in front of the window there are a pair of antique Chinese vases.



TO CONTRIBUTORS

Features and Photographs
Wanted.

THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short stories, articles of a "Hunting, Shooting and Fishing" — nature, articles on women's subjects, and humorous articles and verse.

The Editor will also be glad to consider photographs on social subjects such as appear in *The Onlooker* month by month.

Payment will be made at the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for.

Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the backs names must be clear and distinct.

"THE ONLOOKER"

United India Building,
Sir Phirozshaw Mehta Road,
BOMBAY.

The ONLOOKER

Vol. X

March 1948

No. 3

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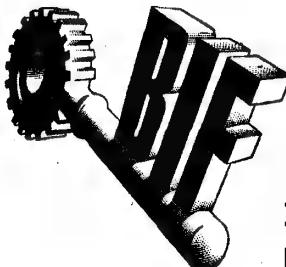
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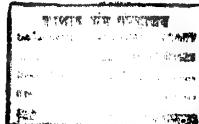
The **ONLOOKER**
... sees most of the game



Vol. X

MARCH 1948

No. 3



Princess Niloufer of
Hyderabad, wife of
H.E.H. the Nizam's
second son, Prince
Muazzam Jah
Bahadur, who has re-
turned to Hyderabad
after a sojourn in
England and the
Continent.



Portrait by G. C. Dorrell

Mahatma Gandhi

The Prophet Of Social Justice

I BELONG to a generation of Indians who entered life as rebels against Mahatma Gandhi and his ideas. Imbued with a philosophy that was different from his, and moved by impatience with social injustices, many of us of that generation entered public life as rebels against Gandhiji's thoughts and ideas. We regarded the *charka* as the symbol of a primitive life, and village industries as antediluvian. We thought that Truth and Non-violence were not only irrelevant but even obstructive to social progress and social revolution. We thought Gandhiji had already performed whatever progressive role he had to play in history by the time we arrived on the scene! Two decades have passed since then and, as the years have rolled by, more and more of us have become aware that it was not Gandhiji who was out of date but it was we who had failed to realise the way in which he had sensed the needs of this era while we were still mouthing the slogans of the nineteenth century. We have come to realise the tremendous contributions he has made to political, social and economic thought, to appreciate the stress he has laid on the decentralisation and distribution of political and economic power so that the lowest in our country may participate in it. We have come to realise the need for moral values as we have seen the Europe that we so admired devastated by two world wars and faced with totalitarian tyranny, and we have turned to Gandhiji more and more as the prophet of social justice. We have realised that he was ages ahead of his time, and we bow before him as the greatest socialist of us all, as a better revolutionary than anyone else in our time. We came to scoff but we have remained to pray.

Six months ago, when a group of unruly young men broke into Gandhiji's abode in Calcutta, I permitted myself in Poona, when addressing a gathering of young men there, to express my misgiving that we seemed to be qualifying to go down in history execrated with those who had crucified Christ. To our misfortune, those fears have become a grim fact. It was from that grim fact of Poona that came the hand to strike the blow.

Like Abraham Lincoln, our great leader has left us, but only after he had piloted and guided us to that prime goal which we had set before ourselves. His message will live long beyond the intentions of those who have tried to silence him, and the miscreant can only go down to posterity, in the phrase



the poet Shelley used to describe the scribe who drove Keats to his early grave, as a "noteless blot on a remembered name." The Prime Minister has admitted how he on his part has felt ashamed at the failure of the Government which he represents. If the rest of us, however, were to feel we were guiltless, we would be doing less than justice to ourselves or to Gandhiji, because to the measure that we have allowed the poison of hatred and violence and religious bigotry to spread in this country in the last six months, each one of us has been guilty also. We have all been guilty of acts of commission or of omission.

We kept silent when we should have raised our voices in protest. We may not have justified what has happened, but too many of us have made excuses. We have connived at and condoned violence

and hatred, and we have now tasted the bitter fruit.

One would like to dare to hope that Gandhiji's martyrdom may prove a turning point that may shock the conscience of those who have allowed themselves to be misled by the false prophets of religious bigotry, and that in death we may follow Gandhiji more loyally than we followed him in the last stages of his life. That is our only hope.

If India is to follow the path of militarism, of racial chauvinism and religious bigotry, then she is lost. If we wish to emerge as a progressive, democratic and peace-loving nation, a loyal member of the United Nations, now more than ever before is the time for the sons and daughters of India to return to Gandhiji's message. "Few can be Gandhis," writes Louis Fischer, a faithful interpreter of

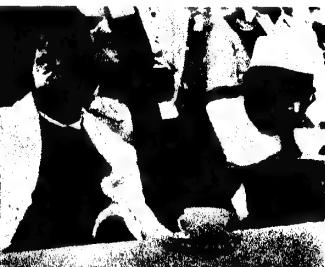
the Mahatma, in his recent book *Gandhi and Stalin*, "but one touch of Gandhi in each of us would add up to enough moral strength to defeat all the Stalins, and all the 50 per cent Stalins and Hitlers, and the 10 per cent and 20 per cent Stalins and Hitlers who dwell in the democracies and detest from the purity of democracy."

Here is a suggestion that Gandhiji has often made which may help us in India today to face the tasks that lie before us in the spirit that he would have liked us to possess. Let us remember those words of his and, both collectively as a nation and individually, stop finding fault with others and do as he has suggested: "Turn the searchlight inward."

M. B. Masani



The Hon'ble Mr. Morarji Desai, Home Minister in the Government of Bombay, and the Hon'ble Mr. N. V. Gadgil, Minister for Works, Mines and Power, Government of India, at a party given in honour of India's Deputy Prime Minister.



The Hon'ble Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, Deputy Prime Minister of India, and Mr. Manilal Chaturbhaji Shah, Chairman of the Ahmedabad Municipality, at the tea party he gave in honour of Sardar Patel's visit to Ahmedabad.



Miss Sucheta Devi Gadgil, daughter of the Hon'ble Mr. N. V. Gadgil, Minister for Works, Mines and Power, Government of India, with Mr. Mirkhondi, I.C.S., Commissioner for Ahmedabad, who were among the many guests present.

Pigeon-Holes

By P. G.

A NAME, a place, a date, chance meeting, coincidence, and how specially a mental panorama unfolds itself. Associated incidents of 20 or 30 years ago are conjured up and appear in review before us. Leaning back in a quiet corner we can live again in retrospect the scenes of yesterday.

Calcutta as it was, when life was lived to the full, when the end of the day's work brought the pleasures of the evening, when a very few rupees covered the day's bazaar, when the market teemed with shoppers, their coolies laden with purchases at an outlet that would buy less than a third today, if procurable at all, when one called at one's favourite club for a couple of rupees and the bottle was left on the table to help yourself.

"The Red Road"

Let us go back, let us retire for a while from the world of today, and relax ourselves to give that amazing organ, the brain, full play, undisturbed. It is a perfect filing cabinet. Each little pigeon-hole has its memory card carefully stored. Some are more legible than others, according to the impression made upon us.

Let us draw a red road, random, as it is simply inscribed, "The Red Road." We see it again; a broad, perfectly level stretch of bright red gravel, flanked on either side by smooth green grass, a clean white balustrade and a wide level path for pedestrians.

We pause on our walk and watch the stream of equipages that pass and repass; smart, highly polished, phaetons and landaus, high stepping, beautifully

rounded horses, coaches and surreys. It is a usual evening outing of Calcutta society, the function known as "taking the air." Some have been, or are going to the Strand Road, the horses to trot at an easy pace for the well dressed seekers of a breeze to observe the shipping on the river and the passing scene. When the road has been completed, the horses are taken as near as possible to the Eden Gardens, where the bandstand is adjacent to the road. A well rendered programme of music by the Calcutta Town Band, ably conducted by Mr. Leeson, and the playing of *The King* is the signal for the drivers to stop. The horses are then led on and expensively apprised residences in Alipore, Ballygunge, Camac, Harrington and Wood Streets, Elginum Row, Theatre Road and other quiet thoroughfares south of Park Street as far as Tollygunge are illuminated in readiness for the family's return, the servants on the right, the ladies in their petticoats laid and evening dress drawn down, studs and links, are in their order on the bedsprads. Guests are welcomed, short drinks are consumed, and the business of dining commences. So much for visions conjured up by our "Red Road" reminder.

At The Theatre

We turn again to our files, and discover the name "Lew Marks." At once there is a perfect availability of memories, of course, of the matches at the old Empire Theatre, where one attended every new show at its opening and at its final performance, with a rare profusion of floral, edible and ornamental offerings, where

(Continued on page 79)



Mr. Barker, Private Secretary to the Hon'ble Mr. N. V. Gadgil, Mr. Sarabhai Kshetrapal, a leading steel magnate of Ahmedabad, and Mr. Rustam Cama, Director of Cama Motor Limited.



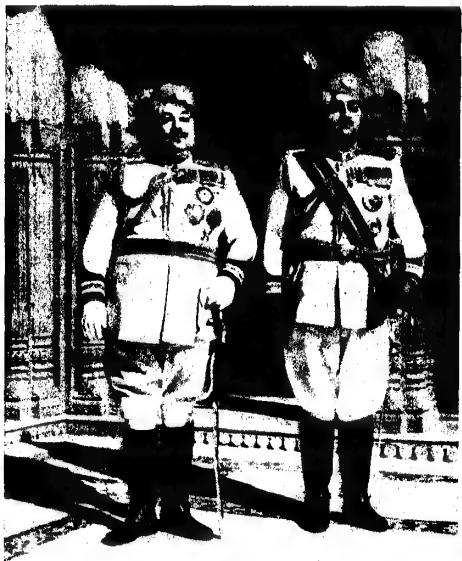
Mr. Udayana, grandson of Sir Chinubhai Madhavji, and Seth Kasturbhai Lalbhai, one of the leading Ahmedabad mill owners.



Mr. Honaver, District Judge, Ahmedabad, Mr. Damry, I.C.S., Collector of Ahmedabad, and Mr. V. Shanker, I.C.S., Private Secretary to the Hon'ble Sardar Patel.



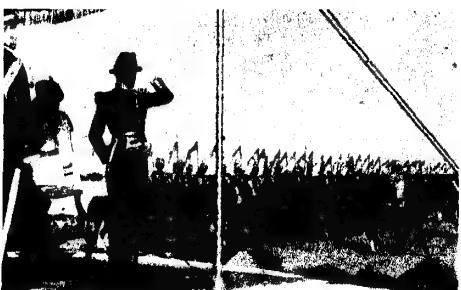
Miss R. Anklesaria, Mrs. Chaudhury, wife of the Deputy Inspector-General of Police, Ahmedabad, and Mrs. Damry, wife of the Collector of Ahmedabad.



Lt.-Gen. H. H. Sudul Singhji Bahadur, G.C.I.E., C.V.O., Maharaja of Bikaner, with his son, Maharaj Kumar Sri Karan Singhji Bahadur,



Capt. Chandar Singh, A.D.C., Capt. Jagmal Singh, A.D.C., Col. Jeoraj Singh, Military Secretary, Capt. Narain Singh, Secretary to H. H. the Maharaja, and Capt. Rawat Singh, A.D.C.



H. E. Lord Mountbatten with H. H. the Maharaja of Bikaner taking the salute at a parade of the Bikaner State Forces. The State Cavalry are passing the saluting base.



An aerial view of Bikaner city.



The large temple in Bikaner, which is situated in the heart of the city.



A corner of the palace reflected in the lily pond in front of it. RIGHT: The exterior staircase of the Bikaner Fort, which leads to the Durbar Hall.



The Bikaner Camel Corps staged a musical drive during the visit of the Governor-General. The gun carriage carries an old brass gun which has seen many years' service.



Rai Bahadur Chunilal Kapur, I.P. (Retired), Inspector-General of Police, Bikaner.



H.H. the Maharaja of Bikaner showing the plans of the new cantonments for the State Forces to H.E. the Governor-General and Lady Mountbatten after the State Forces Parade.



Maj-Gen. Jaldio Singhji Sardar Bahadur, C.I.E., O.B.I., G.O.C., Bikaner State Army.



Mr. P. R. Brown, Traffic Manager, Bikaner Railways, and Dr. R. J. Weingarten, Principal Medical Officer for Bikaner State.

Bikaner Looks Ahead

By Graham Dorsett

BEING a photographer has its advantages, especially if one can get away from the regularity of office routine occasionally. An invitation from His Highness the Maharaja of Bikaner to "come along and bring your camera" during the visit of H.E. Lord Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, and Lady Mountbatten was a very welcome one. I flew to Jodhpur, and then in my car to Bikaner, which the overnight train to Bikaner reached my destination two hours before the principal guests arrived by air from Delhi.

After a hurried breakfast, I was whisked out to the Nas Al Aerodrome in time to see Lord Mountbatten's York land, exactly to the minute. The Maharaja met his guests at the airport and, while after dinner everyone set out for the little palace on the jhool at Gajera, where after lunch a duck shoot was to be the main sport of the afternoon. Lunch was an alfresco meal served on the Lagoon Terrace.

Good Shooting

Throughout the afternoon some of us who were not shooting watched the guns from an elevated point of vantage, and had the pleasure of seeing several "left and right" and good shooting from most of the butts. At sunset the shoot came to an end, and those who had been out came in to dinner at the court. Never had I seen such a variety of duck nor such a magnificent bag, the honours going to the Maharajah Kumar.



Mr. Campbell Johnson, Lady Brabourne, Lady Pamela Mountbatten, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Joan Kearns enjoying a camel ride.

Owing to limited accommodation at this lovely little hunting lodge, dinner was served in a specially erected tent, and drinks beforehand were served in an adjacent tented room. These rooms were so perfect in every way that it was difficult to believe that one was actually "under canvas."

After dinner, the guests were entertained to a unique sporting film taken by His Highness during his shikar trip in Africa some years ago.

Now the hunting element was out early for another shoot, this time for imperial sand grouse, and as I watched from an old tower, I realised from quite

(continued on page 73)

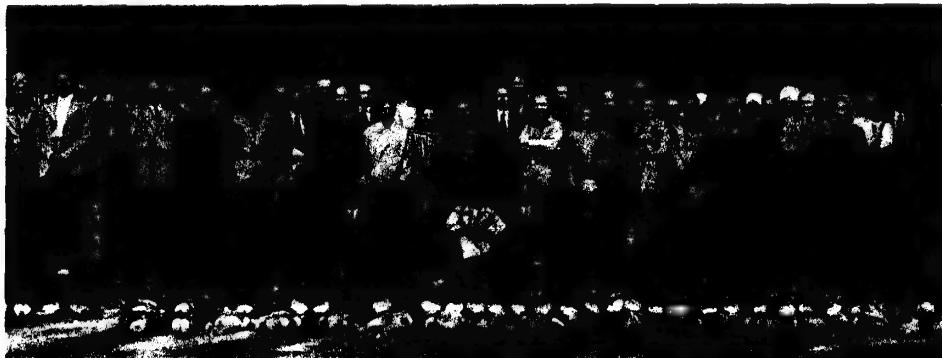


The Rao of Bhukar, the Rawat of Rawatsar and the Thakur of Manakrasar watching the parade of the State Forces.



The grandson of H.H. the Maharaja of Bikaner and children of the ruling house awaiting the arrival of H.E. the Governor-General and Lady Mountbatten at the airfield.

Justice Hussain, Chief Justice Raja Bahadur Bishewarwani and Justice Kaul watching the State Forces Parade.



After a duck shoot at Bharatpur Keoladeo Ghana. The group includes H. H. the Maharaja Saheb of Dewas, Jr., H. H. the Maharaja Saheb of Bharatpur, Raja Man Singh, Raja Girja Saran Singh, Gt. Capt. and Mrs. S. O. Tudor, Gen. and Mrs. Swinhorn, Sir Patrick and Lady Spens, Brigadier Tara Singh, Kr. Brijendra Singh of Moradabad, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Edward Collins, Lt.-Col. Turner, Rajkumar and Rajkumari Birandra Singh, Kr. Surendrapal Singh of Unchagoun, Col. Mahajit Priti Singh, Lt.-Col. Denyer, Major J. Patterson, Cmtr. Palmer, Capt. Prior, Col. Barnett, Lt.-Col. Nat. Hoskot, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harfari, Miss Benson, Mr. J. Hopper and Mr. T. Uberoi.

Stalking Wild Life

By N. H. L.

A YOUNG friend was complaining that stalking was the monotonous side of shooting or photography in Indian forests. "Walk, walk, and perspire," said he, "and never a thing to be seen." To start with, it does seem like this, but a little patience and practice, and the forest at the correct time is a teeming world.

Generally most young men's initial attempts at stalking are disappointing; they hear movement, perhaps sees a flag-end of retreating deer, but is rarely able to witness exciting jungle incidents such as the bull bison pawing the earth, or a tiger killing.

The Way You Go About It

Probably successful stalking and tracking is a matter of temperament, because there are "griffins" who can, and "gallows" who cannot. There are also men with natural powers of observation and patience who quickly develop a keen sense of jungle lore. There are also experts, young or old, often with a stereotyped book-knowledge of wild life; a perfectly good shot, at clay-pigeons or from a *match*, they scramble about in a forest seemingly with a wrapt round their eyes, complaining of ill-luck. In this

category fall many men with years of forest experience who cannot master the patience to become good stalkers or photographers.

Carnivora are gifted by Nature to stalk their prey: a keen sense of hearing and sight permit them to rely on stealth and surprise. Man, on the other hand, has every nerve for food and existence, and all other animals, knowing their ruthlessness, are constantly on the watch for stealthy movements, thus the approaching sound of soft pressure on leaves in the silence of the forest puts all animals on their guard.

It is easy to understand therefore why a human being, exposed and upright, out of his element in the forest, must make a clumsy show if he attempts to emulate the tiger. But the intelligence of man harnessed to the method of the animal ensures interesting stalking.

Most novices start out at a normal pace, with exaggerated steps in their attempts. The result is that they are seen, scented, and taken stock of long before they even realise that animals have been lurking near them. The golden rule for successful stalking and photography would be, therefore, to avoid, firstly, any quick movement and, secondly, any stealthy movement.

Walk Aimlessly

Most Indian forests are full of trees of a deciduous nature, so that for eight months of the year the earth is a carpet of leaves. Over this surface it is impossible for an animal, much less a human



Mr. and Mrs. Murray Fleming and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Moss at the Calcutta Ladies' Golf Club.

being, to walk without sound, and no animal makes undue noise unless it has been frightened.

Therefore the best method of stalking would be to walk aimlessly with motionless pauses, alert to sound and movement. At first the various sounds in a forest are confusing and tend to make the "griffin" develop a great caution, with disappointing results.

Watch a herd of deer grazing. There is nothing hurried or noiseful in their movements. Every little while a member of the herd raises its head, and pricks its ears for any sound or sign of danger. Then it drops its head again, slower than half a mile an hour. But allow a twig to snap, followed by silence, and then a leaf to crackle ominously, and the whole herd forms a phalanx of alertness blending harmoniously with the background. And, of course, a continuous rustling movement of man walking sends them scuttling to safety before the tracker has even seen them.

Sound carries to great distances in the silence of the forest, and all animals can recognise the cluminess of man. They slip away easily and soundlessly, and the inexperienced stalker imagines he is travelling in an empty forest. It is particularly true of small animals and birds he will encounter if he will imitate the speed and style of a grazing herd of deer.

It is admittedly difficult to stalk in a forest allowed no recess by shooting

(Continued on page 84)



The semi-finalists in the Captains Cup at the Belgaum golf tournament. From L. to R.: Capt. Bob Burns, Dr. "Shiv" Shiveshwaran, Mr. Bill Wainwright, and Col. George Newell. Mr. Bill Wainwright beat Dr. Shiveshwaran in the finals—2 and 1.

Mr. D. R. Morarjee, the Hon'ble Dr. R. B. Chandra Chod, Development Member of the Baroda Government, Mr. A. I. Rahimtulla, and Mr. Suman Moolgaokar on the golf links at Baroda.



Some of the competitors of the Sixth Ladies' Open Golf Championship, Bombay. From 1. to 8.: Mrs. Peggy Dixon, Mrs. Billie Sterrey and Mrs. Emily Meeker; Miss Pandole, Mrs. Little Hamilton, Mrs. Vakil and Mrs. Molly Marsden; Mrs. "Jackie" White, Mrs. Mary Martin and Mrs. Vera Sully.

Ladies' Open Golf Week

By "Stymie" "

THE Sixth Ladies' Open Golf Week, held at the Willingdon Sports Club, Bombay, from January 26 to 30 attracted a very large number of competitors. The weather was perfect and the course in good condition, so it is not to be wondered that the golf was good and an enjoyable experience for all.

The week was organised by a Committee headed by Joyce Bullock as Captain and Emily Meeker as Secretary. There was a hard job in they not only took part in all competitions but had the added toll of card checking and draws, and with 52 entrants it was no small undertaking done most admirably.

Useful Prizes

The prizes this year were magnificent, wherever selected they had the usual sense to include useful articles like travelling clocks, fountain pen sets and golf requisites. Women as a rule prefer to receive something they can use rather than the decorative but useless silver cup. Some of the bigger prizes donated by, I say sincerely, the golfers were most appropriate. Sir John Abercrombie presented a lovely rose bowl and five silver medals for the next five years for the best scratch score in the qualifying round. This generous presentation, coming just at the time of Sir John's retirement from India, will keep the memory of one of India's finest golfers, Bill Brough, as in past years, presented two silver cups.

The American International Underwriters presented a handsome silver tray for the winner of the Handicap Cup. Any lady who really covets it will have to win it four times to become the owner.



Mrs. Eileen Preston, runner-up, and Mrs. Maisie Macpherson, winner of the Championship.



Mrs. Frances Brough and Mrs. Olive Rundell, two other competitors in the Ladies' Open Golf Championship, which was held at the Willingdon Sports Club this year.



Mr. P. Sealy, Mr. G. Mothersill, Mr. Ram Prasad Gupta, Mr. R. S. Mehrotra and Mrs. Sealy at the Cawnpore Golf Club.



Mr. P. Moores and Mr. E. Shubart, winners of the Merchants Cup, Mr. S. de Noronha, Honorary Secretary, Mr. A. H. Buckland and Mr. G. Mothersill, runners-up.



Mr. A. R. Beeson, Sir Arthur Inskip, Mrs. Beeson, Miss Pat Inskip and Mr. R. L. Powell relax after a round of golf.



Officers of the 2/1 Gurkha Rifles with the then G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command, photographed at Mathura. From L. to R.: (SITTING) Sub. Harkabahadur Thapa, Capt. Nazan Singh Dhindsa, Sub. Chanderbahadur Bura, Brigadier Yadvir Singh, Sub.-Maj. Narjung Ghale, M.C., Lt.-Gen. K. M. Carappa, O.B.E., G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command, Lt.-Col. S. K. Korla, D.S.O., M.C., Sub. Tulbahadur Gurung, M.M., Capt. Prabh Dyal, Sub. Chitrabahadur Thapa, I.D.S.M., and Lt.-Col. Kalyan Singh, R.I.A.; (MIDDLE ROW) Capt. K. N. Bhalla, Capt. S. S. Kanwar, Sub. Hustabir Gurung, Capt. R. Gurung, Sub. Thunbahadur Thapa, Lt. S. Gurung Bahadur, O.B.I., Lt. C. B. Thapa, Jem. Ramsuran Thapa, Sub. Ramsuran Thapa, Jem. Tejbahadur Thapa and Jem. Bahadur Gurung; (BACK ROW) Jem. Barnabahadur Thapa, Jem. Achharsingh Khanha, Lt. M. B. Gurung, M.B.E., Jem. Lalbahadur Rana, Jem. Badi Gurung, Jem. Kabir Singh Puri and Jem. Prembahadur Rana.



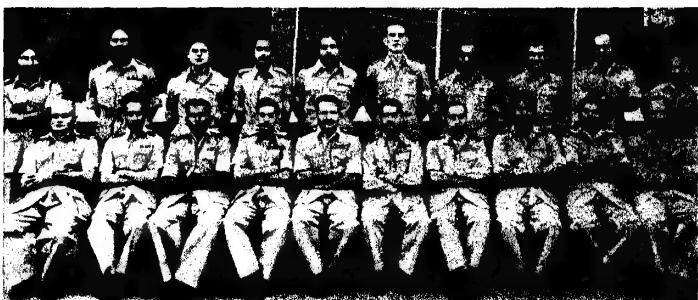
Capt. Francis Leeson, who has gone to the U.K. for demobilization. After a short leave he is returning to India to make a photographic survey for the National Geographic Society.



Major Shyam Rattan, Major Daljit Singh, R.I.A.S.C., Lt. J. S. Malhotra and Lt. Jagdish Raj, all of the Kathiawar Defence Force, meet at the Tuf, in Bombay.



Brigadier S. D. Verma, Commandant of the recently formed Indian Staff College at Wellington, South India. Brigadier Verma was formerly Assistant Commandant of the Staff College in Quetta.



Air Commodore Narendra, Air Officer Commanding Number 2 Indian Group, R.I.A.F., Bangalore, with some of the officers of the Initial Training Wing, R.I.A.F., Coimbatore, on the occasion of the Passing Out Parade of Air Force Cadets held at Coimbatore. From L. to R.: (SITTING) Fl/Lt. Dwivedi, Fl/Lt. D'Souza, Fl/Lt. Sastry, Fl/Lt. Bhavani, Sq/Ldr. Joshi, Air Commodore Narendra, W/Cmdr. Almaram (Commanding Officer), Sq/Ldr. M. Singh, Fl/Lt. Scudder and Fl/Lt. Nair; (STANDING) F/O. Kharuna, Fl/Lt. A. Singh, Fl/Lt. R. Choudry, F/O. Balasubramaniam, F/O. Stidston, F/O. Sett, Fl/Lt. Gadre, F/O. Bhowmick and F/O. Pillai.



Lt. G. S. Sandhu, R.I.N.V.R., who is serving on H.M.I.S. "Investigator", photographed while on leave in Bombay.



Officers of the H.Q., U.P. Area, with Lt.-Gen. Cariappa, O.B.E. From L. to R. : (FRONT ROW) Major W. C. Cole, Major J. P. D'Cunha, Lt.-Col. A. C. Misra, Maj.-Gen. Thakur Nathu Singh, Lt.-Gen. K. M. Cariappa, O.B.E., Lt.-Col. Kampta Prasad, M. C., Lt.-Col. Nepal Singh, Lt.-Col. W. T. Wynne, and Major R. N. Salter ; (SECOND ROW) Capt. Sudhir Singh, A.D.C., Capt. S. R. Malhotra, O.B.E., Major P. C. Morada, Major K. R. K. Rao, Capt. T. H. Kinnar, Maj.-Gen. H. L. Bhattacharyya, M.C., Capt. L. Prasad, Major S. K. S. Mudaliar, Major Rattan Singh and Lt. Suresh A.D.C. to the G.O.C.-in-C. ; (THIRD ROW) Mr. Bhagat Ram, Capt. R. N. Sharma, Capt. M. D. Thomas, Capt. Mohinder Singh, Lt. H. S. Lal, Lt. T. N. Rangaraj, Capt. Harman Singh, Capt. M. M. Joglekar, Major F. M. James, and Mr. S. S. Chawla ; (BACK ROW) Lt. J. W. Soares, Capt. S. L. Puri, Lt. P. P. Govil, Major N. K. Khanna, M.B.B.S., Lt. Balwant Singh, Capt. J. D. Iyengar, Capt. B. R. Khamma, and Capt. R. R. Mal.



On the eve of Lt.-Gen. Sir Francis Tuker's retirement, as G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command, after 33 years' service in the Indian Army, officers of Eastern Command H.Q. during their farewell to the General pulled his car from his residence. Seated on the bonnet of the car are Lt.-Gen. Sir Francis Tuker, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., Maj.-Gen. Chinni and Maj.-Gen. Sharma.



Officers of the Maher M. G. Regimental Centre photographed on the eve of the departure of Lt.-Col. G. H. Eustace, till recently Commandant of the Regimental Centre. From L. to R. : (SITTING) Capt. Badlani, Major P. V. Jadhav, Lt.-Col. G. H. Eustace, Major V. M. Rohenkhelkar and Capt. D. Singh ; (STANDING) Major Thakur Singh, Capt. D. N. Singh, Lt. Bhouri Lal, Capt. T. Dixit, Capt. P. L. Datt and Major Dharampal.



P/O. Romesh Malaney, R.I.A.F., who is attached to Number 3 Squadron at Poona.



At the Inter-Services A.P.I course held at New Delhi. From L. to R. : (FRONT ROW) Lt. Claudius, F.O. Ramaswamy, Major Mohinder Singh, W/Cmdr. Satyanarayana, Capt. Chakravarti, Fl/Lt. Rajagopal, Capt. Chandra Sekhar and F/O. Bokhshi ; (MIDDLE ROW) Lt. Bokhshi Singh, Lt. Chatterji, Capt. Ran Singh, Lt. Kapoor, Capt. Balwan Singh, F/O. Walmsley, Lt. Joseph, F/O. Nayee, Lt. Vacha and F/O. Monga ; (BACK ROW) Capt. Chand, Lt. Sati and P/O. Irani.



Mr. G. V. Kitson, Deputy High Commissioner for the U.K., Mrs. Kitson and Mrs. Gollan, the hostess.



Mr. J. T. Wang, Consul for China, and Mr. Roy Gollan, Senior Australian Trade Commissioner in India, with H.E. Raja Sir Maharaj Singh, Governor of Bombay, at the party given on Australia Day by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gollan.



Mr. S. D. Shabani and Mrs. Orsini Raito, wife of the Italian Consul-General in Bombay.



Mrs. G. Velthorst, wife of the Netherlands Consul in Bombay, with Raja Maharaj Singh.



Dr. H. A. Sonderegger, Consul-General for Switzerland, with Mrs. A. de Silva.



Mrs. Fazl Ahmed, wife of the Consul for Afghanistan, with Mr. John Adams.



Mr. and Mrs. L. Ploeskal, and Mr. A. de Silva, Trade Commissioner for Ceylon. Mr. Ploeskal is Trade Commissioner for Czechoslovakia.



Mr. H. de Limuira, Consul for France, with Mr. C. A. M. Hallenborg, Consul-General for Sweden.



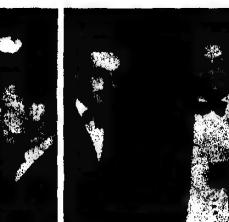
Mr. R. Grew, Trade Commissioner for Canada, with Mrs. E. B. Loedrup, wife of the Consul-General for Norway.



Mr. R. Gasser, Trade Commissioner for Switzerland, Mrs. Gasser and Mr. J. London, Assistant Trade Commissioner for Australia. The party was given at the Willingdon Sports Club.



Mrs. C. A. M. Hallenborg, wife of the Consul-General for Sweden, Mr. O. H. Erol, Consul-General for Turkey, and Mr. A. F. Radwan, Consul for Egypt.



Mr. W. F. Prehn, Australian Information Officer, Mr. G. Velthorst, Consul for the Netherlands, and Mr. J. O'Hagan, Trade Commissioner for the U.K.



Sardar Fazl Ahmed, Consul for Afghanistan, Mr. Mahmud Bahaduri, Consul for Iran, and Mr. E. B. Loedrup, Consul-General for Norway.

**Seshagiri—Naidu**

Capt. C. L. Seshagiri, R.I.E., of Bangalore, and Neerajakshi, daughter of Rao Saheb P. Sourirajulu Naidu, Superintendent of Police, Guntur, were married at Guntur.

**Karim—Jabbar**

Mr. Shankat Karim, of Tata Iron and Steel Company Limited, Cuttack, and Miss Sunita Jabbar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Jabbar, were married in Calcutta. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Syed Raza Karim, and brother of Lady Anis Imam of Patai.

**Singh—Malhotra**

Mr. Avtar Singh, A.I.A.S., son of the late Mr. Gopal Singh, and Miss Mohinder Malhotra, daughter of Sardar Narinder Singh Malhotra of Lahore, were married at Sialkot. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Tela Singh, uncle of the bridegroom, officiated at the "Anand Karaj" ceremony.

"And They Lived Happily Ever After!"

**Chandar—Ayyar**

Major B. B. Chandar, R.I.E., youngest son of Mr. J. R. Balusubramanian, retired District Judge, and Ahalya, daughter of Mr. T. G. N. Ayyar, I.C.S., of the Puna High Court, were married at Madras.

**Roohani—Thadani**

Major G. G. Roohani, son of Rai Sahib Gokaldas Roohani, and Mrs. Padam Thadani were married at Quetta.

**Sethi—Bhagwan Das**

Capt. A. L. Sethi, of the Indian Army Educational Corps, and Miss Prakash Sahgal, daughter of Mr. L. Bhagwan Das, who were married at Jullundur.

**Khan—Khan**

Mr. Ahmed Ali Khan, Assistant Commissioner, Mysore Civil Service, and Mahmoodah Begum, daughter of Mr. Habibullah Khan, Commissioner of State to the Government of India, were married in Poona. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Hyder Ali Khan Jagirdar of Katoor, and the late Begum Hyder Ali Khan.

**Karim—Rahman**

Capt. M. I. Karim and Miss Akhtar Rahman, daughter of the late Mr. Faizur Rahman, were married at Ramna, Dacca. The bride's father was for some time Postmaster-General in Madras.

**Basrur—Rao**

Mr. Manohar V. Basrur of the Indian Railway Service of Engineers, Lucknow, son of Mr. B. V. Rao of the Overseas Communications Service, Bangalore, and Mrs. Rao, and Miss Sunita Rao were married in Bombay. The bride is the daughter of Mr. M. S. Siva Rao of General Motors (India) Limited and Mrs. Rao, of Bombay.

Imaduddin—Imamuddin

Capt. Imaduddin of King George's Hospital, Vizagapatam, son of Khan Sahib Sadiq Hussain of East Godavari, and Miss Naseem Imamuddin, daughter of Mr. Syed Imamuddin, District and Sessions Judge, Coimbatore, and Mrs. Nurjahan Imamuddin, were married in Madras.

**Khan—Amtad**

Capt. M. R. Khan, Madras Regiment, and Khaler, daughter of Mr. M. R. Amtad, D. Director, Development, Pakistan Government, and Mrs. Amtad, were married in Madras. Capt. Khan has now been transferred to the Pakistan Army.

Grantham–Burns Lawson



Mr. Richard Pretheroe Crowe Grantham, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Alpe Grantham of St. Clerc's Hall, St. Oryth, Essex, and Miss Anne Helen Burns Lawson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Burns Lawson of Bombay, were married at All Saints' Church, Malabar Hill, Bombay.



Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bullock. Mr. Bullock, of Forbes Forbes Campbell, represented the bridegroom's parents, who were unable to leave the U. K. for the occasion.



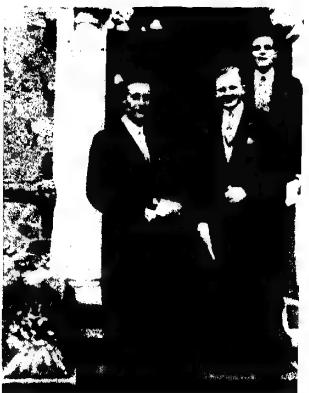
Mr. A. S. Chadwick, who with his wife is an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Burns Lawson, proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom.



Mr. and Mrs. A. Burns Lawson, parents of the bride, leaving the church after the ceremony.



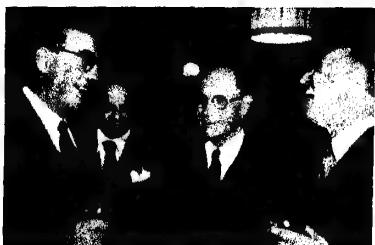
Miss Christine Weston, Gillian and Janet Coulton, and Miss Vivien Lucas, the chief bridesmaid.



Mr. Phil Sykes, Mr. Joe Birtwistle and Mr. Robi Campbell who acted as ushers during the ceremony.



Mr. Cecil Trevor, Miss Yvonne Guevrek, Mr. Leo Rabeneck and Mrs. Hollie Vock.



Mr. Andrew Geddis, Mr. Schwarz, Mr. R. E. M. Carey and Mr. George Allan of Johnson and Phillips.



Mr. Eric Brooks, M
Pointon

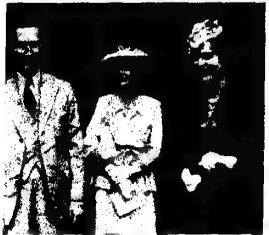


Jillian and Janet, the two younger bridesmaids listen to the bestman's speech while admiring the cake. In the background can be seen Mr. F. M. Surveyor, Chief Engineer, Port Trust, Bombay, and Mrs. Surveyor.



Mr. A. C. Bottomley, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mathews and Mr. and Mrs. Williamson were among the 200 guests at the reception which was held at the Willingdon Sports Club.

They Came To The Wedding



F. T. Coulton, Mrs. Nicholls and Mrs. Coulton who is the mother of the two younger bridesmaids.



Mr. and Mrs. "Tony" Shuttleworth and Miss Margaret Baldwin, admiring the wedding presents.



Mrs. Herbert Smith and Mrs. H. F. Akelhurst.



Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Sharpe.



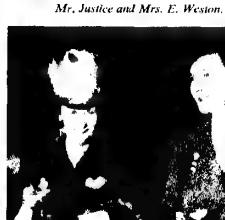
Mr. Justice and Mrs. E. Weston.



Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thompson and Mr. W. P. Nicholls chatting in a quiet corner of the room.



Mr. Uno Magnusson, Mr. Charles M. Eastley, and Mr. C. W. Clarke of the G.I.P. Railway.



Mrs. A. E. Blair and Mrs. A. S. Chadwick.



Lucas and Mrs. Vincent in a toast.



Mrs. Benson with Mr. Billimoria and Mr. G. Benson, both of Hindustan Construction Company.



Mrs. K. C. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" Braund and Mr. Alan Thomas share a joke together.



Anand, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mehta, Devyani, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bhagwandas C. Mehta, Bandhanji Mehta, and Ajit, son of Mrs. Chandmal of Bombay.



Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing, sister of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, with her two sons, Harshad and Ajit.



Mrs. Iyon Chew (RIGHT) with her small daughter, Hilary, and her niece, Miss Hall, taken while in Baroda.



Rowena and Aruna, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Bhandari. Rowena was born in Karachi and Aruna in Toronto, Canada, and they are both now in London, where their father is Public Relations Officer at India House.



Capt. Chandra Bhau Singh of Hodson's Horse, Ahmednagar, with his wife and two children.



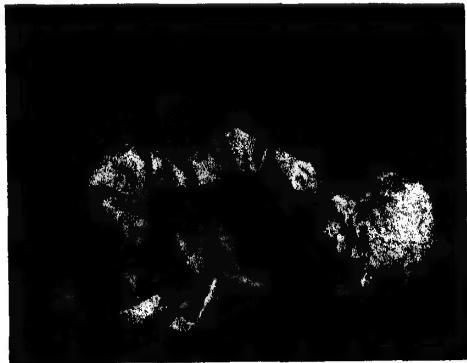
Geoffrey d'Arnaud Taylor, Pimi Shrinagesh, Gugi Shrinagesh, Gay Lavery and Gurni Shrinagesh, in fancy dress costumes at a children's party held at the Madras Gymkhana Club.



Mrs. Morarjee and her daughter, Jamine, of Bombay, while on a visit to Baroda.



F/Lt. Lalit Kumar Chopra, Mrs. Chopra and their two children while on a holiday in Kapurthala.



Neela, one-year-old daughter of Major M. R. Chandvadkar, R.I.A.S.C., D.A.Q.M.G., Delhi Sub-Area, and Mrs. Chandvadkar, of New Delhi.



Jennifer Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Leathart of Calcutta, photographed on her first birthday.

The Children's Hour

By S. M.

RECEIPT of six children's books has caused me to meditate on this type of literary fare. It is, I fear, a much abused sphere of writing, and there is probably more arrant nonsense turned out for children nowadays than ever before. The keen amateur who suffers from *overboor scribendi*, and who has failed in all other branches of literature, is very prone to write for the children's market, and, unfortunately, his (or more often her) efforts too frequently achieve publication, the outcome being as a rule a mawkish malange of sentiment which is an insult to a normal child's intelligence. The percentage of really good children's books has been reduced as low as 10 per cent of the annual output. For both boys and girls in the preparatory school period I have found the finest books of the last 20 years to be Henry Williamson's *Tarke the Otter* and *The Old Stag*. Their spell has been as evident as that of Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, and Selby-Bone's about Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons* series, and the Doolittle books by the late Hugh Lofting. Beatrix Potter and Mrs. E. Nesbit, of course, are hardy perennials, by now and rarely fail with the very young.

Two of the books I have received are published by Robert Hale (rs. 6d. each). They are *Pancho*, which is written and

illustrated by Bert and Elmer Hader, and *Sampy*, *The Little Black Cocker*, by Dorothy K. L. Hommedale. Both of these, I should say, are intended for children from the ages of four to seven. *Pancho* is the story of how a small Mexican boy unexpectedly became a hero by capturing a marauding wild bull with a cow-bell, and how he won a purse of gold, a silver-trimmed saddle and a big hat. This is a gaily coloured picture book with a very definite appeal. The drawings are delightfully done and the large print is strikingly artistic and lends itself to the rhythm of the pictures. Those in the kindergarten stage should revel in *Pancho's* adventures.

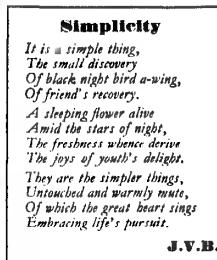
Not So Attractive

Sampy, on the other hand, I found pleasantly illustrated, but mediocre in text. I fancy that I should not have appreciated it in my dandilion days, but then, at that tender stage, I may very well have been classed as a "brat" and as a sophisticated brat (not that I ever, read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* in the attic at the age of eight!).

The other four books are for older children: *Cherry* by Joan Selby Lowndes (Collins, rs. 6d.) is a well-produced volume which recounts most convincingly the life in an English village



Kalkhuwaro, 24-year-old son of Mr. B. N. Lam, of Tata Iron and Steel Company, and Mrs. Lam of Bombay.



J.V.B.

in the 16th century—as seen through the eyes of a boy of 12. This is an exciting chronicle of hunting and hawking, and scenes of country life is nostalgically captured in its pages. It should appeal particularly to boys between the ages of seven and ten.

No Mistaking Carter by Monica Edwards (Collins, rs. 6d.) is equally well turned out and tells of a caravan journey to the sea. The plot is plain, unadorned excitement and is ideal of all ages, I love here. The author's attractive style has considerable zest and should carry the young reader along in a span of breathless interest.

(Continued on page 86)



Nishare Hussein, two-year-old son of Mr. Mohamed Hussein Molooobhai and Mrs. Molooobhai of Bombay.



Rosemary Wells (right), daughter of Major P. H. Wells, I.A.O.C., Bangalore, and her cousin, Rosemarie Sommer.



Geraldine, daughter of Major G. S. Kondal, Garrison Engineer, and Mrs. Kondal of Dehra Dun.



Miss Nancy Hotz, niece of Miss Hotz, General Manager of the Hotz Trial Hotels. During the war she was an ambulance driver in England.

Bachelors, Beware!

By George Mall

WHILE all bachelors should remember that as 1948 is a leap year, their girl friends can propose marriage, the single men of Scotland should be doubly careful. For, whereas English girls have only tradition on their side, Scott girls are backed by the majesty of the law.

Under an Act passed by Queen Margaret, the Maid of Norway, in 1388, "like maiden, ladies of birth high and low estate, shall have liberty to speak ye man she likes." In spite of its age this Act has never been repealed and the man who refuses to call a girl in the sum of 1000 as his estate will be executed and always that if he betroths to another maiden, then he shall be free!¹

But the idea that a woman could propose is much older than that. Saint Patrick decreed it, in response to persistent coaxings by Saint Bridget, but the custom really originated long before Julian Caesar, who in the 1st year frie his mean length at 365½ days and introducing an extra day each fourth year to adjust matters.



Miss Pramila Parashad of St. Stephen's College, who won the Makhandal Gold Medal and Ravi Kanta Devi Prize in the B.A. (Hons.) of the Delhi University. She was the best woman candidate of her year.



Mrs. M. L. Pandit, Mrs. Mohindra Singh, Mrs. Mahtab, wife of the Premier of Orissa, and Mrs. Mitra, photographed in Cuttack.



Mrs. Brockman, wife of Capt. Brockman, R.N., Private Secretary to Lord Mountbatten, with Miss Jane Foster and Miss Muriel Watson, both of whom are on the Governor-General's staff. Miss Watson is P.A. to Lady Mountbatten.

Before that there had been five odd, days in the calendar, none of them belonging to any month, and all of them devoted to queer ceremonies. Today only two, April fool's day and leap year, survive in their old form. The others, given up to carnivals, feasting and orgies, on which criminals were recognised as kings, or even gods, have been forgotten long ago.

Impatient Men

Though it is doubtful if many girls avail themselves of their leap year privilege, they have several notable precedents. Queen Victoria, it is said, proposed to Prince Albert on a leap year for dining so when she was in England still survives thanks to a girl of 22 who proposed to the first baron and, when she was refused,

invoked the aid of the County Judiciary whose decision gave her the marriage she wanted.

Some years ago a band of young Americans decided to strengthen the leap year proposal tradition by forming a club of that name in which every male member signed a declaration that he would marry the girl who chose him. Unfortunately the club had only a short life, for too many men preferred to make their own proposals rather than wait for years for a doubtful possibility.

In France, however, there was no need for such a club before the war. In the department of the Seine February 29 was an exceptionally popular feast day on which the ladies' privilege was so faithfully observed that more proposals were made and accepted on that day than on any other.



Clara Quien, the sculptress, photographed in her studio. In the background are busts of well-known Indian personalities.



Mrs. D'Eath, wife of Mr. F. D. D'Eath, Commissioner of Ports and Customs for Junagadh State. Mrs. D'Eath and her two youngest children have recently returned to Veraval, Kathiawar, from England.

Can't Afford It

By Joan Murray

MEN, it is true, have little sense of the value of money, while a woman certainly possesses that calculating streak in her which causes her to count the ha'pence. We all know that any proposal to buy a present in the restraining hands of the wives, would plunge cheerfully into penury amid a chorus of husbandly remarks such as: "Right, I'll phone a taxi," and: "Lent poor old Jones a fiver today; down on his luck, poor fellow."

Certainly, wives who often insist with upon bases, and who point out blandly that the losses of this world are irreconcileable scroopers. But there is also a tendency among many wives to overdo the pulling on the purse strings, and to have the phrase "We can't afford it" continually and不停地 on their lips.

If there is anything calculated to depress men, it is to drive them狂 and doldrums, and to quench essential boyishness in the average husband, it is for a wife to be always worrying over money problems.

I am sure that the world must be thickly packed with disappointments arising out of the refusal of wives to condone

(Continued on page 85)



Miss Nurgesh Kothawala, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. H. Kothawala, Her book of poems, "Sunshine and Shadows," was sent as a wedding present to H. R. H. Princess Elizabeth.

Sira Says

Vase Value

Let flowers drink up to the neck for a couple of hours before arranging them.

Fill up frequently.

Don't leave all arranging to the *mai*.

Put the vase in position before arranging.

Aim at pretty shapes against a contrasting background. Fan-shapes or triangles are easy and effective.

Concentrate on one large "flower piece" rather than several small vases.

Different vases and differently arranged shapes give unexpected piquancy and change to your room.

Floating flower heads on the dinner table are more pleasing to talk over than dodging round an immense forest of flowers and foliage. "Tashed" flowers in green water are as repulsive as fresh ones are beautiful.

Can you be ruthless? Then pick sweet peas with long, long stalks and lots of their own growing greenery and buds. They look ravishing!

Food For Thought

By "Myrtle"

CABBAGE, that all-year-round vegetable, has vast possibilities! Slice a white cabbage, steam until just tender with a little salt, butter, salt and pepper. Drain off liquid, arrange the cabbage in a baking dish with alternate layers of apple rings or stewed apples. Dot the top with butter and breadcrumbs and a sprinkling of nutmeg. Place it in the oven for 20 minutes and serve immediately. Delicious!

Apples also make vegetable marrow something to write home about. Cook narrow strips of apples in a dish of water and purée. Here again place the ingredients in a baking dish topped with breadcrumbs and butter.

Remember the dumplings Mother used to make? You can make them just as well right here in India but do supervise Cook for the first effort. A soggy, heavy dumpling is worse than a watery potato. The basis for a dumpling is a mixture of chicken, mustard or mayonnaise with brown or cream sauce. Have the stew ready before making dumplings which only take five minutes.

Take one and a half cups of bread flour, well sifted with three teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of salt. Into the dry ingredients "cut" a large tablespoon of melted butter until the pieces are the size of a small pea. Beat one



Valerie, wife of Mr. R. A. M. Henson, Director of H. J. Foster and Company, Bombay. Mrs. Henson has recently returned from a holiday in England, where this portrait was taken.

egg, and pour enough milk to make half a cup of liquid. Pour this into the flour mixture and with a few swift strokes mix till just combined. A tablespoonful of parsley may be added to give a little more flavour. Now into the bubbles add a drop at a time of oil until the mixture is covered, but be sure that the dumplings do not touch each other. Put the lid on the pot and steam them for exactly 15 minutes. Serve immediately and you will think you are eating frothy clouds!

Peace On Earth

We saw the fields of paddy
Billowing in the breeze,
We saw the path unending
Go right into the trees.

We heard the king of fishers
Loud calling to his mate,
We sat and heard the insects
Till it was getting late.

We felt the silence round us
We felt the joy of life,
We felt at peace completely,
A peace that knew no strife.

We smelt the scent of flowers
We sniffed the fresh dug sod,
We breathed the air of freshness
We sensed the Peace of God.

C. C.



Miss Mary Mudie, daughter of H.E. Sir Francis Mudie, Governor of West Punjab.



Princess Durga Raj Gakwad of Baroda, daughter of Prince Dhairiyashilrao, and youngest granddaughter of H.H. the late Maharaja Sayajirao Gakwad of Baroda.

Canton Chicken is the name of this delectable dish, ideal for a special luncheon or dinner but certainly a little expensive for a family meal. Take a large fowl and steam until very tender. Remove skin and bones and then pulp the flesh with grated walnuts and almonds. Mix this mixture, pour it in olive oil, salt and pepper till the paste is firm enough to stand by itself. Use half a pound of almonds and half a pound of shelled walnuts and approximately half a cup of olive oil. Chill thoroughly and serve with salads.

Lettuce can be served as a cooked vegetable. Did you know? Sauté four or five slices of bacon. Remove them from the pan and cut into small pieces. Dip the lettuce in a quantity of cold, mild vinegar. Heat it and add the minced bacon. Pour the dressing while hot over lettuce. Pour the dressing while hot over lettuce.

Continued on page 86



Mrs. C. K. Daphtry, wife of the Attorney-General in Bombay, entertaining Mrs. Turner, wife of Mr. John Turner of Reuters, to tea.



Mrs. E. B. Loedup, wife of the Consul-General for Norway, Mrs. G. V. Kitson, wife of the Deputy High Commissioner for the U.K., and Mme. Sejnahu, wife of the Czechoslovak Ambassador to India, at the "at home" given by Dr. Josef Lusk, Consul-General for Czechoslovakia in Bombay, and Mme. Lusk.



Miss R. M. Winter, General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Lahore, who has recently returned from a holiday in Australia.

Karachi Chronicle

"Kismet"

ALL those who celebrated Burma's independence day party given by the Hon. Mr. Ahsanullah and his attractive wife at the Karachi Club Annex were unanimously agreed that it was quite the happiest occasion since the August 15 celebrations. It was rather like stepping into fairyland when you entered the Club, as the whole room was decorated in Burmese style, with flags and flowers, and two very pretty Burmese girls in national dress presented you with a miniature Burmese flag. After you had time to absorb the beautiful surroundings it was a pleasure to see that your host and hostess were also in national dress, and they had also chosen Burmese music to help create the atmosphere. The programme seemed to be well appreciated by H.E. the Governor of Sind, Sheikh Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah, who, with his host and Sir Laurence Graffey-Smith, the U.K. High Commissioner, appeared to be in the best of good humours. Among the lovely ladies present, perhaps Mme. Fouche, the pretty blonde wife of the French Charge d'Affaires, and Mrs. Ostuan Ali were most outstanding.

Karachi welcomed back General Sir Douglas and Lady Graffey with special congratulations on their recent visit here. It was also interesting to meet their school boy son who had flown out to spend his holidays with his parents. He looks



Mrs. Choudhry, Miss Fatima Jinnah, Mrs. Jefford, and H.E. Sheikh Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah, Governor of Sind, watching a Naval parade.



Capt. Baillie Hamilton, A.D.C. to the Governor of West Punjab, H.E. Sir Francis Mudie.

remarkably like Lady Graffey and apparently shares her enthusiasm for sailing, as most days he was at the Yacht Club trying out "Alouette." Before leaving for Rawalpindi, the Graffey's gave a large cocktail party at the Sind Club, and it was nice to see among their many friends that both General and David Graffey were back in Karachi again. Niam, no doubt, will be leading the fleet again in the dinghy class sailing and we hope that David's trip to Bermuda will have made him keener than ever on sailing.

Children's Party

The visit of H.M.S. "Norfolk" to Karachi was a great success, and made many exciting and gay occasions for the children. A cocktail party was given at the Sind Club to the officers of the "Norfolk" by Sir Laurence Graffey-Smith and his lovely wife, Jane. She is a wonderful hostess and greatly helped to introduce the "Norfolk" to Karachi. Among the guests was particularly nice General Sir Douglas and Lady Falter and his wife back again in Karachi and also to meet their attractive daughter, who must be enjoying her travels immensely.

Another naval occasion which must have appealed greatly to the younger generation was the children's party held on H.M.A. "Norfolk" visiting the State's Call to the stars, chocolate fudge. It has to be the main attraction, and I understand young Sally Taylor and Judith Langford went home stamped all over with the Pirate's mark of a skull and cross bones.

Much encouragement greeted Commander and Mrs. Ellis when they thought of organising a party to sail one Sunday morning to the lighthouse at Cape Monza.

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Jaffer Mushtaq
Mr. Essa E. H. Jaffer, son of the late Sir Ibrahim Haroon Jaffer of Poona, and Miss Mushtari Mushtaq, sister of Mr. S. Mushtaq Ali of New Delhi, were married in Karachi.



Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Hugh Stephenson has been recently awarded the C. I. E.



Col. and Mrs. Beck studying form in the paddock at the Lahore races.



Mrs. Craster and Brigadier Stevens studying their race cards at the Lahore races.



His Excellency M. Jaroslav Sejnoha, Czechoslovakia's first Ambassador to India, who recently arrived in New Delhi from Prague. He was previously Czechoslovak Minister in Cairo for Egypt, Greece and Abyssinia.



His Excellency M. Daniel Levi, French Ambassador to India (CENTRE), with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. deMello and one of their friends, on the spacious grounds of the French Embassy in New Delhi.

The Voice Of Delhi

By "Mrs. Hawksbee"

THE passing of one of the greatest figures in history—the universally loved Mahatma—has laid a pall over the whole world and, since this tragic event took place in our midst, our sense of loss is the more intense. His delicate, gentle, considerate and loving kindness, were so familiar to us that we had come to regard his presence as inextricably bound up with our daily lives.

His own words and teachings, however, have made it clear that he would himself wish us to "carry on."

* * *

The appointment of Sir Raghavan Pillai as Charge d'Affaires in Paris was received with acclamation, tinged with regret at losing a very popular couple. Several large parties were given to bid them god-speed. Mr. Sri Krishna entertained over 100 guests in their house at the India Gymkhana Club, including the distinguished personalities as Sir Teucrius and Lady Shore, Sir Iyen and Lady Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Symon, the Hon'ble Mr. C. H. Bhabha (the Commerce Minister), Mons. and Mme. Roux and M. Motamedy, Ambassador for Iran.

The following evening, Mr. Bhabha feted the departing couple at the same club. The decorations were exquisite, and I saw a novel and most attractive idea for the first time. Mrs. Faulder, the Assistant Secretary of the Club, had arranged a glorious centre-piece of roses



Capt. Freddy Burnaby Atkins and Capt. Gaekwar, A.S.D.C., to H.E. the Governor-General, with Miss Joan Kearns and Miss Nora Connaughton, who are both on the Governor-General's staff in New Delhi.



Mr. R. K. Nehru, I.C.S., and Mrs. Nehru. Mr. Nehru is going to Washington, U.S.A., as the Counsellor to the Indian Ambassador in place of Mr. Sen, who has returned to New Delhi. Mrs. Nehru is well known in Delhi for her social work.

surrounded by bowls in which floated wax lotus flowers, lit by tiny wicks and exuding a faint and delicious perfume.

President Roosevelt, the Hon'ble Mr. S. Shantilal Lal, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Chanda, Mr. and Mrs. Narashari Rao, Mr. and Mrs. Chettrur and several members of the Corps Diplomatique,

Welcome And Farewell

Captain and Mrs. Atkins (he is of course U. S. Naval Attaché) gave a large cocktail dance to welcome the Assistant Naval Attaché, Commander Ketteridge, and his wife. The hostesses, vivacious and charming as ever, wore black with a silvery white shawl around her shoulders. Among their guests I saw Sir Terence and Lady Shand, The Royal Netherlands Ambassador, Mr. Lamping, and his charming wife, General Singh, Ambassador for Nepal, accompanied by his beautiful daughter, Sir Gora Shankar and Lady Bajpal, Sir George and Lady Falconer, the British Ambassador to Nepal, and was on a visit to Delhi), Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Menon, Major the Rajkumar and Rajkumari of Jubbal, Sir Iyen and Lady Mackay, Mrs. Grady, the ever-popular wife of the Ambassador for the United States of America, Sir Patrick and Lady Spens and many others. Commander Ketteridge wore a slimly cut white dress with long white gloves, and looked charming.

Colonel and Mrs. Middleton (he has taken over as U.S. Military Attaché) gave a most successful farewell cocktail dance for Colonel and Mrs. Bennett, whose

(Continued on page 77)



Mr. L. B. Sahney, Director of Purchase, Mme. Simone Lioan of Lancome, Paris, and Mr. A. L. Saxena, Joint Secretary, Finance Department, Government of India, at a party in New Delhi.



Sir Raghavan Pillai, C.B.E., I.C.S., formerly Secretary to the Ministry of Commerce, who has taken up his appointment of Charge d'Affaires at the Indian Embassy in Paris, with Lady Pillai and their two sons, Ronde and Raymond.



Mr. Ratanchand Hirachand, who has been elected Chairman of the Bombay Presidency Branch of the Engineering Association of India for the second time. He has recently been elected to the Managing Committee of the Indian Merchants' Chamber, Bombay, and has taken an active interest in promoting an Ayurved College at Sholapur.



At the "at home" given by Dr. Josef Lusk, Czechoslovakian Consul-General in Bombay, and Mme. Lusk, before His Excellency M. Jaroslav Sejnoha, first Czechoslovak Ambassador to India, and Mme. Sejnoha left for New Delhi. From L. to R.: Dr. Josef Lusk, Mrs. Schwarz, H. E. Raja Sir Maharaj Singh, Governor of Bombay, Mme. Sejnoha, Mme. Lusk, M. Jaroslav Sejnoha, and the Right Reverend Dr. V. Gracias, Titular Bishop of Tanis and the Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Bombay.

Gateway Gossip

By "The Gleaner"

NATIONAL mourning for the tragic death of Mahatma Gandhi brought Bombay's social life to a standstill, all functions and receptions being cancelled immediately.

On Sunday, February 8, the women of Bombay paid tribute to the memory of the Father of the Nation. They started walking in a long procession, clad in white, or *shudh*, from Azad Maidan, bearing the portraits of Mahatma, Lala and Gandhi's saying: "Let hundreds like me die, but let truth prevail!" At the head I saw some of the veterans of the women's movement, old Mrs. Lukumani, who is nearing 80, and still manages to walk 10 miles, Dame Noniwalli, the widower, Perrinben Captain, Lady Matani, Lady Pramila Thackeray, Smt. Jayashreini Raaji, Lady Rama Rau and Lady Duggan. I also saw Lady M. Prenehand, Mrs. Bipsey Sahavala, Mrs. Kulsum Sayani, (known for literacy work in Bombay), Mrs. S. A. Brevi, Mrs. Saffi B. Tyabji, Mrs. Patema



Cmdr. M. MacLeod-Carey, R.N.V.R., and Mrs. MacLeod-Carey of Bombay.

Janail, who has started India's first infantile paralysis centre in Bombay, Mrs. Zarina Currimbhoy, Mrs. Bhat, Mrs. Nadkarni, Mrs. Sanlavale Sarabhai, Mrs. Taraben Manecklal, Mrs. I. S. Haji, Mrs. Shafiee Tyabjee, Mrs. R. Bharucha (President of the Bombay Presidency



Women's Council) Pupul Jayaker, Miss Moos and many others.

The procession went through Kalbadevi where Hindu women joined them through Bhendi Bazar, where Muslim women, some in *burqa* and many in their picturesquely Guchi and Khoja costumes joined. Many mingled with the procession along Sandhurst Road, for the destination, the Chawpatty Sands, was near. Here a mammoth meeting was held. Nearly 20,000 women sat on the sands, and on the huge white dais in the centre, which had a large portrait of Gandhiji, a large white half-mourning president, Rani Mukerji Singh, wife of the Governor of Bombay, was seated supported with a cushion in Eastern style. Seated near the dais, I saw Lady Cowasji Jehangir, Lady Low, Mrs. Kison, wife of the Deputy High Commissioner of the U.K., and Mrs. Jehu Prakash of different faiths were offered. Religious were made from the *Bhagat Gita* by Smt. Sushilaben Patel, from the *Quran* by Miss Zora Sayyadlin, from the *Agama* by Mrs. Freeny Cama; Mrs. Ezekiel read the Hebrew prayer and Rani Maharaj Singh the Christian prayers.

The condolence resolution was passed with a roar of applause, standing with bowed heads and full hearts.

This was one of the many tributes paid by the people of Bombay to India's greatest son.

The Ambassador for Czechoslovakia, M. Jaroslav Sejnoha, and his wife, is a charming blonde with a gift for languages of which she speaks five fluently, paid a fleeting visit to Bombay. They stayed here for a few days on their way to Delhi, with some of their



At the ball held in Bombay in aid of the J. J. Hospital Blood Bank at which Mr. Fali Mehta was the guest of honour in the absence of his father, Sir Homi Mehta, who was in Delhi. The group includes Dr. D. M. Bassa (Secretary), Surgeon V. V. Da Silva (Treasurer), Mrs. D. P. Sethna, Mr. Fali Mehta, Mrs. R. S. Tirodkar, Mr. A. P. Sabavala, Mayor of Bombay, Dr. D. P. Sethna (Superintendent of the J. J. group of hospitals), Dr. R. S. Tirodkar (President), Surgeon S. J. Mehta (Chairman), and members of the committee.

personal staff, at Government House, where a luncheon was given for them to which the Hon. Prime Minister and Mrs. Kher, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Tarse, Lady Radha Rao and a number of Consular representatives were invited. Among the guests were Sardar and Madame Fazl Ahmed, Dr. and Mme. Josef Lusk, Mr. Orban H. Erol, Mr. and Mrs. Ahmed Pathy Radwan and Mr. J. T. Wang.

A Reception

Dr. Josef Lusk, Consul-General for Czechoslovakia in Bombay, also gave a large reception in their honour which included Mr. K. Rajendra Singh, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bhat, Chief Secretary to the Government of Bombay, and Mrs. Bhat, Sir Francis and Lady Low, Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Kison, and members of the Consular Corps. M. Sejnoha was previously Czechoslovak Minister in Cairo, where, during that time he had the双重 task of also representing his country as Minister for Greece and Abyssinia.

Mrs. B. G. Khet, the wife of the Premier, has had a busy time entertaining

(Continued on page 53)



Hamilton Studios

Latif-Latif

Mr. Mahboob Latif of the Hyderabad State Bank, son of Mr. and Mrs. Latif, with his wife, Miss Nazeen Latif, daughter of Dr. Alma Latif, I.C.S. (retired), and Mrs. Latif of Bombay, were married in Bombay. The bride's father was for several years Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, and Adjudicator in a number of industrial cases in Bombay.



Lt.-Col. Jiwant Singh, Director of the Malaria Institute of India, who was recently in Bombay on official business.

Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 52)

Bombay's varied and interesting visitors in her charming house on Malabar Hill. Amongst the distinguished guests who dined there recently were Sardar Patel on a visit from Delhi, His Excellency Raja Sir Maharaj Singh and Rani Maharaj Singh, the latter having only just arrived in Bombay as she remained in Calcutta for her honeymoon. Also there was Dr. D. P. Patel, wife of Kunwar Kamleshwar Dayal Seth, and her baby daughter. The Maharaj Singhs have two sons, Ranbir, who is a News Editor for All-India Radio, and it is a pleasure to hear him reading the news, and Mahindra, who is with I.A.S. in Calcutta and is a popular member of the Calcutta Club.

The Deputy High Commissioner for the United Kingdom and Mrs. G. V. Kirson gave a most delightful dinner party at the Willingdon Club to meet Mr. Walter King, Director of British Information Services in India, and Mrs. King dined there with Sardar Patel. Mrs. King looked extremely attractive in her black taffeta evening dress, while Mrs. King wore a printed frock of red and green with a white background. Among the guests were Brigadier D. S. Brat, Bombay Sub-Area Commander, and Mrs. Brat. Brigadier Brat was telling me of the fare-well party given for the King and Kirson to be given over by the British troops in Bombay. There, too, were Mr. Russi Cama of the *Bombay Chronicle*, who had travelled in the same ship with the Kirsons when they came to India, Mrs. Bennett from Delhi, wearing a most becoming black frock, who was on her way to England

with her two children, the Attorney-General for Bombay, Mr. Daphne, and his sparkling wife, and Mr. D. R. F. Brower and his mother, Mrs. Kitson was telling me how delighted she was to find a house finally on Nepean Sea Road, and what a busy time she was having in unpacking her cases which had not been undone since they left China.

Mrs. B. G. Kher was the guest of honour at a recent ladies' tea party at which the guests included Mrs. Gaganvanti L. Mehta. She had brought her second daughter, Uma, who was leaving the following week for America, where she intended to study at the University of Harvard. Mrs. Y. A. Godbole, who is well known in Bihar and Delhi, is another recent arrival in Bombay as her husband has been appointed Chairman of Bombay's Public Service Commission. Their daughter, Tara, who is studying at the School of Economics, is also a graduate and is looking forward to the holidays. Mrs. Godbole had a most enjoyable time. Mrs. Yash, whose daughter, Medha, is also in America, at Stanford University, was telling me how much attention Medha always attracts in her graceful saris.

On a Swedish Ship

Mr. Dag-Åsle Bästrom, Managing Director of the Swedish East Asiatic



A happy snap of Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Laemmle taken at a reception in Bombay.

Ling, and his very attractive wife visited Boribay recently and gave two large cocktail parties on board one of their ships. Dr. Laemmle, who is in charge of their affairs with unlimited chancery, but, unfortunately, owing to the food regulations, none of the famous Swedish open sandwiches. At a similar cocktail



Mr. Yogenra C. Amin, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Amin of Bombay, and Miss Usha Patel were married in Bombay. The bride's father, Mr. H. M. Patel, is Secretary in the Ministry of Defence, Government of India.

party on the "Bali" in Calcutta, 1,700 of these sandwiches were despatched by the appetites of the 1,200 guests.

Among the people I saw on board were Mr. and Mrs. Pinnon, the latter who had just come on from the Grantham - Burns Watson wedding, was wearing a very attractive and "weddingy"

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About People

The engagement has just been announced in England between Jean, daughter of Mr. J. L. Bernard, Managing Director of Phipsons, Bombay, and Mrs. Bernard, and Major Gordon Shakespeare, M.C., 1/2 Gurkhas, younger son of Sir John and Lady Shakespeare. Jean left Indiabridge, Hainault, England, in late April last May with her parents, and stayed on in Oxford when they returned before Christmas. Gordon left Bombay last year on leave, and when last we heard, was going to pass through in April on his way to Malaya, but perhaps his engagement will have altered his plans!

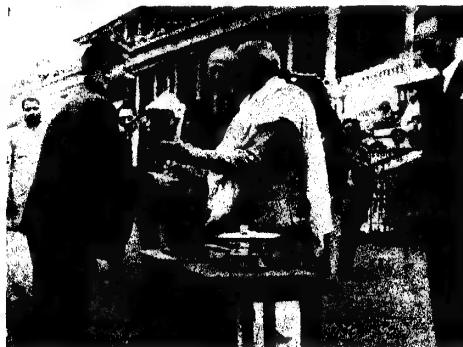
Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Lawson gave a most enjoyable cocktail party in their

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At a cocktail party given by the officers of the Engineering Department of the B. B. & C. I. Railway, Bombay, on the occasion of the retirement of Mr. J. S. Bearcroft, Chief Engineer. From L. to R.: (STANDING) Mr. M. V. Joshi, Mr. N. K. Mehra, Mr. Mobid Jina, Mr. A. C. De, Miss Vacha, Mr. Patel, Mr. Maneck, Mr. Hazera, Mr. N. K. Hazra, Mr. A. W. C. Villiers, Mr. S. P. Mathur, Mr. H. C. Towers, Miss Dias, Mr. D. G. Jones, Miss Du Gamma, Mrs. Mehta, Mr. T. R. Vacha, Mrs. Joshi, Mr. N. S. Sen (General Manager) and Mr. M. Menzies; (SITTING) Mrs. Towers, Mrs. Seu, Mr. J. S. Bearcroft, Mrs. Jagtiani, Mrs. Bearcroft and Mrs. Jones; (FRONT ROW) Miss Jennifer Bearcroft, Miss Mangrulkar and Miss Susan Bearcroft.

Mr. Anderson of the Mercantile Bank, Bombay.



Mr. Bunker, owner of "Shahi Bag," winner of the Governor's Cup, receiving the cup from H. E. Shri Rajagopalachari, Governor of West Bengal, at the Calcutta race course. "Shahi Bag" belongs to the famous Mrs. Justice's stable.



Bombay Studios.

H. E. Shri Rajagopalachari, Governor of West Bengal, at the races with Dr. A. D. Pegg, the Maharajah of Bardwan, Mr. G. Gemmel and Justice Sir Norman Edgley who is a Steward of the Turf Club.

Calcutta Causerie

By "Kim"

WITH the early blossoming mango and small cotton trees it seems as if spring is now with us, and sad though it may be to say farewell once again to the cold weather, this unmistakable feeling of spring in the air has a certain charm. *Carpe diem* to Calcutta's social life.

One of the biggest social events taking place recently was the wedding of "Bettie" Sinclair to Gillian Shuttleworth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Shuttleworth. The popularity of the young couple could only be gauged by the number of guests, friends of both the bride and bridegroom, who were present, and St. Paul's Cathedral, which was beautifully decorated, was literally packed. The bride, who was given away by her father, "Teddy" Shuttleworth, looked delightful in her lovely dress and train. The ceremony was conducted successfully upheld by her charming retinue of two small bridesmaids and two small pages. These were, respectively, the two daughters of Isabel and "Tiny" Carter, Nomb and Stanley Nairn's son and the Neil Burrows' small



Sinclair Shuttleworth

Mr. Herbert George Sinclair, second son of the late Mr. L. M. Sinclair and Mrs. Sinclair, and his bride, formerly Miss Gillian Nicola Shuttleworth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Shuttleworth, who were married in Calcutta.



Members of the Committee of the English Speaking Union, Calcutta Branch, at a tea party given at the Calcutta Club in honour of H. E. Shri Rajagopalachari, Governor of West Bengal. From L. to R.: (FRONT ROW) Rai Bahadur Khandelwal, Mr. Ray Farrell, Honorary Vice-Chairman, Lady Biren Mookerjee, Honorary Vice-Chairman, Srimati Nemastuti, H. E. Shri Rajagopalachari, Mrs. I. Bryden, Joint Honorary Secretary, Sir Norman Edgley, Honorary Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Margaret Rivers and Mr. C. S. Rangaswami, Joint Honorary Secretary; (BACK ROW) Professor Benoy Sarkar, Mrs. C. L. Bond, Mr. Bernard Matthews and Mr. G. A. Dossani.

haw. The service, which was choral, was conducted by Padre Alchin the bassman being Bernard Greer. The honeymoon was spent in Shillong. The reception held afterwards in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. George Gemmel was again a thing of delight—the garden, in truth a flowery bower, being most artistically lit and providing, amongst other attractions, a floodlit cot for the family white pigeons who posed with admirable poise to their innumerable admirers.

The Tollygunge Homes

After the reception, a number of the wedding guests, including the bride's parents, were invited to dinner at the Tollygunge Homes. These Homes, sadly in need of funds to continue the very necessary work of providing for aged and needy Europeans and Anglo-Indians, have an energetic Committee to thank for raising a sum of approximately Rs. 24,000 from the proceeds of the dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Carter and Miss Désirée Bagnard were amongst those responsible for this successful evening. I also saw Daisy and Arthur Gillies, who, living at Tollygunge, carry out such sterling and unflinching work for the Homes. Sue and Tom Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Parish, Sir Richard and Lady D'Alton, Mr. and Mrs. John Lain, Joyce and Hugo Galloway and Bob Plummer, who is still a green widower, with Doreen at home. Helen and George Gemmel were much to be congratulated on "making" the party, having staged and housed so magnificently the earlier wedding reception. Charles and Dorothy D'Orford and Geoff Rainey and Phyllis Morrison, a very recent returnee from leave. At the same table as the latter, I saw Dorothy and Len Merry. Dorothy is an artist of no mean skill, if a modest one, for hear it was with considerable surprise that she learned recently that she had been awarded a medal in the Fine Arts exhibition for one of her pictures. To the fore as ever where fun and frolic is organised to good purpose was Charles Heaps and Bob Haddow. The former is becoming a skilled exponent of the art of "Master of Ceremonies," and with no less skill than did the irascible auctioneer of the Casino, did a "good business" for the Homes in the sale of whisky to Reginald Foster of Turner Morrison and Company and to Leslie Balcombe of the same firm. The latter has just returned from leave—a particularly excellent one, we gather, for during his convalescence he had visited America, and his wife is shortly to join him. Unanimously acclaimed by his friends in the "most handsome young man in the room," unlucky Pitt Squarey, dangerously situated in the vicinity of Magician Gogia Pasha of the Cabaret, was claimed by the latter as his victim.

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Mr. Ranam leading in his horse, "All Motor," with jockey Shankar up.



Miss Valerie Threlfall discussing her race-book with her father.



Mrs. Hume, wife of Mr. R. Hume, of Steward, and Mrs. Raja Urs, wife of the Secretary of the Madras Race Club.



The Misses Amiruddin, who are both enthusiastic racegoers. They are often noticed at the race-course for their becoming saris and their habit of dressing alike.

Madras Musings

By "Miss Mouse"

HERE have been many well-known and important personalities visiting Madras this month. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess Mountbatten of Burma were the most outstanding among them. With them, English racing's Lord and Lady Brabourne and Lady Patricia Mountbatten. Visiting Madras at the same time was H.M.S. "Birmingham," a cruiser of the East Indies Squadron, commanded by Capt. J. B. B. Haines, C.B. Many parties were arranged for the officers and crew of the "Birmingham," which had unfortunately to be curtailed owing to the sudden and tragic death of Mahatma Gandhi. Countess Mountbatten, on receipt of the appalling news, flew immediately to Delhi to be present at the funeral with the Governor-General, who had returned the day before.

While in port H.M.S. "Birmingham" gave a cocktail party to the leading residents of Madras. This was attended by the Governor-General and Countess Mountbatten, together with Sir Archibald and Lady Nye. Amongst the guests were the Mayor of Madras and Col. and Mrs. Bhutia.

Distinguished Visitors

While Their Excellencies were in Madras, Sir Archibald and Lady Nye gave a number of private parties for them, as well as a small dance and a large garden party. The garden party was a success. Lady Mountbatten looked extremely smart in a champagne-coloured flowered silk dress, the sleeves and skirt of which were distinguished by knife pleats. Lady Nye looked most attractive in plain white with the long hem. Lady Bhutia, too, and her son, both looked very neat in printed silk dresses. I especially noticed Mrs. Drummond, who was wearing black taffeta. She sported a bustle, and her hat was a large black halo. Another outstanding ensemble was that worn by Mrs. Bhutia. She was also in black taffeta, painted with gold lacquered figures, and her hat, also a halo, had a definite Chinese trend. There were many flowered silk dresses, the prettiest of which was that worn by Mrs. Snell, though it was just returned from the U.K. Among the attractive saris was a lovely white georgette one embroidered with silver, worn by Manu Clubwala and enhanced by a beautiful necklace. Begum Amiruddin was also there, with her two daughters, G. Captain and Mrs. Gopal who were saying good-bye to their many friends as they had been transferred to Delhi and were leaving the next day.

The Governor-General and Lady Mountbatten were met at the aerodrome by the Ministers, Brigadier-General H. G. C. Dyer, Madras, and the R.N.O., Lt.-Col. Chakravarti, and many others. On the evening of their arrival they were entertained to tea by the Premier of Madras at the Banqueting Hall. The following day Their Excellencies made a short drive through Madras to the Corporation Building, where they were received by Dr. U. Krishna Rao, the Mayor. During the morning His Excellency paid a visit to H.M.S. "Birmingham" and later inspected the 3rd Sikh Light Infantry and detachments of the 10th A.F. and the R.I.N. at Fort St. George.

A snipe shoot was arranged for Lord and Lady Mountbatten, and while out in the district, Her Excellency took the opportunity of visiting the Government Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Tambaram.

Annual Occasion

One of the most delightful parties given in Madras for a long time was the one given by the "Dexilees." This is a yearly party given by bachelors and

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Mrs. Govind Swaminathan, whose husband is one of the judges of the Madras Race Club, with Sir Archibald and Lady Nye, who are keen racegoers, though they seldom bet, in the special enclosure.



Mr. and Mrs. John Lelefevre and Mr. Bill Stuart discussing their cards in between races. Mrs. Lelefevre was one of the most becoming hats on the race-course that afternoon. Mr. Lelefevre is Deputy Commissioner of Police, Madras.



Mr. and Mrs. Mock and Mrs. B. T. Singh in the paddock studying the form with great interest. This season has been a particularly successful one for the racegoers, as the large number of enthusiasts show.

RAWAB SALAH JUNG BHADRA



Mrs. George Critchley, wife of the Stipendiary Steward, Capt. Sam Whitfield, A.D.C. to H. E. Sir Archibald Nye, Mrs. Bailey and Mr. C. P. Johnson were amongst the numerous racing enthusiasts who thronged the Madras race-course this season.

Sardar Patel Visits Bihar



Brigadier Denyer, Major Sunder Singh and Major P. C. Lall at the tea party given by the Premier of Bihar in honour of the visit of the Hon'ble Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel to Bihar.

Mrs. S. Sethi, Mrs. Masa Mukerjee and Mrs. Mira Sircar, wives of the Railway officers from Dinapore, who were also guests at the tea party given in honour of India's Deputy Prime Minister.



H. E. Shri M. S. Aney, the Governor of Bihar, and the Hon'ble Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, Deputy Prime Minister of India, at a lunch party given by the Prime Minister of Bihar in honour of Sardar Patel.

Nawab Ehtesham Mahmood Ali, of Lucknow, the Hon'ble Mr. Justice S. K. Dass of the Patna High Court and the Hon'ble Dr. Syed Mahmud, Minister for Development, Bihar Government.

Mr. V. K. B. Pillai, I.C.S., Chief Secretary to the Government of Bihar, and Major B. G. Deoskar, Mahratta Light Infantry, Military Secretary to H. E. the Governor of Bihar.



Mrs. Eden, Major G. H. Eden and Lady Meredith in a happy mood at the tea party given at Patna by the Prime Minister of Bihar in honour of Sardar Patel's visit. There were many guests at the party, including members of the Government and officers of the Army.

Mrs. S. K. Dass, wife of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Dass of Patna, Mrs. Shearer and the Hon'ble Mr. Justice J. G. Shearer of the Patna High Court. Mrs. Shearer looked chic in a dark ensemble offset by a double row of pearls.



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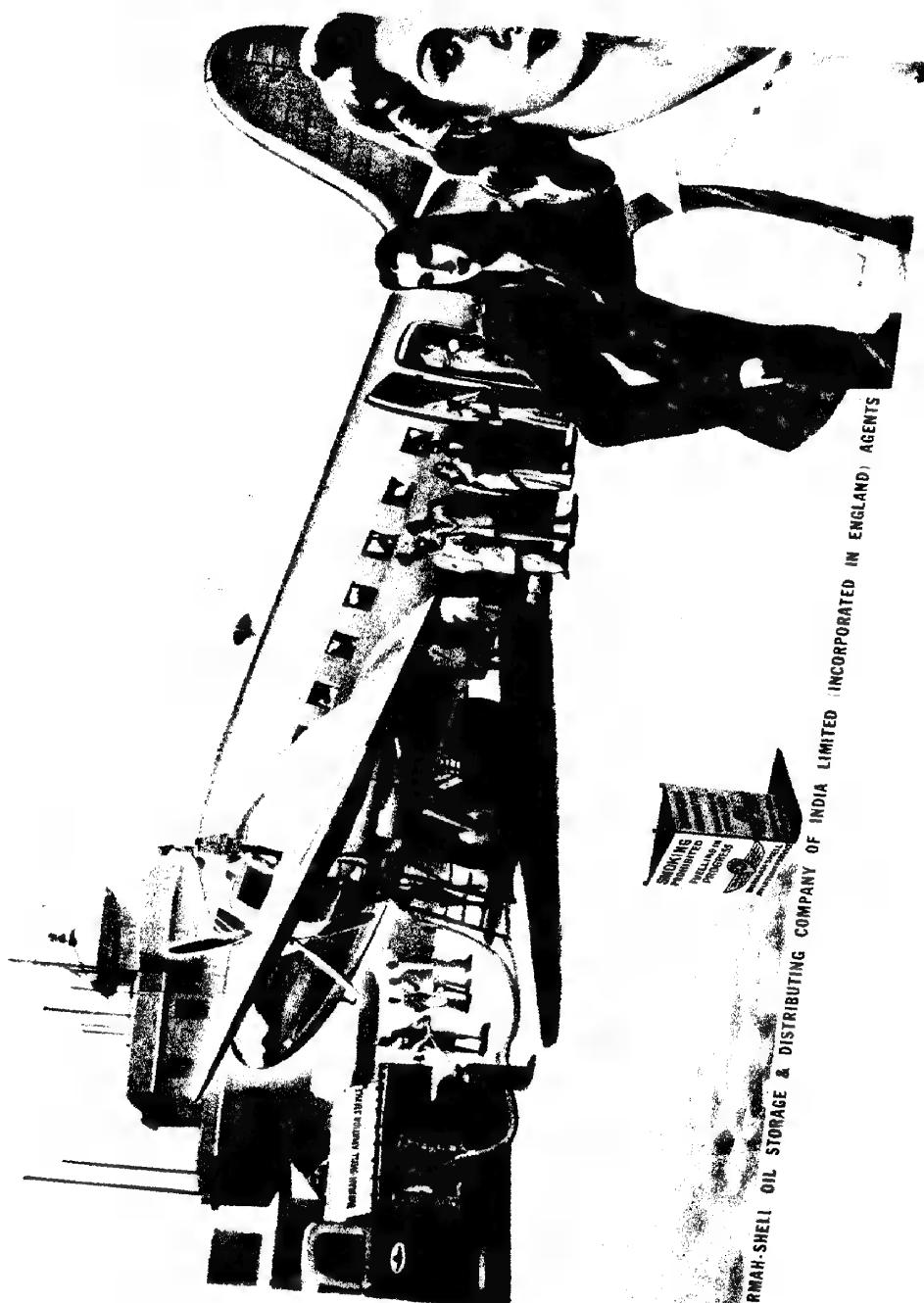


FACE POWDER

three flowers

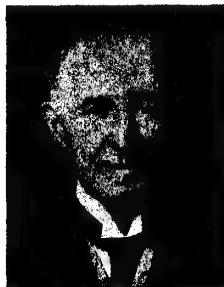
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Bentworth.

Professor Alexander Findlay, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., a Past-President of the Royal Institute of Chemistry, who is paying a personal visit to the principal centres of chemical educational activity in India and Pakistan.

Looking At Britain

By "Ooleeker" In London

SIR Joseph Maung Gyi gave a reception in Mayfair to celebrate the independence of the Union of Burma. Mr. Arthur was the guest of honour. Two Burmese girls who came in for much admiration at the party were Lily and Gwenne, daughters of Sir Joseph. Dressed alike in rose silk sarongs, they both wore fresh flowers tucked in their hair, diamond earrings, and strings of pearls. Another guest from Burma was Miss Su San Thaik, daughter of Burma's first President, has also been in London. She came to England for the Royal wedding, and persuaded her father to let her remain to further her studies. She is staying with the Neals in Bradford, where, although already 19, she attends Bradford Girls' Grammar School and intends to matriculate.

Foyle Luncheon

Talking of the Royal wedding, Windlesham Moor, where Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are living, belongs to Mrs. Warwick Bryant. Those in Bombay will remember Warwick, who used to be one of the mercantile community there, and who

was always in demand at parties for his graceful songs at the piano, accompanied by himself.

Lord Ward, who has just left for a short visit to South Africa, was the speaker at a recent Foyle luncheon. He spoke on India and Indian art. Mr. R. A. Butler was in the chair, and among those attending I saw Mr. and Mrs. Willingdon, and Lady Ravelston and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, step-daughters of Lord Curzon. Lady Alexandra, who was born in India, has the name "Naldene" in honour of this fact. The Indian Art Exhibition at Burlington House, by the way, has drawn but small audiences, and people are wondering why this is when the Great Exhibition at the Tate Gallery proved so overwhelmingly popular. Lord Ward's new appointment as Constable of the Tower is not an onerous one. He will, in fact, have ample time to attend to his other duties, which include the direction of the famous Dr. Bell's band company. In older days the Constable could claim every animal that fell into the river from London Bridge, a cask of wine from every ship from Bordeaux, and payment from each prisoner kept in the Tower.

Weddings

Although confined to relatives and close friends owing to lack of space, the marriage of the Lady Doreen ("Bunty") Hope, youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, with Col. George Eroll Prior-Palmer, Military Attaché to the



Valerie Corbett Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Corbett Wright, who were till recently at Pali Hill, Bombay, and are now in Liverpool, England. Valerie has been in the U.K. since last year, and is busy studying French as she hopes to become an air hostess.



Some of the guests at the Indian Journalists' Association luncheon given in London. From L. to R.: Mr. R. S. Mehta, Deputy High Commissioner for India; Mrs. Krishnawant Singh, Mr. Krishnarao, High Commissioner for India; Sir Joseph Maung Gyi, the Burmese Ambassador, who was guest of honour; Mr. Sardar Kaladji, President of the Association; Lord Listowel, Minister of State, Colonial Office, and Mr. Habib Rahimtoola, High Commissioner for Pakistan.



Lt.-Col. Parbat Narain, Chief Engineer, Air Force Works, and Fl/Li. J. K. Roy of Air Headquarters, India, who have left for the U.K. to study the planning, layout, and construction of airfields.

British Embassy in Washington and a member of a famous sporting family, was one of the social events of the month. The wedding took place at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Harrow, and the Lady Doreen was a radiant bride in a patterned satin with a lace *herdlie* and long tight sleeves, and a full tulle veil held by a diamond tiara. Little Lady Sarah Jane Hope, daughter of Lord and Lady Hopeton, who used to live in Delhi, was one of the four child bridesmaids. They were ankle-length dressed in gold and silver brocaded brocade, square neck, puffed sleeves, and full net skirts embroidered in gold. They carried baskets of mixed spring flowers. The three little pages, among them the bride's nephew, Richard Southby, wore apple-green trousers with white silk shirts. Lord and Lady Linlithgow held a reception at their residence, Grove House, St. John's Wood, and have since gone abroad until April.

Joan Vaughan, daughter of Brigadier Mr. E. W. D. Vaughan, made a classically beautiful bride at her wedding to Mr. Mario St. Saviour's, Walton Street, near Harrow. Over her draped corsage fell a lovely Honiton veil kept in place by an orange blossom halo. The bouquet was of roses. There were two little attendants and one grown-up



Mr. V. N. Chadda of Jullundur who has passed the Final Associate Membership examination of the Town Planning Institute, London.



Mrs. Shamsher Jung, wife of Capt. Shamsher Jung, with her son and daughter, Rina, snapped in Baroda.

Bangalore Lore

By "Elizabeth"

AIr Vice Marshal Mukerji, who made the first flight to London from A.M. and is also an Honorary A.D.C. to Lord Mountbatten, spent two or three days in Bangalore, during his tour of South India, and was a guest of Air Commodore and Mrs. Narendra. The A.O.C. gave several parties to meet him, the biggest gathering being a dinner at the Officers' Mess of the Air Force Mess at Hindustan, where all the officers of No. 2 Indian Group as well as many civilians had an opportunity of meeting the youthful Air Vice-Marshal. Among those present were Mr. Rao (Adviser to the Hindustan Aircraft Company), W. G. Ginder, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Sir Balraj Singh, Mr. Maxwell, Soylar, Bhatin, Mr. Lechard, H.L.J. and Mrs. Paul, and Col. Malik of the Rajputans and Mrs. Malik, taking the opportunity of bidding good-bye to several friends, as they had just had news of their posting to Ahmednagar. In the short time they have been here, the Maliks have made many friends and will be much missed.

The following night, W. Ginder, and Mrs. Aji Nath gave a large dinner party for Air Vice Marshal Mukerji, who was accompanied by the A.O.C. Mrs. Nath wore a lovely sari with a white border, and among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Reddy from Hyderabad, Sir Lala Sarkar who was just back from Delhi with his charming wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew who were leaving for Madras the following week for the



Mrs. Bob Landon, wife of Major R. Landon of the H.B.T.D., Deodall, with her two daughters.

Governor-General's visit. W. Ginder, Chandra and Soylar and Mrs. Hussein. The A.V.M. was also present at a Sunday morning beer party given by Col. Whitman at the Sapper Mess. Col. (now Brigadier) Whitman has been officiating as Sub-Area Commander of this station in place of Brigadier Creffield, who was called to Madras at short notice to relieve Gen. Sam Singh.

From Hyderabad

A very pretty Persian wedding took place recently when Sir Ismail Mirza, a nephew of Sir Mira Jaspal Singh, was married to Mr. Mohamed Khaleeli. After the marriage, a reception was held by Sir Mirza and Lady Ismail at Windsor Lodge, and the same night a ladies' dinner was given by the hostess, prior to seeing the bride and bridegroom off at midnight in their limousine. The dining room of Windsor Lodge, lit with chandeliers, made a lovely setting for the brilliant saris and jewels of the ladies assembled there. The bride wore white and silver with an emerald necklace. Mrs. Shah Tan Khaleeli, elder daughter of Lady Ismail, looked most handsome in a large red and gold sari. Mrs. Salima Khaleeli and Bugu Namaz, sisters of the bride, who had arrived from Bombay, were attractive figures in their saris of flame and gold respectively. A strikingly handsome member of the family was Nur Jehan Mirza, a recent bride, whose



Mrs. G. Fairhurst of Sankoo Tea Estate, Eastern Dangs, showing her brother's young prize Friesian bull while on leave in the U.K.

wedding last month to Lady Ismail's nephew Mahmood, was a big social event in Karachi. Mrs. Ispahani from Madras was accompanied by her exquisite young niece, Tai Kashani, who wore a white net sari embroidered in silver, and dainty pink ornaments. A young man of Bhopal wore an all-gold sari in the South Indian manner. Mrs. Enayet Ali, a recent bride from Madras, and her attractive cousin, Mrs. Shustry, were both in green. From Hyderabad came Maryam and Zara, the two lovely daughters of Nawab and Lady Mehdii Yar Jung, the "Old Age Queen". Mirza, the latter's only brother, who is married to Princess Rabia of Bhopal, had also arrived from Bhopal for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Javarian, who had been on leave in England, spent a week in Bangalore on their way to Madras, where he has been posted as Secretary to the Government, and all their friends were glad to see Jaya and Tara again.



Pamela, 17-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hayes of Lancashire, England. Mrs. Hayes is the younger daughter of Mr. H. C. Wiggins, Manager of Lotus Mills, Colmbatore, S. India.

On the night of his arrival, he was persuaded to give a talk at the Rotary dinner, about his visits to France and Switzerland, and the social contacts he had made there through Rotary clubs. Mrs. Jayaraman was also the chief cocktail party guest to Mr. and Mrs. John Willing, who had Mr. Mansfield, the British Consul from Ponulicherry, and his vivacious wife staying with them for a week. Brigadier and Mrs. Preston and the Millets were there, back from their holiday in Ooty, also Pam Dredge and Ada Chinam, both looking very well, and Dr. Naidu.

Girl Guides' Conference

Several interesting ladies' parties have been held recently. Mrs. R. K. Kawatra, Middalai, wife of the Dewan of Mysore, gave a garden party to meet Mrs. Kale, President of the All-India Women's Conference, at Carlton House. The hostess was assisted by her two daughters, Mrs. Krishnappa and Miss Vijaya, and it was a delightful evening meeting and exchange of views.

The All-India Girl Guides' Conference was another interesting event that took place, and the delegates from all over

(Continued on page 80)



Bhandare—Telang

Mr. Ravindra V. Bhandare, son of Dr. and Mrs. V. H. Bhandare of Bombay, and Mrs. Malini A. Telang, daughter of Mr. D. A. Telang, Executive Engineer, and Mrs. Wang of Sholapur, were married in Bombay.



Kumar Shankar Rao, son of the late Sardar Trimbak Rao Baba Sahib Khanvilkar.

Hyderabad Highlights

By B. B.

UNDER the auspices of the Nizam College Science Association, the Camera Club was inaugurated recently by Raja Ranachandra Reddy of Parappanangadi. The speech addressed members on the various aspects of modern photography and stressed the need for cultivating and developing aesthetic tastes through the medium of the camera. He also exhibited some colour photographs and in conclusion promised to give his whole-hearted support and co-operation to the activities of the Camera Club. The Vice-President, Mr. C. B. Kapadia, thanked the Raja Sahib for his instructive talk and generous help. After the address, the guests were entertained to tea by Mrs. P. K. Ghosh, wife of the Principal.

Delightful Adaptation

The "Occasionals," a company of amateurs, recently delighted a packed house at the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Hyderabad, with a stage performance of a scene of the film "Pur." The play held the interest of the audience throughout, and the dialogue was easy and elegant. Actors and actresses, most of them students, included Blossom Torpy as Noor Jehan, Mirza Ahmed as Jehangir,

A. Ali Khan as Sangram Singh, Lily Shethappa as Kunti, and Grace Edmonds as Rani. Terence Gardner is to be warmly praised for the excellence of the make-up.

The evening's entertainment included Indian orchestral music, ably rendered by the Hyderabad Academy. Dances were under the direction of Niranjan Shaw and the Manipuri and folk dances were particularly graceful.

Dr. Syed Ali, India's Ambassador to Ceylon, visited Hyderabad during January. He was a guest in Shah Mansi, the official residence of the Prime Minister, and during his stay met many prominent business and professional men. He delivered a number of addresses, including one on the subject of conditions in universities in America, which was given in a large audience in the Salat Jung Hall of the Nizam College. He was also received by His Highness the Prince of Berar and by Prince Muazzam Jah Bahadur. Prince Muazzam has recently returned from Europe, having been in Paris and London, where, on several occasions before Christmas, Princess Niloufer was seen shopping.



Hamilton Studio,
Raja Girraj Singh Bahadur of Bharatpur, the youngest brother of H.H. the Maharaja Sahib of Bharatpur, with Rani Girraj Singh Bahadur.

An "At Home"

Many distinguished guests visited the palatial residence of Mr. Raja Govardhanlal, in Jubilee Hills, on the occasion of a pleasant "At Home" in honour of Mr. M. M. Bawali, Indian Agent General in Hyderabad. Those present included Mr. Ramchari, Mr. Jonshi, Khan Bahadur Baboo Khan, Nawab Mahmood Yar Jung, Dr. Syed Hussain, Aravamudu Ayyengar, Raja Bahadur, Rai Bahadur Srikishen Sukhdev, Major

M. G. Naidu, Maj.-Gen. Nawab Khushroo Bahadur, Mr. K. S. Vaidya, Mr. Rangachari, Mr. Ramaiah, Mr. L. N. Ganesara, Mr. K. Ishwari Dutt, Mr. L. N. Gupta, and Khan Bahadur Nizamuddin.

Recent appointments in Hyderabad include that of Mr. Eقبالی چاند (Eقبالی چاند) of the Hyderabad Civil Service, formerly Talukdar of Karimnagar, who has been made Secretary to Hyderabad's Agent-



Mr. Wayne, Manager of Lloyds Bank, Srinagar Branch, and Mrs. Wayne.

General in London, Nawab Mir Nawaz Jung Bahadur. The Nawab Sahib has recently been on a short visit to Hyderabad. Mr. Narayan Pershad has been appointed Secretary to Hyderabad's Agent-General in Delhi, Nawab Zain Yar Jung Bahadur.

Mrs. Bilquees Mohamed Ali, M.A. (Osmania), Lecturer of the Osmania Women's College, has been awarded a Columbia scholarship for higher studies in Social Science. She left recently by air for America to resume her studies at Columbia University.



Lal, son of Mr. K. L. Panjabi, I.C.S., Deputy High Commissioner for India in Pakistan at Peshawar, and Mrs. Panjabi.



Major Rogers and his wife, Sybilla, who have recently returned to England. Major Rogers was posted to Jullundur previous to their departure.



Mr. Haluk Kocaman, Consul for Turkey in Bombay, and his wife who visited Baroda recently.

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Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 53)

garden, which had been charmingly decorated with small coloured lights. All the branch managers of Burmah-Shell were there, and I spotted "Gao" Johnstone, the well-known cricketer, who was down from Madras and was being congratulated by his many friends on his award of the C. B. In the recent Honours List, "Gao" is listed for England after this year, and has bought a house near Canterbury where he hopes to settle. The Brunks, who recently returned from leave, and particularly Joan who has been away for almost a year, were busy renewing acquaintances, as were Peggy and the unknown who arrived from Karachi not long ago. The arrival of Jane, who is at school in England, was thrilled to have a telephone conversation with her parent the other day. Jack Taylor was over from Calcutta. Mr. Sinchair from Delhi and Geoffrey Pike came down from Karachi before flying to England on leave. The place is being redecorated by A. C. Chinnaray, well known in Bombay for the extremely amusing topical rhymes frequently published in *The Times of India* under the initials "A.C.G." Muriel Mudder arrived from England recently with her young son and daughter to join David with his two young sons, and to be with her for his family. Muriel took part in the ladies' doubles in the P.V.M. Gymkhana tennis tournament held recently, and although beaten, had the satisfaction of seeing her opponents going on to win the final.

It is quite a old day seeing George Richardson again in the same bungalow where he had entertained so often before the war. He arrived in November on a flying tour round India and Pakistan, and was attending one of his last parties before returning to England. His daughter, Joan, has a very interesting job in a textile office in London. Her James was en route from Ranchi on leave, Jessie Sitwell was attending her first party since the birth of her son, and it was good seeing George Jenkins again on his return from leave. He and Helen and the family (who have remained behind in England) spent part of their holiday at Princeton, which they greatly enjoyed.

Waddington Of The Month

A most attractive wedding was when Anne, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burns Lawson, married Richard Grandbath at All Saints' Church, Mahabir Hill. The bride was dressed in white for the occasion, with masses of flowers beamed at the communion rails and down the aisle. Anne made a beautiful bride in a simple gown of white embossed satin, with a flowing train from the waist, with a wreath of orange blossom holding her long ravel veil in place. The bouquet was a short stem Madonna lily, which had come all the way from Ooty. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Holtom, Chaplain of All Saints', and the reception was held at the Willingdon Sports Club, at which there were over 200 guests. The tiered wedding cake had the place of honour in the centre of the room, and



Pereira-D'Almeida

After the wedding of Lt. Dennis Pereira, R.I.N., and Miss Joan D'Almeida, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D'Almeida of "Widderner," Santa Cruz, at the Holy Name Church, Bombay.



Deputy Inspector C. J. V. Miranda, of the Bombay C.I.D., who was awarded the Indian Police Medal in the New Year Honours.

the wedding presents were arranged down the side. The coat to the happy couple was made by Mrs. Anne Chadwick are two of the oldest friends of Mr. and Mrs. Burns Lawson. Mrs. Chadwick looked distinguished in a green ensemble, offset by crimson "Dicky," in his reply, regretted that his parents were not able to be present at the wedding; however Mr. R. W. Bullock acted as his parents in the absence of the bridegroom's family. Mrs. R. W. Bullock looked smart in a printed silk dress and black hat. Mrs. Burns Lawson looked most distinguished in a long white dress with a three quarter length coat, and a white fur trimmings with stone marten fur. It was, as the tour bridesmaids also wore white, as the tour bridesmaids also wore white.



Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Herberts and Mr. N. A. G. Neil, who are promoting and designing new luxury flats.

these, the chief bridesmaid was Vivien Lucas who will shortly sail for England, and the other bridesmaids were Christine Weston and Gillian and Janet Coulton. Janet certainly enjoyed the wedding, as she was celebrating her ninth birthday that day. The bestman was Mr. Arnold Rigg, who was in the same chummers as the bridegroom during the latter's bachelors days, and Mr. Phil Sykes, Mr. Joe Birtwistle, and Mr. Robin Campbell acted as ushers at the ceremony. Mrs. A. E. O. Lucas, mother of one of the bridesmaids, was particularly smart in a black sequin hat and Mrs. F. T. Coulton, mother of the two younger bridesmaids, also favoured black, with a flowered hat. Other guests were Mrs. Groundwater, who had come from Baroda for the wedding, and was expecting her husband, who is Director of the Bank of Baroda, to join her in Bombay later, and Mr. and Mrs. Weston, parents of one of the bridesmaids. I particularly noticed the most becoming black hat Mrs. Weston was wearing that day, with a brim covered with pink roses. It is impossible to mention the many people who attended the wedding, as it seemed that the Bombay socialites were in every happiness to the young couple as they left for their fortnight's honeymoon in Rundabud, but turn to the centre pages of photographs to see for yourself!

The Thursday evening dances at the C.C.L. are always popular, and nearly everyone enjoys dancing out of doors. Seen there recently were H. H. the Maharaja of Idar and Shri Pawanji, who brought a fair party; Mr. L. M. Nadkarni, Private Secretary to H.E. the Governor, and his attractive wife, who accompanied Rani Mahara Singh on a short visit to Poona recently. Mr. H. S. Suvarna, who has come from Calcutta, Lt.-Col. Cyril Hancock, who was until recently Resident of the G.I.P. in Poona, and Mr. and Mrs. Assistant Collector of Coonoor, and his wife Indra, who arrived in Bombay not long ago. The Lukarnis were there, when they come all the way from Chembur nearly every week, Dr. Jhangiani of the G.I.P. Railway, and his daughter, Lt. Poona Jhangiani, who is secretary to H.M.I. Dockyard, and Mrs. Dastur, attractive daughter of Sir H. Dastur, and Lady Dastur, and Jileen and Fleming Kennedy, who are keen racegoers.

Here And There

Dancing at the Willingdon, before she left on the "Cilia" after her flying visit here, was Gladys Smith, who was looking extremely well in a pettine coloured silk dress, which was covered in sequins on the skirt. Also there was Lt.-Col. Bond, who has recently returned to Bombay to resume his practice. Phillips Jolley, in a printed dress, dancing with her husband, Mrs. Dan-Axel Brom, looking lovely in white, Pippy Wada, with a large party, Pamela and Bobbie Rumbold, Lindy Kemp (hero

(Continued on page 76)

Ceylon Calling

By "Elle"

THIS beautiful island gained her independence on February 4, 1948, to become a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Ceylon accorded a rousing reception to Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, when they arrived by air on February 8 to take part in the independence celebrations. Thousands of people lined the procession route from Negombo Airport to Colombo, Hambantota, and cheered the Royal party as they motored down. The route was decorated and at various points *pandals* spanned the roadway. The Royal party made a brief halt to admire one beautiful *pandal* studded with young coconuts and pineapples. Colombo itself was a sea of flags, and by night, fairland was a beautiful full moon.

His Excellency the Governor-General, Sir Henry Monck-Mason Moore, and Her Excellency Lady Moore gave a party for the Duke and Duchess on their second night in Colombo. Government House and the gardens took on a splendour that had not been seen in Colombo before. At this party were distinguished visiting guests from the four corners of the world in their unusual national costumes and uniforms, all helping to make the night one long to be remembered. Two bands played dance music, while the Police Band played soft classical music at intervals. The Boy Scouts did a wonderful job lining seats for guests and seeing that they were served with refreshments and cigarettes while white-clad waiters handed champagne around.

Opening of Parliament

The colourful State Opening of the Parliament of Ceylon on February 10 by His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester was a spectacular scene. The glittering array of beautiful sari-s and gorgeous gowns were offset by the morning dress, national costumes, uniforms and tunics of the men. The Duke wore a white uniform and his beautiful Duchess was in a glorious silver gown, cut on simple lines, and wearing the blue Order of the Garter. She wore a magnificent diamond tiara and diamond necklace. Lady Moore wore a long lace gown with gems in her dark hair. Mrs. Seneviratne was in a magnificent cloth of gold sari, while among a few of the women guests I noticed Lady Palliser in a long turquoise-blue gown, Lady Gimpson, Lady Howard, Lady Collins, Lady Jennings and Lady Tarbat in a short navy and white dress, and all eyes were on the Gaekwar of Baroda who had entered in his blue and silver turban, white flowered tunic and strings of glorious pearls.

Some 20,000 people thronged the Assembly Hall to watch the ceremony,

while thousands more lined the route to catch a glimpse of Their Royal Highnesses and other distinguished visitors. The Assembly Hall was erected in one month especially for the opening of Parliament. The Prime Minister, Mr. D. S. Senanayake, gave a large party at "Temple Trees" to meet the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and visiting guests. Unfortunately, Mrs. Senanayake was indisposed and was unable to be present though she had attended the opening of Parliament in the morning. I feel there is little need to describe how attractive everything was at this party. The Duke and Duchess mingled with the guests and everyone thought the Duchess looked even more beautiful than on previous occasions.

With the celebrations over in Colombo, The Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Governor-General, the Prime Minister and guests left for Kandy where an equally up-to-date welcome awaited them.

The former Governor of Bombay and Lady Colville recently spent a few days in Colombo waiting for the ship that was to take them to the U.K. They were entertained by the King and Queen in their unusual national costumes and uniforms, all helping to make the night one long to be remembered. Two bands played dance music, while the Police Band played soft classical music at intervals. The Boy Scouts did a wonderful job lining seats for guests and seeing that they were served with refreshments and cigarettes while white-clad waiters handed champagne around.



Sir Henry Monck-Mason Moore, G.C.M.G., the first Governor-General of Ceylon, which has obtained full Dominion Status within the British Commonwealth of Nations. Sir Henry Monck-Mason Moore had previously been Governor of Ceylon for over three years.

were staying at the Galle Face Hotel. The Premier, Mr. D. S. Senanayake, gave a dinner in honour of Sir John Colville and Lady Colville, Sir Hubert Rance, former Governor of Burma, and Lady Rance. The party was given at the Senate House, and it was rather unusual



Mr. Patrick Gordon-Walker, British Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, who went to Ceylon to attend the Independence celebrations.

to see the guests sit down to dinner in lounge suits and the ladies in short dresses. Sir Hubert and Lady Rance arrived from Birmingham in H.M.S. "Birmingham."

High-Powered Launches

The Captain and officers of H.M.S. "Birmingham" gave a delightful cocktail party on board one night. Guests left the ship extremely late in a streamlined launches powered by efficient crews from the ship. It was not till much later in the evening that I heard there was a feud between the crews, over the speed of these high-powered launches, which might not have helped the morale of the men. The ship stood up the river mouth and recovered from the very rough sea in the Captain's cabin to be entertained later lavishly on the beautifully decorated deck. One of the young midshipmen was telling the how fortunate he had been to sail in H.M.S. "Vanguard" when Their Majesties the King and Queen and the Princesses went to South Africa. Not only were the compliment of the "Vanguard" extremely honoured to have Their Majesties on board but he also said how wonderfully natural Their Majesties were, and how the King loved talking about the Navy.

The Club gave an excellent party to members and their guests recently, the evening starting out with a programme of classical music and dancing. Later there was dancing and supper. I noticed some really beautiful sari's, one being worn by petite Barojini Navaratnam, who looked exquisite in tomato-red with a rich gold border. Among the guests I saw the President of the Club, Sir Dublin Tarbat, Sir. Lady Tarbat, Col. J. G. Vanderschaff, Dr. P. B. Thigaraiah, and his attractive sister in a deep maroon sari, and Kay Atkinson looking beautiful in a green and white flowered gown.

Another party I enjoyed immensely was the children's party given by the Garden Club. The children had the time of their lives. What with the Indian elephant really about being chased by "Bull," the London "Cop." Mixing among the children were several typical circus clowns and there was a great following when the horse suddenly appeared, dancing rather fantastically, and then decided on a ride in the tea shoot with half his body in different boxes.

The Commissioner for Australia in Ceylon and Mrs. Frost gave a large cocktail party in their garden that had

been beautifully floodlit for the occasion of Australia Day. Among the hundreds of guests I noticed the Governor-General, Sir Henry Monck-Mason Moore, Sir

(Continued on page 72)

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An informal photograph of Sir Datar Singh, Sir Gurumath Bewoor and Sir Sobha Singh.

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Jodhpur Jottings

By "Jodhpurin"

THERE have been great celebrations for the birth of a son and heir to His Highness Maharaja Hanwant Singh of Salawat. The Jodhpur Maharaja's parties at Chital Palace, parties everywhere and many honours conferred marked the happy occasion. Among the recipients of the honour of "wearing gold" are the Railway Manager, Mr. Dural; Mr. Kumar, Mr. M. A. Rao and Mr. Harinath Singh of the Jodhpur Infantry; Col. E. H. Ward, P.C.; Mr. F. G. H. H. S. Steer, Managing Engineer, P.W.D., and Mr. Maurice Fletcher, in charge of H. H. the Maharaja's experimental farms. Geoffrey Godwin, H. H.'s pilot, has been made an Honorary Major in the Durga Horse. Susie Godwin has just returned from the U.K. to join him, leaving the children at school.



Lt.-Col. Mohan Singh, Capt. Hari Singh and Thakur Jagat Singh, members of the Jodhpur State Forces, who are on the staff of H.H. the Maharaja of Jodhpur.

was left a large house at Instow by an aunt, complete with a very well-stocked cellar, which enabled them to celebrate the first Christmas they had ever spent together with daughter and sons in fitting manner. Their son, Jimmy, is now learning to play the banjo in Newcastle and Barney is studying architecture in London and also writing the music for a ballet. Norma Claudius, who went to the U.K. with them as governess to Gil, is enjoying her first visit to England. The Ivones lately had John Parry, Manager, Bikaner Railway, and his wife, Erid, staying with them and the Baters, who are now in Devon, where Bats is studying market gardening.

Rosamond Mortimer has also returned to England from India with her baby son,

Somerset West, near Cape Town, South Africa, has a colony of Jodhpur. "Stuff" Gordon, Guy and Mona Rawlins, Ralph Ordubar, Col. and Mrs. Longmore, and Lucy Tatleton are all happily settled there, and still in India are Sir Donald and Lady Field, living in Carmen's house in Mysore.



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Phillips who are on a visit to India.

Nigel, and her husband, Col. Mortimer, who was in the 34th Cavalry, is now transferred to R.A.

Major and Miss Steel have a house in Witley, Surrey, where their son, Laurie, and his wife are living. Geoff and April Evans have bought a tiny cottage in Hampshire, where George and Eileen Simpson, Fiona and Michael are at present sharing a house near Fleet with Eileen's sister, Joyce Wright.

H.H. the Maharaja of Jodhpur, in a happy mood taken soon after the birth of his son, the heir-apparent to Jodhpur.

Strange to see the State Hotel without Kaj Hebbel in charge, but she has an even bigger job now running His Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur's estate, now owned by the late Sir John D'Orville, staying with her till her husband, Johnnie Lejeune, returns from finishing his job on the Jodhpur Railway. Others leaving the Railway shortly are Jain Wetherspoon, Pip Wingate and James Rigg. Beryl Rigg has been living with her husband in England, but is returning that she has managed to get a flat in time for James' return.

Major Rao Rajah Abhay Singh is no longer one of our regular Club supporters, as he is now permanently in Jaipur service. Rao Rajah Narpat Singh's daughter, Bajir, is in Eastbourne, taking a secretarial course at Eastbourne, with a view to furthering her proficiency in French and Indian to use in the U.N.O.

People Abroad

Many of Jodhpur's European population are now settled in the U.K., though not all of them are as fortunate in finding houses as the Gregory Joneses. Gwen



Raja Saheb of Kuchaman, Thakur Saheb of Pokaran, Major Khushwant Singh and Lt.-Col. Makar Anup Singh of Jodhpur.

We're all agog about "Counterpoint" . . . and we're sure you will be too. Utterly unlike any brassiere you've ever worn before, its ingeniously interlocking, seamless breast-sections adjust themselves to the exact requirements of your bosom . . . give you simply superb uplift and accentuation, without fixed "pads" to mar their accurate fit!

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BRASSIERE BY
Maiden Form

This Is A Tarradiddle :

George: "I know my wife fooled me when we were engaged."

Robert: "Why, what do you mean?"

George: "Well, when I asked her to marry me, she said she was agreeable."

* * *

And This A Tale :

"Did my wife speak at the meeting yesterday?"

"I don't know your wife, but there was a tall, thin lady who rose and said she could not find words to express her feelings."

"That wasn't my wife."

* * *

King Kanute Kouldn't :

The newlyweds were honeymooning at the sea shore. As they walked arm in arm along the beach, the young groom looked poetically out to sea and eloquently cried out: "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!" His bride gazed at the water for a moment, then in hushed tones gasped, "Oh, Fred, you wonderful man! It's doing it."

* * *

Any Objection ?

Diner: "Two eggs, please. Use butter instead of margarine in the pan. See that the yolks are not broken. Don't turn them over, and don't fry them a second after the whites are cooked. Just a small pinch of salt on each. No pepper. Well, what are you waiting for?"

Waitress: "The hen that lays these eggs is named Betty. Is that all right, sir?"

* * *

Incurable :

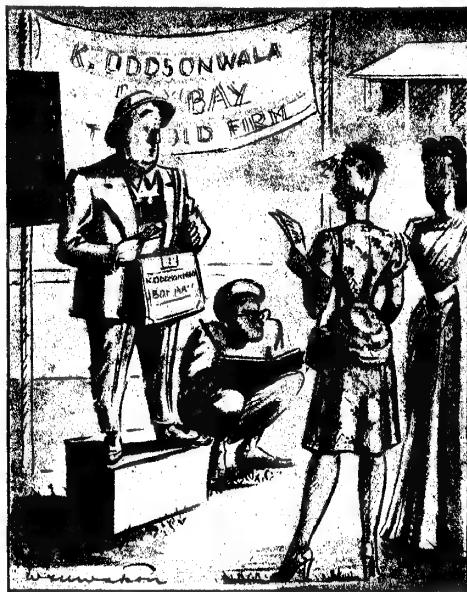
The young bachelor had been invited to lunch by a very good friend of his, who was a married man with a charming two-year-old son.

After the meal they were watching the youngster toddling around happily, when the wife turned to her guest and remarked: "You wouldn't believe it, but little Jackie has been walking around like that now for almost a year."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the bachelor. Then, in a more sympathetic voice: "Is there nothing you can do to get him to sit down?"

CLUES ACROSS

- Driving mechanism (9)
- Expensive (4)
- Answer (10)
- In the course of (6)
- All taken separately (5)
- Score a point (3)
- Call for (5)
- Call (7)
- Filters (5)
- Class of spirits (5)
- Ones drawn from observing birds (7)
- Taking of infinite interest (5)
- Good-tempered (5)
- Good (4)
- Boy's name (6)
- Rude (10)
- Germ (4)
- Love-songs (9)



"I don't know the number, but it was a lovely blonde horse ridden by a little man in a coloured blouse!"

Memory :

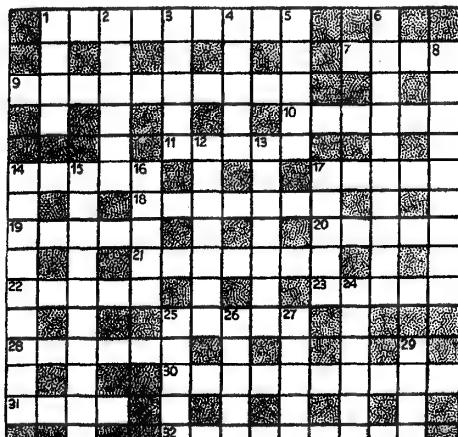
Barber: "I haven't shaved you before, sir?"

Customer: "No, I got that scar on D-Day."

Obviously Wilde :

Customs Official (to Shakespearean actor): "Have you anything to declare?"

S. A.: "Nothing, laddie, but my genius."

"Onlooker" Crossword

(Solution on page 86)

Misheard

What a funny world it was!

When God gave out brains,
I thought He said trains,
and I missed mine;
When He gave out looks,
I thought He said books,
and I didn't want any;
When He gave out noses,
I thought He said roses,
and I ordered a big red one;
When He gave out chins,
I thought He said gins,
and I ordered a double;
When He gave out legs,
I thought He said kegs,
and I ordered two fat ones;
When He gave out heads,
I thought He said beds,
and I took a nice soft one;
Now, am I a mess!

H. T.

Drained :

"Back from your holiday, eh? Feel any change?"

"Not a penny."

Second Thoughts :

He had decided to sell his car—if he could—and when a prospective purchaser came along the owner eagerly flung open the garage doors and coaxed the car into the roadway.

"She's a beauty!" he said. "Jump in and I'll take you for a run."

The potential buyer jumped in, and the owner managed to persuade the car to snort its way up part of a fairly steep stretch of road immediately ahead.

"She'll go up here like a bird!" he chuckled, hoping for the best. "Just watch!"

One hundred yards up the slope the car emitted a loud cough, trembled violently, and began to run backwards. The owner hung on grimly to the steering wheel. The potential buyer cried him doubtfully,

"What's wrong?" he asked, suspiciously. "We're going backwards!"

"Quite all right!" grinned the owner. "I—er—that is, I've left my tobacco pouch on the piano!"

CLUES DOWN

- Nerdy (4)
- Female monster (6)
- Follow (3)
- Untie (5)
- Red (5)
- Narration (10)
- Bodies of soldiers (9)
- Each other (7)
- Father's (7)
- Secondaries (9)
- Death-notices (10)
- Yield (5)
- Encircle (6)
- Chants (5)
- Ice (3)
- Get to know (5)
- Vesicas (4)

ONE of the most widely read novels of the winter publishing season is *The Purple Plain* by H. B. Bates (Michael Joseph, Rs. 6). It had the distinction of being chosen in December 1947 as the Book of the Month by the Book Society in London, and it was selected as a selection by the Literary Guild of America, which paid for it a half a million copies.

I have followed Mr. Bates' career as an author for over 20 years. In his early days he charmed readers by his delicate short stories, and it was in this genre that he made his reputation. Mr. Sean O'Faolain has summed up those early works to the point. Those early stories he says remain in the general memory as "images of young girls in white dresses, picking cherries in the twilight, and heavy hay-wains rumbling down country lanes." They were of exquisite craftsmanship. A critic once aptly described them as "serene, settembered sentences as 'colours' like golden sunbeams, which are aptly referred to as Edith Sitwell as 'melting words with her lute of amber.'

Mr. Bates, however, occasionally surpasses both of these writers in his truly welding of a phrase.

A Clever Craftsman

Why, then, should *The Purple Plain*, which has been acclaimed throughout two continents, be comparatively unmet with? The reason is that two books on an almost identical theme, with the same Burma setting, have come my way within the last year. The first was *Juniper Diary*, by a young army officer who was parachuted with his wireless operator into the Kachin forests and, after being close to death, became a survivalist, lived to tell his sensitive and illuminating story. The other was *The Wind Cannot Read* by Richard Mason, a first novel, which was the choice of the London Book Society for December 1946, and which I reviewed enthusiastically in *The Onlooker* for May 1947. *Juniper Diary* was the resounding start of an interesting and Mr. Mason's novel recorded with passion and intense beauty a love affair between an R.A.F. officer, stationed first in Bombay and later in Burma, and a Japanese girl employed in an Allied Intelligence Unit.

Mr. Bates' novel deals with a similar love affair between a commanding Squadron Leader and a Burmese maiden. The theme is worked out painstakingly by Mr. Bates, in superb prose, but one feels that the whole business savours too much of a clever craftsman fashioning an enchantingly cold, marble statue. It is manufactured writing, whereas *The Wind Cannot Read* has the immediacy and a depth of genuine grace about it.

Mr. Bates, as Flying Officer X, was with the R.A.F. in Burma and he absorbed everything that he beheld with meticulous care and insight. His Squadron Leader Forrester is a true-to-life type, nervy and choleric and almost round the bend as a result of the loss of his bride in the London blitz. He comes to Burma with the confidence of the Medical Officer, brings him into the orbit of Anita, a Burmese girl brought up by the Methodists in Kangon, and later a refugee with her sister and mother in a climate withered town on the edge of the purple plain somewhere south-west of Mandalay.

The story is a tale of adventure and rather hasty summer, and Forrester finds himself again and becomes a reasonable human being shortly before he is despatched on the mission in which his plane inevitably crashes into a nullah bordered by the green depths of the jungle. There are two scenes which, the reader, no doubt, will enjoy. *The Purple Plain* and I feel I am a captive critic!

From The "Onlooker" Bookshelf

Frankly Speaking

By S. M.

with the sun's frenzy and with moonlight and the many picturesque mists. He has also some couples, and his constant repetition of the words "creamy" and "rose" is an irritating device. With his incidental characters he is at his best—Miss McNab, the gin-drinking Nonconformist missionary, is a most zealous creation.

It is a sample of his more intuitive passages:

"I had something in it also of the sorrow of women as he had seen them in the East, depressed and silent and so often laughterless, with dark downcast eyes. It was the face of the century of servitude and despair."

And here is his final sentence:—

"Outside, the plain, was purple in the falling dusk, and the long day was over."

pair called Karl and Anita, a priest, a negro, and an adopted child, the negro having drawn into his body the host. The action is very confused. The narrator falls for Anita, who resembles liquid fire, and has blue eyelids which "kept saying things which her eyes did not say," and whose dago-lab husband, Karl, is too weak to object to her brazenness. The novel is eventually shot by the narrator, after the priest has clung to her. The novel is very nightmarish and rather unnecessary, but the writing in its obscurity of phrase has a certain colourful vigour akin to the art of the American novelist, William Faulkner. Mr. Payne, however, remains a shrewd writer, as in "The Temple," which is a lovely and most original tale. It is the story of

His literary integrity needs careful guarding.

Slough of Despond

I have tried very hard to plough—that is the correct phrase—through Claude Houghton's novel, *The Quirril* (Collins, Rs. 6d.). Mr. Houghton is a novelist of some repute and one of his early novels was praised lavishly by the late Arnold Bennett. Now, however, I have to admit that the simple "as unpleasant as over-hearing a quarrel between husband and wife." Here in Mr. Houghton's novel you overhear everything in an emotional situation of considerable complexity, and the verbal and dramatic elements of the manager of a rampant, angry dialogue are quite competently rendered. Personally I prefer it when the contestants smash gramophone records on each other's heads, as in Noel Coward's *Private Lives*.

Mr. Houghton bored me, and I confess that I have gone half way through the book, having lost interest in the emotional Slough of Despond in which Ralph Morton and his wife, Mira, and her lover, Martin, floundered about helplessly. I have a feeling, however, that for leisurely reading in, for instance, a gao or a hospital, *The Quirril*, once one settled down to it, would prove to be acceptable fare.

In places Mr. Houghton's style is no better than that of any practised feuilleton writer:—

"Martin!"

"His arms were round her. She was helpless. She never imagined that any man could be so strong."

"Directly she was free, she started back, then gazed at him,--breathless, incredulous, frightened, curious."

"He put his arm around her and they went to the door leading to the bedroom."

Only, of course, any self-respecting feuilletonist would put a row of dots—

"Wulsham" fashion—after the word "bedroom"!

One of the best and most original plays I have read for a long while is Noel Coward's *Pearl in Our Time* (Heinemann, 6s.). Mr. Coward is the laureate of the English stage, and his treatment of this trifles and failings has a curious grain of sympathy and understanding throughout; it can be almost maliciously true to life but is never unkindly or derivative of patronising.

The whole action of this new play takes place in a London pub, a great fool of itself for its modulation of the clientele, the regulars and the occasional calls for a masterly technique. Mr. Coward handles his three dozen odd characters with a superb dramatic touch; there is not one dull or false moment in the eight scenes of his two acts.

The theme, too, calls for imagination of a rare kind. Hitler's hordes have invaded England, Winston Churchill has been shot, Lord Haw-Haw rules the radio roost, and Goering and Goebels are in residence in Carlton House Terrace. The Gestapo are to be found everywhere and quislings are not wanting.

Good Reading

The pithy characters in the play are Fred and Nora Shattock and their daughter, Doris. They are the owners of "The Shy Gazelle," an esteemed "local" somewhere near Knightsbridge. (Here Mr. Coward has clearly based his pimpmaster on the real-life Sir Ernest Gruening, Governor of Alaska.) It is immediately associated with a palpable malice and a sense of the invincibility of destiny. The three other stories come as an anticlimax after "The Temple," though "Nomad Boy," (a memory of the Tashai Lama) in spite of its superfluous detail, catches the atmosphere of Tibet with authenticity and spiritual understanding.

Mr. Payne, however, is a great artist with words and has few rivals in his knowledge of Mongoloid ways of life. When he deviates to meretricious melodrama, as in the tale "The Blue Nigger," he is merely pandering to a cheap magazine public. He is now famous in America and is at a crucial stage of his career as an author. He has the capacity of imbuing his phrases



Before the wedding of Maharaja Shri Sumersinghji Saheb of Kishangarh State to Princess Gitakunwarabai Saheb, younger daughter of the Maharaja Saheb of Paltana. The bridegroom is with the Maharaja Saheb of Paltana after their arrival at the Paltana station. Others in the group are Their Highnesses the Rulers of Bhavnagar, Gondal, Wadhwan and Lunavada, and the Heirs-Apparent of Narasinghgarh, Karauli and Gondal.

which rounds off the tale as simply and effectively as Galkworthy completed *The Indian Summer* of a "forgotten" with the sentence: "Sister, come and number the soundless footsteps on the grass." Readers, no doubt, will enjoy *The Purple Plain* and I feel I am a captious critic!

Nightmarish Melodrama

It is about five months since I reviewed *The Blue Gargoyle* by Robert Payne's remarkable novel of life in Chungking during the war years, a book which was a haunting blend of poetry and violence. Mr. Payne, who is a most prolific writer, has just published a new book of long short stories—those literary dachshunds entitled *The Blue Nigger* (Gollancz, Rs. 6d.). The title story here refers to metaphor applied to a blue moonlit seascape off the Florida coast. It is an amorphous, hysterical tale which I do not think is worthy of Mr. Payne's talent. The scene is a lifeboat containing the survivors of a ship which has been wrecked by a Nazi submarine. These are the narrator, a

Ai-yu and Pao-yu, two young Chinese brothers—the author's servants—who wind up in each other, play and wrestle with a peasant girl. Then, as a result of their rivalry for her, their close relationship turns to stark hatred. They finally exterminate each other in a frenzied tussle with knives on a snowy bridge. This brilliant narrative reminded me of places of the "Invisible Oranges" (Gollancz, Rs. 6d.). It is punctuated with a palpable malice and a sense of the invincibility of destiny. The three other stories come as an anticlimax after "The Temple," though "Nomad Boy," (a memory of the Tashai Lama) in spite of its superfluous detail, catches the atmosphere of Tibet with authenticity and spiritual understanding. Mr. Payne, however, is a great artist with words and has few rivals in his knowledge of Mongoloid ways of life. When he deviates to meretricious melodrama, as in the tale "The Blue Nigger," he is merely pandering to a cheap magazine public. He is now famous in America and is at a crucial stage of his career as an author.

(Continued on page 83)

About Films Of The Month

Brickbats And Bouquets

By Maurice Dallimore

AS a very small boy, I once stood entranced outside a fair-booth listening to a "splicer" describe, with a wide, convulsive and, I might add, the anatomical words, "The World's Fattest Woman." Despairing at last of the adequacy of mere words to extol the miracle, he shouted, "All right then—if you still don't believe me, I'll show you." Charlie, bring out the lady's bloomers." Disappearing within, Charlie re-emerged with a gigantic garment allegedly worn by the lady in question.

It was the final, conquering assault on the tottering caudal of my scepticism. Weekly paying my threepence, I hastened within to feast my eyes upon this specimen of Brobdingnagian femininity. Alas, what disappointment awaited me! For it was most evidently obvious that the deceptive underwear, so proudly displayed outside, could have contained three ladies of the moderate plumpness of the one who now confronted me. "The World's Fattest Woman," in fact, was but a panting runner-up to a certain very familiar—and decidedly more accessible—maiden aunt whom I'd known for years.

I mention this incident, not in the spirit of family pride, but because it seems to me that Hollywood has still not outgrown the carnival-show mentality which pervades the screen even to this year. Banging the drums, the maccus, leather-throated barkers, splicers and hucksters of the film industry still harangue, bully and cajole the public as they did in the days when their wares were nothing more than a penny peep-show in a cheap amusement arcade.

Let's see how these gentlemen deal with this year's film, *The Foxes of Harrow*. "Charged with blood and fire! Emotions as violent as the era that spawned them!"

Escape Me Never—"Living from kiss to kiss in a fury from which there is no escape! A tale of wild temptation!"

Damn You—"A team of dynamite and fire—with the fuse lit!"

Angels with Dirty Faces—"Chuk by chunk, they cut out his heart in slums, reformatories and prisons."

Now admittedly these flights of fair-ground oratory are aimed at the semi-educated masses of the great United States, who are reasonably unprepossessed enough to be impressed by them. But I venture to suggest that for the rest of us the circus ballyhoo technique has had its day. Just as "The World's Fattest Woman" turned out to be merely a less well-upholstered version of our maiden aunt, so too many of these maiden-aunted bombshells of screen drama have turned out to be damp squals. We've grown up. Why doesn't Hollywood do the same?

Static Farce

During the war, a story went the rounds concerning two German staff officers. One says to the other, "What do we do, do not retreat?" "Naturally, advancing, then the other's jaw," his companion retorts, "What do you mean—retreat? Germans never retreat. We shall advance in the direction from which we came."

So too, advancing resolutely in the direction from which it came, Hollywood gives us *Dear Ruth*, a sort of a stage production of a stage production. I need hardly tell you the genesis of this filmic frolic, for it is obvious within the first five minutes that Paramount's highest ambition has been to depart as little as possible from the stage convention of this theatrical farce which ran for two and a half years on Broadway. As a result, about go per cent of the plot is taken up with the same set, and the remaining to per cent in what I am sure must have been some two in its original Thespian home. If, however, you are prepared to accept the old-fashioned notion that a film is nothing

more than a photographed stage-play, you will probably enjoy *Dear Ruth* in spite of its unimaginative production, its stock situations and its theatrical clichés.

The plot revolves around that reprehensible manifestation of American youth—the "bobby-soxer," or teen-age school-girl. Apparently allowed to run wild, to choose its own slovenly dress, to organise itself into clubs devoted to the idolatry of radio performers and film stars, and even to tell the Government how to run the country, the breed deserves thorough and regular spanking with the sole of a well-aimed slipper. I am happy to report that this treatment is duly administered to one of its representatives during the course of this film.

Nothing is more futile than attempting to recount the plot of a farce, so I will merely indicate that this story depends for its fun upon the idea that a precious 14-year-old girl involves her elder sister in an entanglement with a soldier she has never seen, by writing him a series of letters under her sister's name. Around this flimsy skeleton is built a possibly amusing plot buttressed by the skilful performances of such experienced players as Edward Arnold and the amusing Billy de Wolfe.

As the bobby-soxer, Mona Freeman is suitably callow and occasionally appealing, but she has the good sense to Washington (at her father's insistence) to demand the immediate removal of the Marines from the Philippines or some such nonsense, provokes an amused chuckle. Joan Caulfield plays her elder sister and William Holden as the American soldier, somewhat less appealing than the usual type. Unfortunately, Billy de Wolfe is less well served by the script-writer, but his facility for making highly satisfactory bricks without dramatic straw is fully exercised, and he comes creditably out of what is really a piece of misnaming. But for me, the principal entertainment comes from Edward Arnold's steaming performance of the long-suffering father, his skilful handling of the flimsy material of farce, and that expert timing of lines which reveals the experienced player.

The play has undoubtedly lost a great deal of its sparkle in the transition from stage to screen, but if you've time on your hands, you could spend it less agreeably than watching *Dear Ruth*.

Omgawd Corner

Port of wisdom dropped by Elizabeth Scott—Humphrey Bogart appeals to the bobby-soxers because he arouses their protective, mothering instinct . . ."

As I have said, I am not a fan of



Mary Hatchett will soon be seen in the Paramount all-star production, "Variety Girl."

Mother Knows Best

With that deep-seated devotion to duty which characterizes my assiduous cinema-going on your behalf, I betook myself to *Desert Fury* ("in blazing Technicolor") in spite of its title. Whether I am entitled to earn my money, the only fury experienced was my own, in finding that the local film censors had been up to their old tricks again. This month, whilst happily passing a regular riot of carnage in *Angels with Dirty Faces*, they appear to have excised from *Desert Fury* the gambling scenes which gave point to the character of its central figure.

Desert Fury has that quality of raw bitterness which distinguishes the American crime film. It is the somewhat unlikely story of a woman (Mary Astor) who runs a gambling house in a small desert township, calliduously but un-

suitably called "Chuckawalla." A notorious character, she is undisputed boss of the place. Naturally enough, an earnest student of American sociology, I was compelled to learn that the law and the Judge are entirely in her power, if not her pay. Also surprisingly tolerant, is a police patrolman (Hurt Lancaster), but that may have been because he was in love with her daughter.

The daughter (Elizabeth Scott) rebels against dictatorship in the home and, with the help of a sympathetic and a professional gambler (John Hodiak), One would imagine that Mother would be pleased at this show of hospitality towards her best customer, but, then, you see, Mother knows a few things about him that Daughter doesn't. One of them is that he has double-crossed her, but whether at cards or in love is not

(Continued on page 83)



Elizabeth Scott who appears in Paramount's "Desert Fury," produced in Technicolor by Hal Wallis.



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Sir J. P. Srivastava with his son and daughter-in-law. Sir J. P. Srivastava was formerly Food Member to the Government of India.

Calcutta Causerie

(Continued from page 54)

for the night, though manfully did he cope with and withstand the magician's versatile but refined form of persecution!

As Good As Ever

Another excellent party was that given by "Bantam and Gumpie"—alias Walker/Godley at the Bengal Club, the invitations to which were fully up to the standard of the poetic achievements of previous years. As these promised, hospitality, which included a band and bagpipes, left nothing to be desired. Among the guests present I saw "Tubby" Tweed, recently returned from leave, talking to Dorothy and Theo Hain. The latter have sprung a delightful surprise on Calcutta in bringing out from home young Anne, no longer a schoolgirl as we last knew her, but now a very attractive fair-haired young lady. Another young and very charming member of Calcutta's younger set is Phyllis Nichols, who came with her parents who are shortly due for leave. Also seen were vivacious Helen Nichols, one of the American Vice-Consuls in Calcutta, James Macfarlane, Paul Bentham, Puggy Mackay, Mrs. Frank Peacock and his wife, Peppercorn, Billie and Gredie Gardner, Dr. Macmillan, Kathie MacTavish, Mr. D. C. Barr, a newcomer to Calcutta and late of the Indian Civil Service, Geoffrey Tyson, Mr. D. P. Goenka, Mr. K. D. Jalan, Charles Clarke, Barbara and Bill Yost, and Gertie, who had been on leave in December, but without Doris who stays behind to look after the family. Of those recently honoured in the New Year's Honours List were Hugh and Sheila Cumberbatch—now Sir Hugh and Lady Cumberbatch—Sir Charles



Mr. Sidney Rawson, retiring Superintendent Purser of the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company.

Miles, who adds a knighthood to his O.B.E., John Sutherland, who received the M.B.E., and Neil Brodie, just returned from the U.K., who has received the C.I.E. Mine joint host, Johnnie Walker, now includes racing amongst his many activities, and is the owner or part owner of a number of horses, of which I am told, to be seen regularly studying the form in the early dawn at the race course.

Independence Cup Day

Talking of horses brings me to recent racing events in Calcutta. Independence Cup Day saw a gay crowd to witness the running of the Independence Cup, to Mr. N. D. Bagree, owner of the mare "Romeo". The Cup, personally designed by the Governor himself, a work

(Continued on page 69)



The Heir-Apparent of Danta, being received with "tilak" by the Rajor on arrival at Dungarpur, for his marriage with Bajjal Shri Hemant Kanwali Sacheba, younger daughter of H. H. the Maharawal Sakesh of Dungarpur.



Capt. M. L. B. Devender Singh, I.A.S., and Lt. H. Bhattacharya, R.I.N.V.R., Aides-de-Camp to H. E. Shri Rajugopalachari, Governor of West Bengal.

Calcutta Causerie

(Continued from page 61)

of art in gold and ivory, was presented by H.E., who himself had given the plating to the trophy. The trophy, a shrewd shout of "Jai Hind," thus commemorating the birth of Calcutta's new classic racing event. This coveted trophy was earlier the centre of much attraction, and amongst those examining it I saw Mr. A. Gujadhure, Alan and Sonia Lockhart, the latter wearing an attractive ensemble in blue and white, a young couple, Sir Norman Edgley, Barrister Club Steward, whose portrait, as former President of the Royal Asiatic Society, was recently unveiled by the Governor in the premises of the Society. Sir Norman and Lady Edgley are shortly retiring from India and will be much missed in Calcutta society by their many friends made during their long sojourn here.

Others admiring the cup were Vera Costorphine and her sister-in-law, Miss Costorphine, who is visiting Calcutta and is a regular rider on the race-course and elsewhere. She is well-known to most of us. Dorothy Weatherall, all other welcome returns to Calcutta and regular attendants at Race Meetings are two further well-known personalities in the riding world, Nancy Foster and Joyce Sandys-Lumsdaine, both of whom have been in England looking after

their respective families. Nancy's sister, Kunjan, who is known as one of the most successful novelists we have ever produced, the film of her book *Black Narcissus* having recently been shown in Calcutta. This brilliant family has now produced a new surprise in the person of Jon Goldfin, another sister, whose first novel, *The Human Heart*, was published by the Book Society at the close of the month.

Another event honoured by the Governor and his daughter, Srimati Namagiri, was the E.S.U. tea-party held at the Calcutta Club. On this occasion H.E. spoke to members of the Union, which is a branch of an international organisation which headquarters are in London, and which was formed some time ago with the object of promoting good fellowship and cultural relations between English speaking peoples. Members of the Committee were at the entrance of the Club to receive His Excellency. He was joined by the Vice-Chairman, Lady Birrell, Mr. Sir Norman Edgley and Mr. Ray Farrell representing respectively the Indian, British and American elements in the Union. Mr. G. A. Dossani, Rai Bahadur Khandelwal, Mrs. C. L. Bond, the Rev. G. C. Alchin, Mr. Bernard G. Newell, Mrs. I. Bryden, Dr. Margaret Rivers, Professor Bener Sarkar and Mr. C. S. Gangaswamy. Amongst the large number of members I saw Mr. Vinod Parikh and Mr. Duleep Mathai, the latter being the son of Dr. John Mathai, Minister in charge of Railway and Transport. These two fortunate



Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar with his two sons before he left Calcutta by plane for a lecture tour in the U.S.

young men are shortly leaving on a trip to England, the Continent, America and China.

Vingi-El-Um

In Calcutta there exists a select band of bachelors—ever varying in personnel as they lose their bachelor status, but always retaining the time-honoured number of Twenty-one! Each year these debonair gentlemen, resplendent in their attire, make their appearance and black out their friends to a fancy dress ball at the Tollygunge Club. Hospitality, and the beautiful lighting enhancing the sylvan beauty of the grounds, was fully up to former standards, and to no less degree were the costumes which, on the whole, perhaps surpassed those of previous years. Whether the dangerous, or unfair, to single out any particular one, but those of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Magor whose respective costumes represented an Edwardian type of Anglo-Indian in a most-fashioned to-day's sporting suit, and a most collectible "Elspeth" in a most unusual and special mention. Period costumes seemed to be in vogue, and I think that of Mary Palmer's was particularly striking, also Peggy Verne's as a Crusader lady. Little boy "Patsy" Warren, with his capapul and conker—a red one—was a huge success!

This exceptionally pleasant social month closed under the tragic cloud



Dr. Arthur Upham Pope, Chancellor of the Asia Institute, photographed before leaving the U.S.A. for the Middle East, Burma and India, where he delivered a series of lectures to create a working cultural liaison between the United States and Asia.

of Mahatma Gandhi's death. Calcutta, with the rest of India and the world, mourned the loss of India's beloved leader.



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Bridge Corner

The Importance Of Timing

By **Horatius**

TIMING is a highly important factor in the play of the cards, and it is because this is so that the opening lead is one well worth considering. Against a high contract, it should be the aim of the player to endeavour to establish quick tricks and an analysis of the bidding will sometimes help him do this. In the following hand, timing saved the game where an orthodox lead would have permitted the contractor.

*H 5 3
D 6 2 3
C 10 9 4
S 10 9 8*

*S Q 10 9
D 9 3 2
C 10 9 8
H 8 6 5*

DUMMY

SAM

Against Sam's three No. Trumps, Jill opened the top of the Spade sequence. Declarer won the first trick and led the K, Q and a small Club, Jill holding off till the third round when she led another Spade. Sam ducked this but won the next round.

Sam now led the Q of Hearts, but Jack held off and did not win the second Heart round either. A third round gave him the lead. He knew that Jill held a good Spade, but if he had led that suit, Jill would have been compelled to lead away from the King of Diamonds. Jack therefore "timed" the play by leading the Diamond and now Jill must make two tricks to set the contract.

"Onlooker" Problem

Sam has the contract at Six Hearts against which Jill opens her fourth highest Diamond. How does he make his bid?

Watch The Discards

Watch the discards, Mrs. Blair,
Watch them with the greatest
care!

Partners sometimes furious grow
If you miss a "High" and "Low."
When your partner throws a six,
It may mean some extra tricks,
If he gets the lead desired,
And your play may be admired.

H.V.R.S.

S	A	K	Q	6	2
H	K	10	9	8	7
D	9	8	3	2	1
C	A	K	Q	6	5

DUMMY		SAM	
S	Q 7 6	H	10 9 8
H	7 6 5 4	D	8 7 6 5
D	Q 7 6 5 4	C	A 10 9 8
C	8 7 6 5	K	Q 6 5

(Solution on page 85)



Mr. Sahib Kalkukhroo Kooka, traffic manager for Air-India Limited, Bombay, at La Guardia airfield, New York, before his flight to London. He also visited Geneva and Cairo before returning to Bombay.

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Peona Prattle

By O. P. Senah

SAILING at Khanopusia is very popular now that the 'Royal Connaught' Boat Club has closed down, and the sailing fraternity were pleased to welcome Mr. John Hill who arrived here recently from Bombay. Lt.-Col. Dick Rumsey who was a sailing enthusiast had left for Kenya with his family. He has been in contact in mixed sailing before starting out on his own. Another sailor, Major Henry Tyndale, left for England on the "Empress of Australia" with his wife, Mary, a niece of Gen. Rees who has been dangerously ill with infantile paralysis and is now slowly recovering.

A recent arrival in Poona is Lt.-Col. Aman Dev in charge of the I.M.H. with his wife, Eunice, and two small daughters. He served in a hospital ship in the Middle East during the war, and was posted to Lucknow before coming to Poona. The Devs had a cheery party at the Poona Club one Saturday night with Eunice's two cousins, attractive Bentina Verma from Bangalore and Lena Sen from Lucknow,



Mr. Sohrab K. Khan, Managing Director of Engineering and Agencies Limited, Bombay, who has returned to Bombay after an extensive business tour of European countries and the United Kingdom.



After the christening at All Saints' Church, Bombay, of Margaret, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pether. From L. to R.: Mr. O. N. Soper (Mrs. Soper was grandmother by proxy), Louise Pether, Mr. E. W. Matthew, the Lord John Cholmondeley, Mr. A. Pether, Mrs. Pether, Mr. C. F. K. Watson with Margaret, and Mrs. E. W. Matthew.



Air Liaison Officers and Instructors after the completion of the Air Liaison Officers' Course held in Poona. From L. to R. : (SITTING) Capt. D'Sa, Capt. Mohinder Singh, Instructor, Major Sheudan Singh, M.C., Chief Instructor, W/Cmdr. H. S. Ratnagar, O.C., Number 2 Wing, R.I.A.F., Major Daljit Singh Bhandari, Instructor, Capt. Chera, Instructor, and Capt. Kulkarni. (STANDING) Lt. Jasbir Singh, Capt. Solomon, Lt. Menon, Lt. Ramkumar Singh, Lt. Manohar Singh Sethi, Lt. Koshy, Capt. Bachitar Singh, Lt. Madan Lal Kohli, Capt. Patankar, and Capt. Sudha Singh.

who were holidaying with them, Lt.-Col. Pran Luthra, who is a very good tennis player, and Major Gill.

Mr. Ahmed Jaffer paid a flying visit to Poona on return from his trip abroad. In an incredibly short time he managed to meet together many old friends who were most interested to hear of his experiences in England and Europe. Ahmed hopes to go again later on this year and is greatly looking forward to the trip.

Andrina Hall spent a few days in Poona as the guest of Patricia Haylock, and had a most enjoyable time riding and sailing. Andrina, whose father was President of the National City Bank in Bombay, arrived in India for the first time not long ago, and expects to stay here. She spent two years in Geneva, at the University, an experience she greatly enjoyed.

Sir Fazal and Lady Rahimtoola have now come to live in Bombay after years in Poona; Mr. N. M. Kante, the Inspector-General of Police, and his wife were here on a flying visit; Mr. S. K. Banerjee, Director-General of Observatories, was talking about the plans for making artificial rain in India on the lines of methods used in America and Australia to prevent famine; and Mr.-Gen. D. R. Thackeray was down on a short visit to Bombay.



The officers and staff of the 9th Infantry Brigade H.Q., Ranchi. From L. to R. : (SITTING) Capt. A. D. Anthony, Condr. A. E. Perry, Major J. G. Hubbard, Brigadier Alma Singh (Commandant), Major V. S. Sundaram (Bdgade Major), Jem. R. L. Mehta and Lt. Ram Nath. (STANDING) Hav. Nanak Chand, Jem. Shiv Suran Singh, Jem. Sarain Singh, Lt. Banerjee, Hav. K. Devakaran, Jem. P. N. Ghose and Jem. Prem Singh.

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Shrieman Raia Bahadur Narendra Singhji, Yuvaraj of Panna State, and Lt. Narendra Bahadur Singh of the Sawai Man Guards, at the opening ceremony of the Indian States Forces Club at Jaipur. The club was opened by Lt.-Gen. H. H. the Maharaja of Jaipur, Bikram during the Silver Jubilee celebrations of H. H. the Maharaja of Jaipur.

Ceylon Calling

(Continued from page 63)

John and Lady Howard, Lady Howard wearing a beautiful red gown that suited her so well, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mulhall, Mrs. Alice Kotekwala, mother of the Minister of Transport and Works, members of the various Consulates, and Mr. and T. Chettiar who tells me he is leaving for South Africa any day to become Secretary to the High Commissioner for India there.

Talented Architect

A recent returnee to Ceylon from the U.K. is Miss Ninette de Silva. Miss de Silva is said to be the only woman architect in Ceylon. She has prepared full of ambitious schemes for a revival of interest in architecture here. While in London I visited the beautiful home of the High Commissioner for Ceylon and Mrs. Corea. Mrs. Corea when showing me around their home told me that much of the exquisite

interior decorations were suggested by Miss Ninette de Silva. After having seen her effective ideas in a home, I feel sure Miss de Silva will help the Ceylon home, however simple, to be beautiful.

To end another month of entertainment and excitement was an evening party given by the Prince and Princess and Mrs. Narayana at their home to foreign and Commonwealth diplomats. Also present were the local Service chiefs, Capt. H. T. Baylis, D.S.O., Brigadier E. P. Jones and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Wardle, wife of Air Commodore A. R. Wardle, A.O.C., R.A.F., Ceylon, and the commanding officers of various Commands. The evening seemed to fit past, and the guests, reluctantly departing, agreed that it was the best party of the month. Mrs. Senanayake wore a pastel green sari and beautiful ruby jewellery. She was saying that she felt rather sad about leaving her old home, where she had spent the last 17 years, but that she was settling down in beautiful "Temple Trees." Mr. and Mrs. Senanayake received their guests in their delightful drawing-room, from where one can look across large terraces down to the lawns and garden that sparkled like fairytale with thousands of coloured lights hidden in the beautiful trees.

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View through an archway at the entrance of the palace at Gajner in Bikaner, where H. H. the Maharaja entertained H. E. the Governor-General and Lady Mountbatten with a duck and Lady Imperial band group show.

extension to Sadalsupur and the supply of electricity to Shikarpur and the Japsar area sanctioned. The extension of electricity will provide power for Bikaner's new industries and will bring relief wherever current is supplied. A piped water-supply was laid throughout most of the city, and extensions for water-supply in the remaining areas was planned. Improved sanitation has been promised by the Department of Public Health not only for the city, but also for the District Municipalities. Qualified doctors had been put in charge of these operations. Medical relief and maternity and child welfare were also important features of the State's scheme for educational and social attention for all. The hospitals in Bikaner are spacious and beautifully fitted with the most modern equipment, and supervised by efficient doctors and nurses. The health centres or small casualty clearing stations and first dispensaries are located in several parts of the State, and more are needed and are under construction shortly. A new penicillin centre has been opened in the capital. With regard to X-Ray equipment, some of the best units I have ever seen are in Bikaner.

Vocational Training

Educational improvements are also well to the fore, and much progress has been made in the reorganisation of education with special attention to vocational training and physical culture.



Lt.-Col. M. V. Menon, Private Secretary to H. H. the Maharaja of Bikaner.

To ensure that an ever increasing supply of teachers is available to meet the demand of the rapidly expanding educational programme a Teachers' Training College has been opened recently in addition to the already existing Teachers' Training School. Education for girls is also strongly encouraged and a Training Institute for Women Teachers has been opened in Bikaner. Several scholarships in Indian Universities have been endowed by the Maharaja. Steps to ensure that higher education shall be available to students from the State, and from Malaya, Fiji, and Mauritius.

The Boy Scouts are making rapid



One of the new free dispensaries which have been built in the city of Bikaner.

progress under the Maharaja Kumar who is the Chief Scout. A Naval Guides Association and University Training Corps are both under consideration. The Museum showed that there is a very active Cottage Industries Institute in Bikaner and amongst the goods made are lacquer articles, blankets, fine woven cotton cloth and leather goods. Other cottage industries are being opened up, and already over two students are being trained each year.

Thus everywhere one finds satisfying evidence of the declaration made by His Highness when he ascended the gadi in 1943, just five years ago, when he said "I shall do all in my power to serve my people." This in Bikaner is no mere motto, but a statement that has become the guiding principle in His Highness's life.

The Durbar

Returning to the visit of His Excellency the Governor-General, the next function

which had been eagerly awaited by the guests, and relatives of Bikaner was a Durbar in the Durbar Hall at Lalgarh Palace. The Hall was brilliantly lit for the occasion, and shortly after the guests and officers of the Bikaner Army had taken their seats, the Maharaja and Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, escorted by the King's personal staff officers, entered the Durbar Hall. Almost immediately after the opening of the Durbar, H.E. the Governor-General held a special investiture, and on behalf of His Majesty the King decorated H.H. the Maharaja with the Kirti Chakra, the King's insignia and Commander of the Exalted Order of the Star of India. This was followed by addresses by both H.H. the Maharaja and H.E. the Governor-General. After the dinner party which followed a small tea was held at His Highness's private villa at the Vallabh Bagh.

The following morning, H.E. Lord Mountbatten took the salute at a passing out parade of the Bikaner Army. This was a magnificently colourful sight which I shall never forget. The Camel Corps, Cavalry, Bikaner Infantry, and the Mule Corps all took part, the gallop past of the Cavalry being one of the highlights of the parade.

In the afternoon Lady Mountbatten and I attended a polo match which was extremely well endowed and appeared to give confidence to the suffering by their very cleanliness and air of efficiency.

In the evening there was a floodlit Military Tournament at the Stadium. The programme included a musical ride by the Cavalry, a Camel Corps drive followed by a club swinging display, and the polo, which all the various regiments of the Bikaner State Forces were represented in a grand display of precision and colour, reminiscent of the Aldershot Tattoo before the war in England.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Mountbatten left after breakfast by plane for Delhi the next day.



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The march past of the Bikaner Camel Corps during a parade at which H. E. the Governor-General took the salute.

Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 59)

arrived on the "Queen Elizabeth" from Security Council discussions of India and Pakistan and is now engaged in organising his daughter's wedding scheduled for the near future. Lord John Hope, and Lingfield's younger son, Major for Middlesex, and Robbie is back from America where he gave a talk, amongst other things, on India, to over 1,400 school teachers. Mr. Maurice Partrington, only son of Capt. and Mrs. J. B. Partrington of Aspley Guise, who is now secretary to the Maharaja of Dhar, is now returning to England soon to claim as his bride, for Miss Alex Land, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dashwood Land of Thame.

John Eden, son of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden, just back from serving with the Gilgit Scouts, was welcomed home with a dinner-dance at his parents' house in Kensington. Dancing took

place in what was once a studio, and the schoolroom did duty as buffet hall.

The Begum Aly Khan has flown to Croydon in her private aircraft, and drove to London by car; Gen. and Mrs. Delano Osborne and their two little daughters arrived by sea at Liverpool where they were met by Mr. Osborne's mother, who spent a night or two in London, and are now encamped at Gen. Osborne's old family residence near Canterbury. Another General back from India—but only temporarily—is "Joe" Lestaigne, the Chindit leader, who is being married to Miss Hermine Constance Lascelles, before returning with his bride to assume direction of the new Staff College. Miss Lascelles, tall and fair, worked with the Red Cross and later in the Australian Army office in London. Her father, Sir Alfred, lives at Titerrington in Yorkshire.

Engagements

Capt. John Werrender, Lord Bruntisfield's heir, and Moirine, daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Campbell, have fixed their wedding for directly after Easter; they first met in India. Other forthcoming marriages include:—Major Ash Edwards, R.A., and Miss Lovatt, Q.A.M.N.S.R.; Maj. Burne and Betty,



Robin, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Martin of Bombay, who flew from England alone to spend his holidays with his parents in Bombay. Robin is now at his prep. school, Rose Hill, Alderley, Gloucester-shire.

widow of Major Gray, the Ceylonese, and daughter of Mr. H. C. Stark, C.I.E.; I.C.S.; Mr. Chatterris and the daughter of Mr. Colin Forbes Adam, C.S.I.; Lt.-Col. W. H. R. Clifford, M.B.E., 1st Punjab Regt., and Miss Butcher; Mr. Close Smith and the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Smith with a present of £1,000.

Southern Command: Parsons, some years ago and Mrs. Hill; Dr. Conner, son of Capt. C. H. Conner, C.I.E., R.I.N., and Sheila Griffin; Kenneth, son of the late Capt. Davison, I.A., and Eileen Slaughter of Hertfordshire; Mr. Fahey, son of the late Capt. P. Fahey, C.I.E., and Mrs. Stanley; Major Fox, R.A., and Sheila Maudie Gravas, Q.A.M.N.S.R., daughter of the Bishop of Grimbsy; Mr. P. C. T. Glenn, late the Frontier Force Regiment, and Miss Cutting of New Jersey; Capt. Hall Brooks and Miss Couille, whose parents used to be in the Indian Army; Hunt and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stackel of Sussex and Calcutta; Mr. Morgan, son of the (Coorg) Morgans, and Stephanie Elton; Mr. O'Riordan, elder son of Mr. O'Riordan, lately D.I.C., Indian Police, and Miss Bellivant; Mr. Ricketts, whose father was in the 3rd Burma Infantry, and Miss Stanley Delaney; Lt. Scott, R.M., son of the late

Continued on page 75

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Aslam Malik with the members of the cast during his production in Hindustani of Chekhov's "Ivanov" at the B.B.C., London. From L. to R. (FRONT ROW) Aslam Malik, Obaid-ur-Rehman, Maqbool Ahmed, Sujata Khanna, B. Prem, Aslam Malik and Noor Ahmed Chohan; (BACK ROW) Gauhar Javed, Uzaf Nazeer, Aslam Riaz, Munib-ur-Rehman, Santosh Kashyap and Masim Ahmed.

Looking At Britain

(Continued from page 74)

Capt. A. G. Scott, I.A., and Miss Hillyer, Dr. Uaghani and Anna Verstra, only daughter of the late Maj.-Gen. Sir Patrick Hehir, K.C.I.E., and between Capt. Charles Wylie, the Gurkha Regt., son of Lt.-Col. Macleod Wylie, C.I.E., and Diana, daughter of the late Brigadier-Gen. Lucas, C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., 10th Royal Gurkha Rifles.

Coming-Of-Age

In Hollywood they can still play with extravagant fancy dress balls, and at a recent one friends tell me that the Maharaja of Coch-Ibar made a splendidfully equipped and typical American baseball player. I was shown a lovely portrait of Antony Beauchamp, half-made of the Princess Nizam, daughter of Prince Muazzam Jah of Hyderabad. The Princess had chosen a beautiful satin gown with elbow sleeves and a low heart-shaped neckline decked with a chunky jewel. "Small" fashioned carings peeped from her exquisitely dressed hair.

The "Ted" Morgans and daughter Sue threw a lovely cocktail party for Sue's coming-of-age, a flat in London, a room in the Savoy for the occasion, the noise of conversation and laughter filtered out into the street, and swelled to a climax when, as Sue's cake was cut, the guests sang "Happy birthday to you!" Mrs. George Richmond, ■ was there with her attractive daughter Joan, and her old friend Daniel R. Farnsworth, post-contemporary, represented Sam and Kitty Ruschen who now live in the West Country. Brigadier Duncan, late R.A., was there, also Leslie Falls and I also spotted Mr. "Scooty" Macdonald and Mrs. "Len" Rubie, who is at present living in Kent. At another recent post-contemporary party, I saw Mr. and Mrs. John Corbin, Lord, wearing a smart pill-box hat; Mr. Timothy Crosthwaite, who used to be on Lord Linlithgow's personal staff; Sir Guy and Lady Cooper, she wearing a becoming fur coat; Capt. and Mrs. "Jock" Hay, in London for the exhibition of Indian Art, for which Jock had lent a number of exhibits; and Miss Ann Wright, in a smart black ensemble.

About People

Myfanwy Beynon, eldest daughter of the Ven. J. R. Beynon, who recently left Lahore for England, was one of the thousands of children who accepted the invitation of an Indian film company to sell what they most wanted. Fourteen

Italian poets sorted out these wishes and hope to wave a fairy wand for Myfanwy. She asked to be received by Princess Elizabeth.

Gen. Sir William and Lady Slim have settled at Limpstield Common near Ootacamund, India. Their son, Lt.-Col. Oliver, has been getting around town; Sir Cameron Beddoe has been living in Surrey but thinks of moving further West; Air Commodore J. R. Whitley, who until recently was O.C., R.A.F. Base, Karachi, is now Director of Organisation (Haulage) of the British Transport Commission; Col. and Mrs. J. B. Tosterman (he was in the Punjab Regt.) now live at Knockeven, Waterford, Eire, and tell me they would welcome news of friends from India. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Cook have been in London, for he is now at the Foreign Office. David and Felicity are both in boarding schools. Helen, now with long hair, is keen on ballet dancing. They were among the children at Alexander Monro's party.

The sloops "Kistna" and "Cauvery," which brought to Portsmouth ratings who are being trained to take over the cruiser "Achilles" for the Indian Navy, have just left for India. Before leaving, the senior officer signified his thanks for the hospitality shown to his ship's company by the C-in-C, Portsmouth.

R. K. Chown of the R.I.N. has passed out from H.M.S. "Devonshire" as a Naval Cadet, and many names from India and Pakistan appear in the Bay results, including S. Pandit, A. A. J. Bhajan, K. S. Krishnamurthy, R. K. Sharma, and, specialising in Hindu and Mohammedan names, K. K. Mulla, S. B. Shethji, and S. S. Virji, all just in Class 111. In Class 1111 successful candidates were Y. Bakhtiar, S. K. Deb, R. V. Dwacha, A. G. Khan, D. K. Mathur, J. P. Mehta, B. J. Modi, K. C. Paul, B. U. Rana, and Y. M. Thakkar.

Talking of the Law, Mr. Walter S. Chaney, who spent several years in Karachi where he met Barbara, daughter of the famous Sir Montague Gibb, son of Sir Montague Gibb, and later practised in London, and then became Assistant Attorney-General in the Bahamas Government. He is now about to set up private practice in the Bahamas.

Important birthday milestones have been passed by Sir Chunalil V. Mehta, 67; Gen. Sir Walter Kirke, 71; Sir Harold J. Hood, 32; Air Marshal Sir Leslie Hollingshurst, 33; Lt.-Gen. Maj.-Gen. Sir William Tilly, 69. New dignitaries have been acquired here in Glasgow, Col. A. G. I. A. Goddard, I.A.; Dr. L. H. C. Gupta in Hammersmith; at Woolwich to Lt.-Col. G. F. T. Mathews, Rajputana Rifles; and, in North London, to the Bombay Shroffs. The wife of Lt.-Col. D. J. P. Weld, R.I.A.S.C., had a son in London.

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Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 62)

of a hole in one shot while playing in an Inter-Club match recently) and Don and Emily Mecklenburg, today, in spite of numerous contrary theories, seems that the American Women's Club will really hold its annual dance this year for the benefit of local charities. It will come about mid-March, at the Taj Mahal Hotel, and will begin at six o'clock. The programme has a number of Western flavor, including Latin-American. I hear the costumes and the entertainment will all be in accordance with the theme. Best news of all is that, once again, we are going to have those delicious American candies on sale.

Mr. Charles A. Osborn, Manager of the Standard Vacuum Oil Company, Bombay, was here "sugaring up" at the Willingdon, asking about 150 Bombay businessmen to meet Mr. Frederick H. Bedford, Junior, and his party. Mr. Bedford, who is President of the Atlas Supply Co. and Director of the Standard Oil Company, was passing through Bombay on his way to travel with him on the round-the-world flight of the new aeroplane, Atlas Sky Merchant, included Mr. J. E. Partenheimer, Mr. R.

B. Holgate, Mr. J. J. Hall, Mr. E. E. Allard, Mr. E. J. T. Smith, Mr. Charles Davis, and Mr. L. E. Brown. The party was a great success, as the steady roar of conversation and general air of conviviality testified. "The Gleaner" cannot visualise 250 women, in similar circumstances, having half so good a time!

An interesting visitor in our midst, Professor Lucifer Brumfitt, from the Paris Institute of Tropical Medicine, well-known specialist in tropical diseases, and has come to India for a two-month visit. He intends meeting important Indian physicians here, with a view to interchange of correspondence and opinions between them and French professors and doctors on matters of mutual interest.

Comings—

It was good to welcome back Lt.-Col. H. H. Murray Scott, from America and now returned to Bombay to practise. His attractive wife, Phyllis, and their two-year-old daughter, Marilyn, are remaining in England for a while, until the head of the house gets accommodation for the family. Let's hope that won't be as long a wait as it sounds!

Mr. and Mrs. John D. MacKenzie, has returned from leave; Mr. Mackay, whose husband is in the Merchantile Bank, arrived back on the "Strath-

more" and Mr. A. J. Williams, of the Royal Navy, who, it is reported, will be here for a short time before going on to Rangoon. His wife, who stayed in Bombay about a year ago, and daughter Fay are remaining in England.

—And Goings

The Rev. H. Bell, former Archdeacon of Bombay, has sailed for home, and Mr. L. E. Bagshawe, former Private Secretary to the Governor of Bombay, has left for the U.K. by air. Among those sailing on the "Malida" were Miss Iris Thomas, who has gone on leave and were greatly looking forward to seeing their son who is at school at Rugby; Murray Scott, who will join his family in England; Lt.-Col. Charles Davis, who was well known in Calcutta, Delhi and Bombay as a staff officer, and who is now in the Merchantile Bank at the Yacht Club, and Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson with their son and daughter.

Many Bombayites have left for the U.K. on the "City of Hong-Kong" among them Glenys Stewart Brown and her two children, Kali and Meier Vaksel have also left on the same boat with their families. They were very much looking forward to a long holiday in Europe and the U.S.A.

Another well-known personality in

Bombay has left India. He is Sir John R. Abercrombie, who throughout the war, was the Chairman of the Canteen Stores Department (Govt. of India Canteen Directorate). Mr. C. N. Caroe, with whom he has shared a flat for many years, and who is one of his oldest friends in Bombay, gave a most entertaining cocktail party at his residence in Ward's Road, to which were invited a number of Sir John Abercrombie's friends. Among them were Sir Ness Wadia, looking very fit, who had just returned from Europe, Mr. R. C. Giles, senior partner of Killick Nixon, who also is leaving for retirement, Mr. K. R. D. Muller of Bullock, Ford, Campbell and Mrs. Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris and Brigadier B. H. Hopkins who will be remembered in Bombay when he was in Command of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Also at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Cole and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brett. Mr. Eric Bullock, who is the wife, who is in a private housing scheme are living with Mr. Caroe, were busy helping him in entertaining his guests.

Sir John Abercrombie has gone to Kenya on a fishing trip and intends to stay there for a few months before returning to England.

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4x1 lb. Do. Do.	12 2 0
2x1 lb. Do. Do.	5 14 0
1x7 lb. Do. Do.	17 12 0
4x1 lb. tins Percolator Grind Coffee	11 2 0
2x1 lb. Do. Do.	5 14 0
1x7 lb. tin White Ensign Pure Ground Coffee	17 0 0
4x1 lb. Do. Do.	10 10 0

TEA.

	17 12 0
6x1 lb. pkts. Red Ensign Orange Pekoe Tea	
1x5 lb. box Do. Do.	
3x1 lb. pkts. Do. Do.	
3x1 lb. pkts. Stanes Special Blend Tea	9 0 0
6x1 lb. pkts. Do. Do.	17 12 0
1x5 lb. box Blue Ensign Broken Pekoe Tea	14 6 0
4x1 lb. pkts. Do. Do.	11 5 0
1x5 lb. box White Ensign Pekoe Souchong	14 6 0
1x5 lb. box Family Mixiture Tea	14 6 0
1x5 lb. box Pekoe Dust	14 6 0
4x1 lb. pkts. Do. Do.	11 12 0

CASHEW NUTS.

	10 14 0
3x1 lb. Pkts. Roasted and Salted	
2x1 lb. Do. Do.	7 6 0
2x1 lb. Containers Roasted and Salted	7 14 0
1x2 lb. Do. Do.	7 13 0
2x1 lb. Containers Raw Cashew nuts	7 8 0

TAPIOCA SAGO.

	4 0 0
1x3 lb bag	
1x7 lb bag	8 8 0
1x10 lb bag	12 0 0

QUEENSLAND ARROWROOT PEARLS.

	4 0 0
1x3 lb bag	
1x7 lb bag	8 8 0
1x10 lb bag	12 0 0

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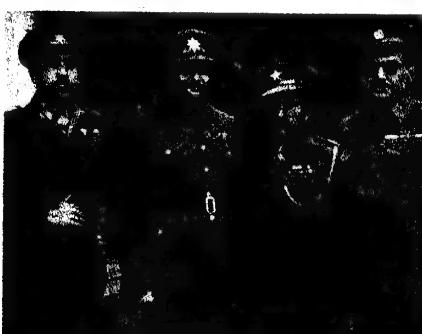


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Mr. and Mrs. Ulric St. V. Earee, who were recently married in New Delhi. Mr. Earee is the Manager of Lloyds Bank, New Delhi.



Major Dazzle Jung Rana, Lt.-Col. Loke Jung Rana, Capt. Bhakta Narashsingh Rana and Major Padma Jung Thapa, who were members of the Nepalese delegation for the referendum of Gurkha troops in India, photographed while they were in Delhi.

The Voice Of Delhi

(Continued from page 51)

departure is a loss to their many friends in Delhi. As each guest arrived, he or she was asked to sign a beautifully bound book which, at the end of the party, was presented to Mrs. Bennett as a memento of their stay in Delhi. Ann Bennett wore a lovely shade of olive-green, while the hostess was in a white satin decolleté dress.

The Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, entertained several hundred guests at a garden party at his residence to commemorate the 18th anniversary of India's Declaration of Independence. It was a perfect day for the party and the lovely lawn showed off to perfection the many-hued dresses and saris of the ladies.

It was an impressive sight to see so many members of the Government in attendance with their wives and members of the various foreign Missions. Mme. Rous looked enchanting in a "shovel" bonnet of cyclamen straw with a black crepe dress, while Mme. de Beaufre, of the Belgian Mission, was outstanding in a most attractive emerald-green hat, trimmed with crisp ostrich plumes. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith were surrounded by friends seizing the opportunity to say farewell and wish them good luck in their new appointment in Washington—they too will be greatly missed.

* * *

On Friday, January 30, the blow fell and within an hour the news had spread like wild fire throughout the city. All entertainments were immediately cancelled.



Dr. S. Sen of New Delhi, Secretary of the Indian Physicians' Association.

The following morning the roads were thronged with deeply moved people of all races, castes and creeds, eager to pay their homage and to catch a last glimpse of "Bapu" as he, Governor General, Minister of the Government and Heads of all foreign Missions called at Birla House to say farewell to India's greatest son. May his ideals and hopes for India's future soon be realised.



Zena and Zena, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith of New Delhi.

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Madras Musings

(Continued from page 35)

grass widowers of the Adyar Club, and is always an outstanding feature of the Madras season. The Club was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the whole building being floodlit and the trees in the garden strung with fairy lights. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. 'Toys' Mrs. Forde, looking most distinguished in a grey net dress, and Mrs. Killiek and Mrs. C. Spencer, who both looked very smart in white crepe.

There have also been many private parties held this month, a very enjoyable one was given by Mr. and Mrs. Murphy to celebrate their wedding anniversary, and also, unfortunately, to say good-bye to their friends, for they have now gone to the U.K. on leave, and then will go to Calcutta. They have taken with them their two daughters,

Bridget and Alanna who will be finally missed by the young people of Madras. Mrs. Murphy looked extremely smart in a three coloured crepe dress. Bridget wore a white skirt and silver lame blouse, and Alanna was in white organdie.

Mr. H. V. Shaw, Chairman of the Madras Club, gave a dinner in honour of Mr. H. L. Tyndale Biscoe, Chief Pilot Instructor, on the eve of his retirement. There were many guests present, among them being Mr. Chandy and Mr. Lachure. Mr. Tyndale Biscoe has been in Madras for many years and will be greatly missed by all aeronautics enthusiasts.

Gr. Capt. Goyal and officers of Royal Indian Air Force Station, Tambaram, gave a buffet supper and dance to celebrate the visit of Air Commodore Narendra, who had come down from Bangalore to attend the second passing-

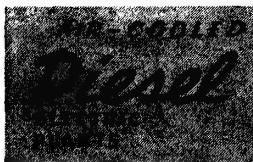
out parade of numbers at G.T.S. Lady Nitandra attended the special function and distributed the certificates and challenge trophies, at which Mrs. Goyal was hostess. Among the guests were Col. and Mrs. Napier, the latter looking striking in orange georgette.

Another successful party was that given by Col. Woodroffe to celebrate his birthday. The party held at Aras Mess, which is an ideal setting for any party as it looks directly on to the sea shore, and is one of the most attractive places in Madras. Among the many guests were Capt. and Mrs. Condeau with their young daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan.

Another interesting personality to visit Madras during the month was Dr. Noronha of the head office of Art-in-Industry, Calcutta. He gave a dinner party at Bosonto's Hotel while he was here, and many well-known personalities



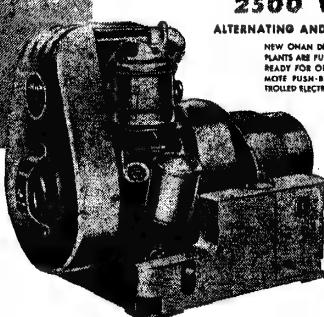
The Hon'ble Mr. Justice P. Venkateswara Rao, Chief Justice of the Madras High Court, with his son, the Hon'ble Mr. Justice P. V. Rajamani, Justice, Puja Judge, who has been appointed Chief Justice of the Madras High Court.



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attended, among them being Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan, Dr. and Mrs. Subbarao, and Mr. and Mrs. Sathianandan. Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan acted as hostess to the party. Mrs. Noronha had remained in Calcutta.

Races continue to be a great attraction, although at the time of writing, we are to have no more race meetings for at least a fortnight. It was nice to see Sushila Padfield, who will be remembered as Sushila Rungandhan, back in Madras again with her husband, Andrew, an insurance manager. Mrs. T. W. White, who had recently returned from the U.K., where she has been many years.

Another keen racegoer to give a party during the month was Mr. Lalchand who deserved the whole of the Connemara ballroom for the occasion. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bosonto, who had their daughter, Gisela, with them, Mr. and Mrs. Whelock, Mr. and Mrs. Raju Urs, and Miss P. Scott from Coracumund, who is a keen racegoer.

Early this month the Y.W.C.A. held their 13th Quadrennial Conference, which many delegates from all over the world attended. A reception was held where they were invited to meet all those interested in the Y.W.C.A. Mrs. Madam Lady Nye attended and the reception was presided over by Lady Rungandhan. There were many Burmese delegates, whose colourful costumes added to the scene. Later in the evening there were many guest speakers, foremost among them being Miss Van Asch Van Wlyck, who is the residing Wodd's Y.W.C.A. President.

There have been two or three weddings during the month. The first was that of Chothi, nephew of Seth Kishanbhai Chellaram, to Chanda, daughter of Seth Kewalram Ghansahani. The reception was held at Maneklal and the wedding guests attended. The bride looked charming in a pale pink, bejewelled and embroidered with silver flowers. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Coorey, the latter in pink and jade-green. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. S. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Shirlock. Another wedding was that of Leela, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. V. J. John, to Mr. Thomas Karikakor. There was to have been a large reception which, unfortunately, had to be cancelled, so that the wedding was very quiet.

Congratulations must go this month to Robert Edward McElroy and Lillian Tros, who have announced their engagement and will be married in London, April 1, 1948. Also to L. S. Stamford Noronha, M.A., and Yvonne Tapell. Their wedding was not likely to take place till the end of the year as Col. Noronha has been transferred to Delhi. Congratulations must also go to Nell and Badige Brooks, who have had a baby son, and Peggy and David Black, who announced the birth of a small daughter. Peggy and David are now in the U.K.

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CALCUTTA MADRAS BOMBAY LAHORE - I

Pigeon-Holes

(Continued from page 35)

most of the players became acquaintances and frequently valued friends.

Let us ponder on an incident that occurred during Lew Marks' long years of general management. It is a little after ten in the morning. The foyer is a veritable portrait gallery of past and present players associated with the popular matinées. Mathew Lang, Ada Reeve, Billie Kitchin, Peter Tork, principals and chorus of the Bandmann Opera, Barnard and Humphrey Bishop Companies. Prominent in the foreground, mounted on easels, are large portraits of the famous actress, Marie Tempest, due to open here in a week's time in a production of "Cavalcade of Kate". A number of people are at the booking office window, inspecting plans and arranging for seats. Close by stand two of Mr. Maurice Bandmann's best known henchmen, Alec Ross and Harry Canning. They await final instructions from Mr. Bandmann before proceeding on their rounds in advance of the company's about-to-tour. Both are very smartly turned out, as, indeed, are all Mr. Bandmann's associates, managerial or performers. Presently a tumult is heard above, and a stout little man, red of face and greatly perturbed, rushes downstairs several at a time, brandishing a telegram.

... And Another One

"Here you are, Alec," he shouts. "Stop polishing that solitaire of yours and admiring your boots; give me a hand with this. Look at it, I tell you, just look at it. Oh, there you are, Canning, good. Come along, we all in this. I can't seem to get it; I'm going crazy. Tell me what I've to do. I've got to do it done." He stamps up and down in a frenzy. "Read it; another wire from Miss Tempest, the third one in two days all about the dressing room she says must be built on the O. P. side of the stage. Temperamental? Oh, no, not at all; just a bit nervous, I suppose. I and get no help from anybody. Until star dressing room no use to her at all; must have special measurements and colour scheme. Well, I got it, salmon-pink and gold. Colling Pyper got it all fixed up last night—cost enough too. And here hang it all, she complains that it's says room must be so many feet this and that, and to be in lavender and white, with circular black carpet. What am I to do? Have I a share in Liberty's or do I run a carpet shop? There's no time to waste. Alec, you get along to Hathaway's at once and see what they've got, and you, Canning, take down these measurements of the curtains and carpet. I'll get you on the phone to Pyper and . . . Eh? What's that? . . . telegram for me? . . . Great Scot. Listen to this . . . Walls lemon-yellow, mauve curtains, sage-green mats . . . Well, I'm hanged."



Lt.-Col. Vithwanath P. Gupta, I.A.M.C., who has been transferred to Number 26, Indian General Hospital, Poona. He was previously Commandant of the Combined Military Hospital.



Officers of the Central Refugee Camp at Kurukshetra. From L. to R. (FRONT ROW) Capt. M. L. Bhambri, Capt. B. D. Gulati, Major Zora Singh, Major H. L. Kapur, Col. Bikram Singh, Brigadier V. R. Khanolkar, Lt.-Col. V. B. Jadhav, Major M. S. Uheroi, Major M. N. Sardana, Capt. K. N. Uzage and Capt. R. N. Parurhi; (SECOND ROW) Capt. Bakhawar Singh, Lt. Sampuran Singh, Lt. H. Masaralaine, Capt. J. S. Khurana, Lt. Darshan Singh, Capt. Ujagar Singh, Capt. M. M. Bakshi, Capt. S. Sheharan, Capt. Rachpal Singh, Lt. B. D. Kale, Lt. C. Donoghue and Lt. H. S. Sandhu; (BACK ROW) Lt. M. E. Reddy, Capt. Mohinder Singh, Lt. Khem Ram, Lt. B. S. M. Murty, Lt. P. M. Paricha, Lt. K. O. David, Lt. A. D. Sason, Capt. Barhan Singh, Lt. Jagjit Singh, Lt. C. S. Gautam, Capt. Hargobind Singh, Lt. S. D. Wadhwa and 2/Lt. Galzara Singh.



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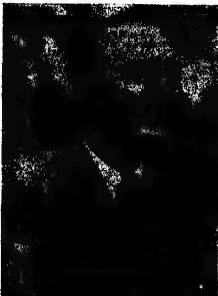
Officers and V.C.O.s of the 3rd Battalion of the 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles (Frontier Force) taken at Poona. From L. to R. (FRONT ROW) Sub. Major G. H. H. M.C., Capt. L. U. Udal Thapa, S.D., O.B.I., Major G. P. V. Sanders, D.S.O., S.M.M., Capt. Jagat Singh Gurung, I.D.S.M., Major H. A. B. Gahani, and Sub. Amarsingh Thapa. (SECOND ROW) Jem. Lachchiman Gurung, M.C., Capt. R. V. Madeley, Sub. Basu Rana, Capt. G. N. B. Hari, Sub. Rikha Thapa, Capt. D. V. Haynes, Jem. Kharabahadur Gurung, and Capt. K. D. H. Reader. (THIRD ROW) Jem. Shamsherlang Thapa, Lt. P. J. Khoos, Jem. Pirthi Bahadur Gurung, Capt. K. J. S. Chhaiwal, Jem. Sete Gurung, Lt. E. W. Crunden, and Jem. Puransingh Gurung, M.M. (BACK ROW) Sub. Khan, Jem. Dilbahadur Pun, Jem. Hastabahadur Gurung, Jem. Dhanu Gurung, Jem. Kharabahadur Gurung, and Jem. Khan.

Frances

Bangalore Lore

(Continued from page 85)

India were housed at Kusuma Park as guests of the Mysore State. Mrs. Cowdry, whose genorous hospitality at "Tregenna" has been a feature of the social life of Bangalore for so many years, was one of the lovely party. In spite of being all packed up and ready to leave for South Africa, Miss Grogan who stays with Mrs. Cowdry helped look after the guests, among whom were Rajkumari Lekhavati of Mysore in a handsome mauve and gold sari, Mrs. Blaszcowski, Mrs. Pitha, Miss Gouri Bhattacharya, daughter of the Rani of Kolhapur, a lovely yellow sari, Dr. Albuquerque, Miss Hardy and Miss Kotelingam. Among the delegates were Mrs. Queeni, Captain, the All-India Commissioner, Miss Cama and Miss Coyall from Bombay, Mrs. Chadwick, Director Correspondence and Miss Chapman, All-India Training Board, Calcutta, Mrs. Cotter from Hyderabad, Mrs. Crossfield from Karachi, Mrs. Ferri, Mrs. Dutt, Miss Asha, Mrs. Kabraji and several others, all very smart in their guide uniforms. Members of the Bangalore Ladis Club were also at home to the delegates, and were serving tea at a delightful tea and tennis party. Mrs. Nair, Mrs. Cowdry, Mrs. David and other Committee members helped to make it a successful evening. The



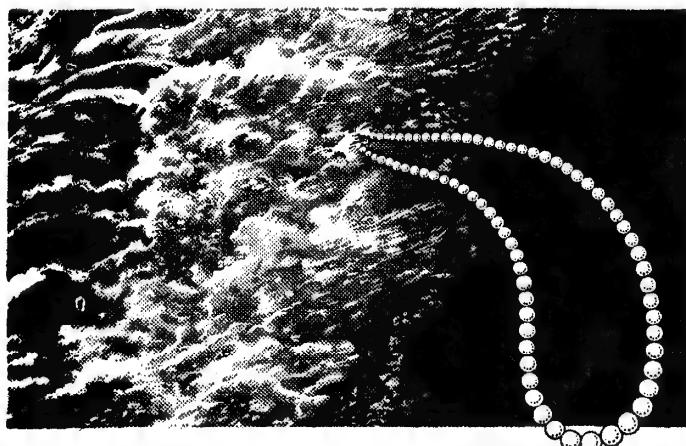
Col. Adelards of Lahore, who has done some excellent work for the refugees during the last few months. Col. Adelards has recently retired.

conference was, unfortunately, broken off by the news of the tragic death of Mahatma Gandhi.

Comings And Goings

There have been several visitors passing through Bangalore. Prof. Vallaert from Mexico (Chairman of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission) and his wife stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Thacker, who invited several friends to meet them on their arrival. Mr. Vallaert, a tall, sunburned-haired Mexican, dressed with much dash and wore the most unusual jewellery. Mr. and Mrs. Lagier, a delightful young journalist couple who are touring India for *Le Monde* and other French papers, came from Delhi and stayed here at the old Residency, Da Upani. Prof. Vallaert is an interesting guest at the Residency; he is an authority on old Iranian culture, and was here on a lecture tour. Col. Paracha from Calcutta came down on a visit to the All-India before going to London where he has been appointed Medical Advisor to the High Commissioner of India. Mr. Freeman and Mr. Reid from Madras, here on an official visit, stayed with the Nibsets. Also from Madras were Mr. and Mrs. Reid, who stayed here as State guests; Mr. Reid is the General Manager of the M.M.M. Railway, and his charming wife is a sister of Sir Thomas Rutherford of the I.C.S.

(Continued on page 84)



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After the "Nauka" ceremony of Byram, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Godrej, held at their home in Bombay. From left to right: (SECOND ROW) Lt. Harry Li-Che-Mody, Lt. Bhattachari, Commodore Inter-Jones, Lady Mody, Sir Hiram Mody, Mrs. Mody, Mrs. Godrej, Lt.-Col. Godrej, and Lt. Mody; (IN FRONT) Lt. Vimanath, Lt. Karanjawalla, Byram Godrej, Lt. Raw, and Master Godrej. In the foreground are the two small sons of Lt. Mody.

Bangalore Lore

(Continued from page 80)

Among the planning fraternity Major and Mrs. Ball are back from the U.K. and planning to settle in Bangalore. Col. Jack Maurice and Major Barclay also returned on the same ship. Mr. and Mrs. "Sunny" Morgan came down from their estate to meet their son and new daughter-in-law who had arrived from England, and to introduce them to their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. Pendola and Mrs. McQueen, who also down from their estate in Kudat district. Another couple passing through were Phyllis and Joe Humphreys, looking remarkably well after their holiday in the U.K. Col. Eric Morris from Artikeri Estate, and Major Maurice Webb and David Harris from Coorg are these great widowers who are frequently seen at the Club. Their wives having gone to the U.K. to be with the children.

Honours List

Major and Mrs. Mallick, who live 40 miles out of Bangalore near their stud farm at Kunigal, had a very good party recently, when the Prestons, the Hammonds, of the Imperial Bank, Althea and Pip, Theodosia, the Laws, Major Shea and Bigadier Hill motored out to them for the day.

It was gratifying to see several Bangalore names figure in the Honours



Justice and Mrs. Cornelius of Lahore, on their verandah. Mr. Justice Cornelius is a keen cricketer.

list this year. Lady Campbell, wife of the former Resident, received the K.I.H. silver medal, and Mrs. Medepe (whose husband is the Sessions Judge here) the bronze medal, both for their social work in Bangalore. Major Ramsay, who was Secretary to the Resident last year, has been awarded the O.B.E., and Miss Thompson, Confidential Assistant to the Secretary, the British Empire medal. Major and Mrs. Ramsay are now in Calcutta, and Sir Walter and Lady Campbell, now in England, have recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Moira, to Capt. John, John Warrender, former A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras.

Karachi Chronicle

(Continued from page 50)

Finally when the plans were completed and looking as though they were prepared for anything, we saw Mr. Lewis, the American Charge d'Affaires, his wife, Dorothy, and daughter Nancy, Rear Admiral Jefford, Mrs. Jefford and their daughter, Wendy, the Sind Governor and his wife, other members of the service, and all I believe, left with high hopes of catching the largest fish in Karachi, and were certainly not disappointed as the catch that returned was extraordinarily good both in size and quality.

Good-byes

We were sorry about the departure of both the Military Secretaries, Col. Bill Birnie, who has been Military Secretary to Quaid-i-Azam Jinnah, and Lady Kathleen Birnie, left for England early in February. Also the Sind Governor's Military Secretary, Pip Burridge, and his attractive wife, Ruth, who will be going to go to Ceylon, Rhodes, and now to Egypt. Other departures, temporarily, are the Crossbills and the Longhorns, and we are glad to hear that Geoffrey Longhorn has recovered from his recent illness and we hope his nine months' leave in Europe will do him good. After which he and Patience expect to return to Bombay.



Vishram, 19-year-old son of Mr. S. S. Vastar, C.I.S.R., G.I.P. Railway, and Mrs. Vastar of Bombay. Vishram has gone to Dehra Dun to train for a regular commission at the I.M.A.

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Please

Last night I dreamed my boss
loved dream—
That you were there,
Beside me in the dark—I felt:
Your fingers in my hair.

And awoke ecstatic.
It was very quiet,
The empty dark—
My arms were empty too.
A shutter banged.
I heard a lone dog bark.

Since you have gone beyond the
reach of hope,
Out of my sight,
Please do not come and trouble thus
my sleep—
Let me alone tonight.

"Chloe"

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Frankly Speaking

(Continued from page 60)

quelling, the raw-boned cockney wit, the cynical sadness of the German patrol, the resilience of the British character under adverse circumstances. Most of Mr. Coward's plays read well, but *Present in Our Time* is exceptionally engrossing in the smooth naturalism of its dialogue and the credibility of its incident.

American Humour

Mr. S. J. Perelman, the publishers claim, is America's first humourist. This is a tall claim for a country that has produced Damon Runyon, Robert Benchley and James Thurber, to say nothing of Ring Lardner, Don Marquis and Will Rogers, all of whom, excepting the last, are dead now. They have died or so and are now probably causing fun in Heaven. This galaxy patently demonstrates that the humour emanating from the United States since the days of Mark Twain—that most genial compere of all Transatlantic wisecracking—has not been considered mere amateur and amateurish, than the clever efforts by English authors which have for so long passed as humour in the British Empire. Admittedly W. W. Jacobs, Bay Pain and A. P. Herbert have their moments, but if one goes back earlier to Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat* one will find a recognized fundimental at the turn of the century, as shown as milk-lacking and pancake-fat as the *Panzer* drawings of that starchly period.

Perelman, an American Jew, has gusto and garrulity indeed. He is at his best as a parodist and clearly derives his inspiration from the work of the late Stephen Leacock, not that he ever copies that master too ostentatiously, but the Leacockian undercurrents repeatedly makes itself felt. The subject-matter of *Keep It Crisp* (Harcourt, 1947, 7s. 6d.) is refreshingly consistent with the jocular, fizzy and journalistic worlds, and many of these ebullient sketches have appeared in the *New Yorker*. Mr. Perelman, in spite of parading around *on the bte*, with stirs in his hair, tacks his fences with ease. His idiom lacks the distinction of Kipling and his humor is not the comic severity which is not the comic severity of Cheyney ("The Bed Fell Upon Father") so consistently displays. Here—and the fare may be gauged therefrom—are some of his titles: "Gamali Your Face with Parader and Serve," "Hit Him Again, He's Sober," and "Farwell, My Lovely Appleside." The last named is a very jolly, breezy, breezy sketch of the life of Cheyney ("I stared at her ears, like the way they were joined to her head—I let a cigarette burn down between my fingers until it made a small red mark"). The talk-off knocks Cheyney for a six, and I shall find it difficult to regard his offerings seriously again.

Small Doses

Perelman's humour is crazy and streamlined. Every page contains a quotable example of slick topsy-turvydom, and there is often a basis of truth in his wit.

"She's kind of distinguished, though. She looks like Dame May Whitty if you close your eyes a little."

This book will appeal to people who appreciate Ringo and Thurber. On the other hand, I can visualize laying the effort on many victims of cold porridge, filling the effort on a dame mattress (if you get what I mean)! It made me chuckle a lot, but I was careful to take it in small nocturnal doses, and I can recommend it as a pleasant type of sleeping powder which lowers one into the arms of Morpheus with a gentle, sustained sense of well-being.

Brickbats And Bouquets

(Continued from page 67)

quite clear. Anyway, Miss Scott's eyes are finally opened. Mr. Hodak's story-telling (she had hitherto kept that closed to register smouldering passion) and she returns to Mother, presumably to settle down to a nice family game of poker. All of which, I suppose, points the moral that even in Chukawalla, Mother Knows Best.

Guilty or Guilty

It is eight years since we first saw one of the best of the American gangster films—*Angels with Dirty Faces*. I welcomed its return, not because I enjoy American hooliganism, but because, in spite of its exaggerated sentimentalism, it did bring out an endeavour to project a sociological message. Furthermore, it contains James Cagney, who is good for my box-office money at any time. Whether the film has much point outside the country of its origin is debatable, for it deals solely with the slum life of New York, and whilst the situations in other big cities in the world may be similar to those in New York, I doubt whether "big shot" criminals are revered as heroes by children in lands other than America. Be that as it may, *Angels with Dirty Faces* is an interesting study of juvenile delinquency and the adolescent mind, as well as being a well-constructed screen play.

The story deals with two street-urchins who are detected in the act of robbing a railway wagon. Running away, one escapes whilst the other is caught and sent to a reformatory. For him, it is the beginning of a life of crime. Spending a year in the early machine as a succession of reform schools, penitentiaries and prisons, he emerges a hardened criminal. The other boy becomes a priest in the same diocese that saw his early peregrinations. On release from prison, Rocky (James Cagney) finds himself the hero of the vicious slum boys to whom the priest is trying to show a better life. Herein lies the crux of the problem. Rocky is fish, self-assured, tough, rich. These boys seem to curse obviously does pay Rocky's curse must be emulated. Their single ambition is to become a "big shot" gangster.

The film does not solve the problem it poses. It does, however, send Rocky to his death in the electric chair in a manner which supposedly rumbles him from the pedestal upon which the boys have placed him.

Excellently directed, this film appears to have dated but little, and is noteworthy for a magnificent performance by Cagney, and the astonishing scenes of the gang of youngsters known as the "Dead End Kids". As the priest, Fr. Brian handles a difficult and somewhat unyielding and unyielding. The finale, with Cagney buried in a smoke-filled slum house, has all the action and excitement associated with the well-directed gangster film, plus a horrifying realisation that such things do actually happen.

Creole Gentleman

By all the rules, I should have enjoyed *Twenty-third Century-Fox's The Fugitive of Hervey*. It has that delightful actor, Rex Harrison, in the lead. It has colour and costume. It has beautiful settings and adequate action. It has Maureen O'Hara. But I found it inevitably incomprehensible, boring, and do not expect anyone else to agree with me over this. For it is obviously going to play excommunicated whenever it is shown (if that means anything—after all, even *Buster Keaton* ran for 11 weeks in one cinema).

Perhaps I was suffering from a surfeit of *One Way*, *The Wild*; perhaps I hope romanticising every historical and other Americas from *Star Dust* to *The Devil's Disciple*; perhaps it was merely that my digestive juices were not functioning; but the fact is that in the Deep South no Negro has the pluck upon which it had. Perhaps I should apologise to Hollywood for this, as it seems to be a

firm conviction there that they have only to dress their niggers in tuxedos and frock-coats, introduce a Mississippian paddle-boat, and throw in a few darkies singing plantation songs, for the entire world to get dewy-eyed and sentimental. Maybe I'm allergic to paddle-boats.

Anyway, *The Fugitive of Hervey* deals with the fortunes of one Stephen Fox (Rex Harrison) and his highly successful Creole business in Cuba, predominantly. In fact, we heard so much about the behaviour of a Creole gentleman that we should all by now be authorities on the subject. Apparently one starts by being a card-sharper, and finishes by owning a mansion exactly like the Com Exchange in Manchester. In the mean

while, one bumps off a German gambling opponent with a shotgun, justifiably, and becomes a bona fide chief out of his entire fortune, makes ineffectual love to a haughty red-haired beauty, and learns to speak French instead of good honest American.

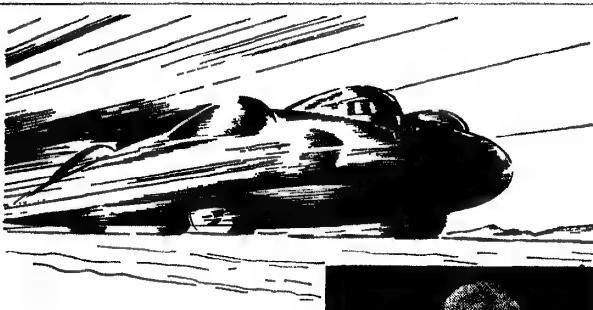
As Stephen Fox, Rex Harrison is suitably polished and does all the things we expect him to do—exactly the way we expect him to do them. The actress O'Hara is a haughty aristocrat and behaves as every haughty aristocrat has ever behaved. In fact everyone runs as true to type that I began to be convinced that I had seen the entire film before. Perhaps that was why I found myself walking out before the film was over—

a thing no Crook gentleman would have done.

Critique Court

Christmas Lies This is but one of those white-hat, slightly eccentric American nut-tricks (a slightly old-headed and even more eccentric American producer) who sees it as his duty to Christen his films. The latest is *Christmas Lies*, in which a nephew tries to get his hands on the family fortune.

Having this black hearted uncle, they come back to tell McFie how much they love the dear silver that shines in her hair. *Christmas Lies* is a



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Stalking Wild Life

(Continued from page 38)

parties. The animal is much more wary and always scarce, but, even in such districts, it is the only method that will bring the amateur photographer near enough to observe wild life at close quarters.

Straight Through!

In between waiting for trains at Boreilly I have sauntered out over some

sandy scrub near the railway station and have observed a family of deer with the pure, untrammelled freedom of obliviousness, not so yards away. In this manner I walked into a herd of swamp deer in the Singhal State, and actually walked through them. It was early afternoon, and most of the herd were grazing and lying about. Only one did not look at me with any suspicion and then, smacking her ear with her hind-foot, went on grazing.

Bison are said to be super-sensitive and difficult to stalk. In the Saranda hills I barged into a herd. Three cows were grazing seemingly unaware of my

presence. A young bull was rubbing his little anterless horns against a tree and the suspicious old warrior-bull was not wakened from his afternoon siesta until I was about 10 yards away.

Wild life recognises man finely by his voice, then his eyes and demeanour, and lastly, his face. Animals in herd or close proximity communicate with each other by almost inaudible sound or significant movement. Rarely do they make any pronounced noise. Man cannot convey his meaning over any distance without a generous waving of the arm, or his beat is a whisper, which is a penetrating sibilant murmur in the forest. Similarly

there is something indescribable about the human voice which animals understand. It is best to keep the eyes half-closed or averted. If an animal starts at close quarters,

One summer evening I was watching a fight between two jungle cocks from behind a heavily-branched tree; a large jungle fowl clattered into the tree, paused a few moments in rather haphazard, and charged past me into the under-growth. It did occur to me that the tiger was being followed, when a young tiger appeared at a swinging root, halted suddenly and looked into my face, which was the only part of me that I covered. I closed my eyes for a tilt and waited him in a hasty fight. The tiger was obviously observing me with suspicion, but to my amazement, he suddenly changed his gait in the direction of the cackling jungle fowl retreating behind him, turning his head completely away from me. It gave me the opportunity of raising my rifle and dropping him with a neck shot.

What To Wear

There is, of course, the necessity of wearing in the jungle. I still carry on Khaki is the best and also brown canvas rubber-soled boots which are obtained very cheaply. Breeches and putties are optional, and possibly essential during the rains and early winter when ticks and leeches are a source of great annoyance. Trousers are a source of great annoyance, which comes down over the face and hides it, is more suitable.

Take the case of the lonely sportsman encamped near a forest in which he knows there are a variety of animals. He should arrive at the planned starting place at daybreak, for at this time the animals next day, house animals are on the move returning to their retreats for the day.

The stalk should start in the face of the wind. This is an important consideration and the Boy Scout's method of feeling the way of the wind will determine the direction to be taken. It will be noticed that the animals always advance in the direction of the wind and the stalker will find himself striking antelope, bison, elephant, and so on. The variety of animals, of course, depends on the type of forest. Spotted deer of the open forest are rarely found in the close jungle preferred by elephant.

It requires that six hours can be spent in stalking. Three miles of country will be covered—sometimes even less—and the photographer can be almost certain of an interesting film, provided he is not tempted to shoot.

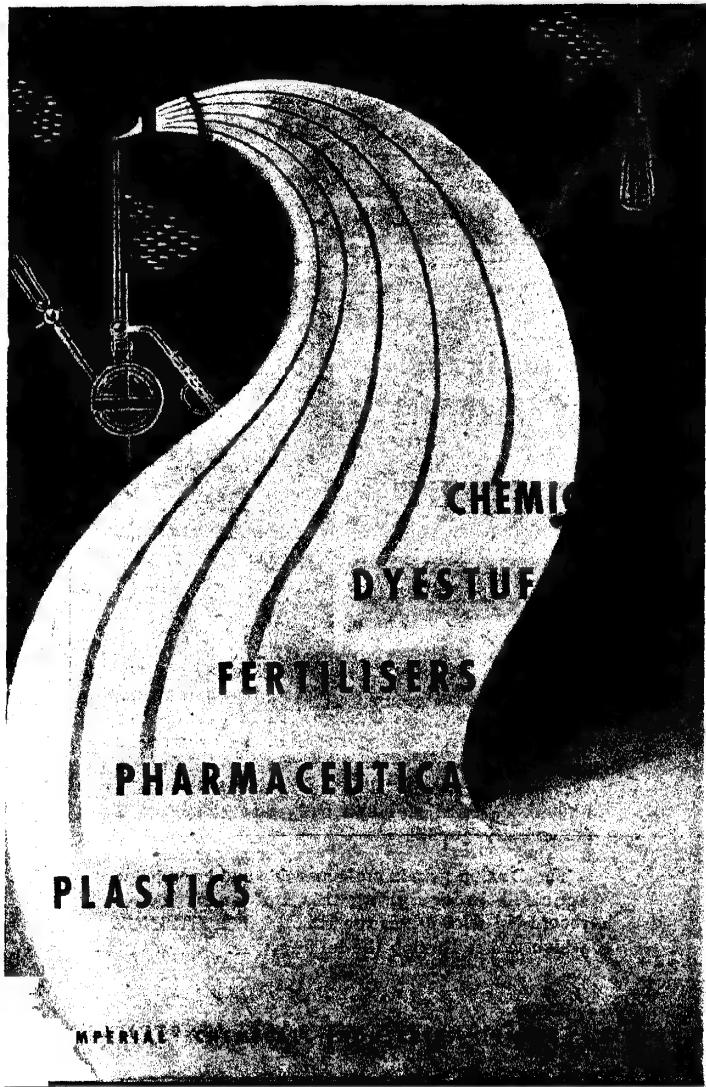
By travelling at this leisurely pace, his stock of supplies will last longer, his stock of his surroundings, to scrutinise closely every object. Stalking at dawn is always more enjoyable than a perspiring scramble in the afternoon, and if the stalker chooses to shoot, the light is improving with the approaching day, and there will be no frayed nerves or wounded animals.

How To Do It

If animal or herd is aware of his presence, though not alarmed, every creature must be flushed. In this case, the safest method is to crawl away quickly showing no interest whatever, and keep moving at the same aimless pace to cover. Under no circumstances should the walker disappear from view suddenly. More often than not the animal will ignore the stalk, but may have reacted with its own danger call.

It must be remembered that an animal, thoroughly alarmed, is disastrous to further stalking in the direction of its flight for it has put the whole jungle on the *qui vive*. It is advisable, therefore, to wait, and not shoot, until the animal is in a more favourable direction. Always it is dangerous in the forest, and is dangerous to both birds and beasts. When I sweep the forest, I give up walking at once, unless I am tracking a particular beast to its hide.

Tracking by sign and payment is, of course, a game of *catch-as-catch-can*, and it depends on the skill of the observer and the kind of ground, a day's hunting and other significant signs can be analysed and applied to convey a definite meaning. But these are the games of experience.





Miss Surjeet Chopra, daughter of Major G. S. Chopra, Dy. Assistant Director-General, Meteor Service, and Mrs. Chopra, who has gone to Stillwater, Oklahoma, U.S.A., for higher studies and research in nutrition and home economics. She was a research student at the Haffkin Institute in Bombay.

Can't Afford It

(Continued from page 48)

some little spree or treat suggested by their husbands. A little extra comes in at the office this week, so he goes happily home, nursing a little surprise for dinner at a good restaurant and a show afterwards. He says to the surprise, and she infatuatedly sensibly says: "Dear, do you think we should afford it? After all, I think we should put it by in case...." In case? In case of what? Oh, she will say, in case of a score of possible disasters. True, they may be before us, but we are prepared and so the husband is drained of his enthusiasm and is forced to agree. But a little "bust" would have been rather nice, he thinks vaguely remembering that they have not been out anywhere for over three months.

It is these little "busts" that are the seasoning in the matrimonial pie. No couple can live to be old without becoming dull and steeped through exaggerated pawkiness. Perhaps, sometimes, we really shouldn't afford that week end by the sea. But we're both feeling tired; we have done nothing for weeks, and



Miss Arza Rashid, who was awarded a gold medal at the Convocation of the Aligarh University, which was addressed by the Hon'ble Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India. Miss Rashid received the highest rank in the science and arts B.A. degree examination.

life is really too short to turn into one long period of self-denial for fear of the future. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!

By all means let wives have a say in restraining the money-value male from spending outside his means. Most men are inclined to view their whole financial state in direct ratio to the amount of money they happen to have in their pockets at any given moment.

Economising Too Far

It is a woman every time who sees the facts in their true and undimmed perspective, but being a careful—and very often mean—creature, she is far too

often seen in the role of "damper" to everyone's birthright of happiness and enjoyment. And, if she persists in this role, then there comes a day when her husband knows it is useless for him to make any suggestion for a little break, when he ceases ever and for all from planning surprises again. It is, after all, rather good to be met with, "Oh, they are lovely, but you must never do it again. We can't afford it...."

Naturally, there are lots of things we can't afford, and it would be wicked of us to do so. But, equally natural, there are lots of things which we should afford, and it is downright stupid of us not to do so.

Bridge Solution Problem on page 20

Jack's ten of Diamonds won the first trick and he returned a trump which dummy won with the ten. After the Ace of Spades had been cashed, a low Diamond was taken from dummy and cashed. A Spades was led to dummy's master and a low Spades was returned and ruffed. A return to dummy with a Heart permitted the lead of the King of Diamonds and another ruff by Sam and now the Ace of Hearts was taken. Dummy, re-entered with the high Heart, was now able to draw the outstanding trumps and make her established Spades.



The Children's Hour

(Continued from page 47)

As one would expect of so practised a novelist as Miss Ned Streiffeld, her story for young readers, *The Children of Primrose Lane* (Collins, 8s. 6d.), has grace and abounds in thrilling incident. Primrose Lane is in a South-East London borough. The three Brown children, the Smith twins ("sandy-coloured

children with grey-green eyes") and Millie Evans ("the sort of child that all grown-up people seem to want to pat") are among its inhabitants. They find an empty house in the Lane and make it the hub of their world of make-believe—until the sneeze occurs! The owner of the sneezed room out is a German spy, and the children work their usual trick of tracking him to Birling Gap on the Sussex coast. This is an exciting story, full of credence, and the action never flags. It is essentially human in its touches of family humour and compels the adult reader to recall various strange

characters and misery, rather obscure relatives who formed a part of his own juvenile environment. Miss Streiffeld, in this "Thriller for Children," has produced a book which will appeal to parents as well as to offspring—a tale which should make ideal family reading. The book has vigorous illustrations by Mabel Lane Fox, and a great deal to the genius of the late Leo Dryden.

The last of my bunch of six, *The Ball of the Four Evangelists* (Collins, 8s. 6d.) by Violet Needham, clearly suffered from the fact that I read it after Miss Streiffeld's book.

Miss Needham can be colourful and romantic but she lacks the lightness of touch and the humorous fantasy which so enhance Miss Streiffeld's story-telling. Here is a spooky narrative about a 12-year-old girl called Penelope who goes to stay with her invalid cousin, Tabitha, in an old house named Marvell's. (One thing which happened to Marvell's and the owner of it were the ancient gardener.) I find it difficult to gauge the average child's reaction to this tu-whoo tu-whoo setting of old curses and secret half ways to find hidden children and legends of ghouliness in minutes. It lacks matter-of-factness and is neither humorously exciting nor gaily preposterous, which seem to me the correct criteria for judging the better type of children's book.

Food For Thought

(Continued from page 49)

You should all have a bottle of spiced prunes on your pantry shelf—lovely with fruit or puddings. Stew a pound of prunes in the morning with a quarter of a cup of sugar, half a sliced lemon and cinnamon. Now make a liquid consisting of a cup of sugar—brown if possible—half a cup of vinegar, one lemon sliced and a few grains of salt. Boil this for five minutes. Add a tablespoon of cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice and the prunes. Boil for another three minutes. Place in a jar and covered, these prunes will keep for a long time.

A good way to use up stale bread or when you are at a loss for a light dessert for tea is to make a "Prune Frost." Cut slices of bread and remove a skin edge off the crust. Dip each piece of bread into a milk, egg and sugar mixture and fry in butter on both sides until golden brown. Serve immediately with syrup or jam. I adore it for tea!

Fluffy potato balls made from left over eggs still have with a tiny bit of milk. Mix in a teaspoon of baking powder, salt and pepper with the potatoes and pour in liquid. Drop by the spoonful into boiling fat for just a few minutes. Good looking, though served on a meat platter with the main course. Good looking, though served on a meat platter with the main course. Good looking, though served on a meat platter with the main course. Good looking, though served on a meat platter with the main course. But I now want someone to tell me a thing or two about this nasty little bug that almost eats a carpet or rug from right under your feet; what it is and how does one get rid of it. It seems to attack wool rugs only and usually the best Persian or Turkish. My experience is that it leaves cobwebby tracks of fine marks and thousands of small eggs. My friends and I are desperate and would certainly appreciate advice. So please, dear people, if you know the answer, address me care of *The Onlooker*. Thank you!



Embarrassed by quarrels and law suits between people over the metals as currency, some wise Prince thought of stamping ingots with his seal to guarantee the purity of the metal. In course of time gold and silver replaced base metals and the size of ingot became smaller. Thus was the first coin born. This was thousands of years ago. Often the king was unable to prevent people from forging his likeness on coins of inferior metal, especially if the Police were inefficient or the king was away at the wars. Remember, Humayun's one dip into the Ganges made pieces of leather legal tender once! Frequent changes of dynasties upset money values.

With the value of money so uncertain and administrations changing quickly, there was not much incentive to save. Also, whatever was saved was not infrequently buried for safety and very often lost.

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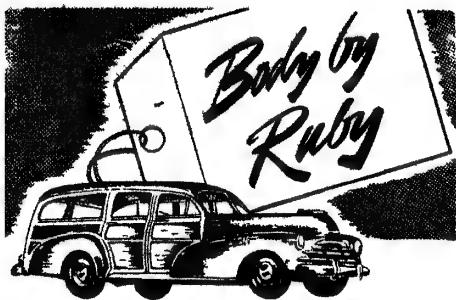
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AC 29

Crossword Solution

Problem on page 65

1. Propeller	1. Poor
2. Dear	2. Oppress
3. Correspond	3. Enmity
10. During	4. Loose
11. Every	5. Ruddy
14. Noose	6. Recitation
17. Claims	7. Regiments
18. Extravagance	8. Resent
19. Crabs	9. Rustic
20. Djinn	10. Nocturnes
21. Auspice	11. Obituaries
22. Usury	12. Easy
23. Sonda	13. Codes
25. Snarl	14. Engaged
26. Norman	15. Smote
28. Ungracious	16. Anger
31. Sordid	17. Despise
32. Serenades	18. Tube



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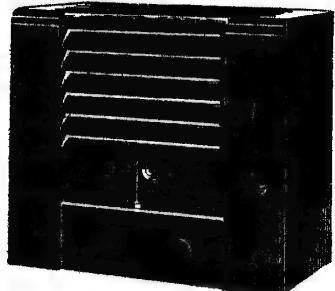
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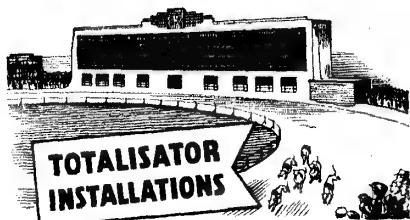
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How to keep Dysentery away



Dysentery most common in persons between twenty and thirty, though not infrequent in children.



If you go where the sanitation is poor, guard against dysentery. Drinking water may be polluted.



Dysentery could disappear if we all realized its infectiousness, its seriousness—and acted promptly!

Know the Answers to these Questions. **What is dysentery?** An infectious disease usually characterized by severe diarrhoea. Two kinds are bacillary and amoebic dysentery. **How do you know you have it?** You get bacillary dysentery suddenly. You have high temperature, acute diarrhoea, sometimes stomach pain, nausea. Amoebic dysentery does not affect you suddenly. You feel tired or have stomach discomfort, perhaps some diarrhoea. **How serious is dysentery?** It can kill. **Don't take chances.** See your doctor if you notice any symptoms. Delay makes the cure slow, difficult.

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Memorize these Safety Rules! Prevent dysentery! (1) Get flies out of your house—use screens, or flykillers like D.D.T. (2) Boil drinking water and boil its container occasionally. Cook foods thoroughly. (Organisms won't survive ten minutes of boiling.) (3) Wash eating utensils with hot water, and soap. Scrub toilet seats. (4) Wash your hands often—always after you go to the bathroom, always before you eat. (5) Mother should promptly isolate any member of the family with diarrhoea and call the doctor at once. **Danger of contagion is greatest in the first few days.**



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MEDICINALS

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